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FROM OUT OF THE YUKON

FROM OUT OF THE YUKON

By
JAMES H. BOND

WITH FOREWORD BY
J. HAMMOND BROWN
*President Outdoor Writers Association
of America*



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*FROM
OUT
OF
THESE
MOUNTAINS
COME
MANY
THINGS*

FOREWORD

WHEN Jim Bond asked me to write the introduction to his book of adventuring in the upper Yukon country, I was not at all sure that I was qualified for the job.

Jim is a big game hunter and has made an enviable record in that field and his story, *FROM OUT OF THE YUKON*, naturally dealt with the stalking of giant moose across the muskeg, with searching out the caribou hordes in the Arctic tundra, with matching cunning with the white sheep of the Ogilvie Rockies, meeting grizzlies face to face in the berry patches and trying to outsmart wolf and wolverine all over the North country.

Now, I am not a big game hunter in any sense of the word. I lacked the opportunity when I was young enough to stand the rigors of that enticing sport and later when opportunity came I was unfit physically for the undertaking and truthfully was not mentally attuned to such an undertaking.

Now do not misunderstand me, because I am no sentimentalist. I have done my share of hunting in younger days, but somehow of late the camera has replaced the gun in my trips afield.

So I told Jim that perhaps he had better get somebody else to write this foreword, somebody who would be more in tune with those stirring adventures of his into the uncharted vastness that is the Upper Yukon along the border of the Arctic Circle.

His reply was to send along his manuscript accompanied by dozens of the wonderful photographs, all his own work,

that were designed to illustrate his book. His letter simply stated that if after reading the script, I still felt unqualified, so be it.

This foreword gives you the answer to Jim's strategy, because while I found adventure aplenty within its pages, over and above the endless searching for bigger and better trophies of the chase, more stirring than those occasions when he faced down death on icy-covered mountain top or in the mire of quaking muskeg, there was shining through each page of his script a real love of the outdoors, a real understanding of its neighbors clothed in feathers and fur, and, above all this, a real desire to find the answer to the problem of how to insure that this last stand of our big game in the Far North country of Upper Canada and Alaska shall be protected from the greatest and most unrelenting predator of them all—man himself.

I first met Jim Bond down in San Antonio during a meeting of the North American Wildlife Conference. He had elected to drive to that Texas city from his home in Portland, Oregon, in an automobile. Look at your map and you will see that going and coming, he covered not only quite a few miles but also had a chance to see at close hand much of the most bewilderingly beautiful and inspiring sections of the Western half of our country.

Upon returning to Portland he wrote me a letter expressing the shock at what he had found so far as our vanishing wildlife is concerned during that long cross-country trip in his automobile. That letter was in fact a tirade against the mismanagement by man of the wildlife resources of our country.

It was during this trip that Jim determined to make a trek into a country as yet untrampled by the foot of man, untouched by man's selfishness and greed and then compare how Nature's children fared when left completely on their own.

FROM OUT OF THE YUKON, its story simply but most vividly told, is the result of that resolve.

Setting up a base at Whitehorse, beyond which little but famous town there were no roads in the Yukon, he tarried for some months studying the country, its people and its wildlife, and making friends.

Outfitting for such an undertaking is a serious job and choosing a partner-guide for the expedition is still more important. Having explored the country around Whitehorse, he arranged for his outfitting at Mayo to the north, flying to that point and thus saving weeks of travel before getting into the country where his real work would begin.

Once he had bid farewell to Mayo and his friends there he was strictly on his own and his good wife who remained in Whitehorse could only follow the example of her sex since the world began, keep the homefire burning and wait.

I had expected to see Jim in Whitehorse before he made his start into the endless muskeg and towering mountains of the Ogilvie Rockies, but he had departed before I got there. Several messages had come through, relayed by trapper and the modern miracle that is radio. These were during the very early stages of his trip. After that it was silence until he arrived back at Mayo after a thrilling trip of 250 miles in a ten foot moose-hide canoe through a maze of Northland waters.

So Jim Bond came back with his story. Oh, yes, he had a number of trophies, several of them modern records, to show for the trip, but it was the story of that wild country through which he had traversed for many weeks that made the trip worth the undertaking, paid in full for weariness of mind and body, for the blood and sweat exacted, even for those occasions when he had to out-stare Death itself. All of these make up the toll demanded from those who would explore into the unknown.

Well known as a naturalist and a photographer, Jim Bond

was well equipped for the task he set for himself. Years of hunting in the mountains of his own state of Oregon as well as in Alaska, Alberta, British Columbia and the lower Yukon gave him the experience that was needed to explore a wilderness that was practically unknown.

What was the story he brought back to the Yukon Territorial Government by whom he was commissioned for the trip? It was simply this: Unmolested by man, the wildlife of any country can always shift for itself. He gave it as his belief and brought back photographs and statistics to prove it, that the big game animals of the Northland can take care of all natural predators including the wolves and the wolverines.

During his wanderings in that far country, he by actual count saw over 2,000 specimens of big game such as moose and caribou, mountain sheep and grizzlies.

However, once the orderly procedure of nature is upset by man and the march of civilization, the picture changes. Under such circumstances wildlife and especially big game can only survive under protection and ironically enough, that protection can come only from man, who is the greatest predator of them all.

So, if you are interested in the future of our wildlife or if you thrill to the adventures of those who have the stamina and other equipment to dare search out the far places, you will find many an hour's enjoyment in these pages.

All of us "Arm Chair Adventurers" owe Jim Bond thanks for opening to us the wonders of a little known country and the least we can do in return is to bestir ourselves in the halls of legislation in order to see that wildlife gets a break.

J. HAMMOND BROWN,
*President, Outdoor Writer's Association
of America.*

Baltimore, Maryland

T..L.. 12 1942

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At eleven-thirty on the morning of August 1, 1947, I arrived in Mayo, having flown there from Whitehorse. Mayo is about two hundred twenty "air" miles from Whitehorse and almost due north. Since it takes ten or twelve days to cover the distance by boat I had chosen the air lanes. There is, of course, no highway, not even a "road" into this north country, the closest highway being the Alaska Highway that runs through Whitehorse in the southern part of the territory. This small village (Mayo) is the third largest town in the Yukon Territory, a territory one and one-half times larger than the big state of California. Dawson and, of course, Whitehorse, are both larger towns. Mayo is on the Stewart River some one hundred eighty miles above its confluence with the mighty Yukon River. The town of about two hundred population is supported by nearby mining interests and by outfitting prospecting and trapping parties. The people were friendly and I had not been in town but a few hours before I had talked to many of them.

My first consideration was to meet my outfitter, Louis Brown. This was our first meeting and aside from getting acquainted, we had much to discuss concerning our forthcoming trip. No hunters had been outfitted from Mayo prior to my trip. As a matter of fact, according to the records, there had never been a hunter in any part of this country. Louis had the first and only outfitter's license ever issued for the northern part of the Yukon Territory in that country adjacent to the Wind, Bonnet Plume, and Snake Rivers, a vast mountainous section, unsurveyed, without trails — truly a wilderness area. I found Louis to be as keen for the trip as I.

When I first saw Louis I knew I had made no mistake in selecting him and I was glad. He stands six feet, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, all bone and muscle. He is known as the strongest man in his country. But his brawn is only a small part of the "bigness" of Louis Brown. He has a keen active mind, cooperative spirit, and a countenance that comes with clean living.

We got our heads together over a map and discussed the territory into which Louis had proposed taking me. Louis had spent eight winters trapping over most of the area he was showing me on the map, and said it was as fine game country as a man could ever wish to see. As there were no trails in much of the country, he mapped out a tentative route for us to follow. I had allotted fifty days for the trip and we discussed the game we should see. During his years in the country, Louis had seen an abundance of Moose, White Mountain Sheep (*Ovis Dalli*), Caribou of the Barren Land species, grizzly bear smaller than the usual Rocky Mountain Grizzly, and in the north often referred to as the Barren Land Grizzly, and, of course, lots of Wolves. It made me happy to again be nearing the "ready mark" to go on another big game hunt with rifle, camera and note book, this time into a remote section of the far north — The Wilderness of The Wind River.

Louis and I then checked the food list and I found his selection to be wonderful, but too much for our needs. It amounted to six hundred pounds, much of it being dried and dehydrated foods. Not only was it more than we would require, but we did not have the horses to carry such a great quantity. We cut the amount down to three hundred seventy pounds which we felt would be ample when accompanied by the fresh meat we would have. Just thinking of the moose, ram, and caribou steaks made my mouth water.

We had originally planned to make a trip by power boat following the Stewart River upstream to Lansing, a distance of

one hundred twenty miles. Then using pack dogs we would scout the country, setting up brush camps and using trap cabins when we were in their vicinity. However, during the summer Louis had decided to buy some horses and make the trip overland to the Wind River. Horses are rare creatures in these parts. Louis went to Whitehorse to get our horses, paying one hundred twenty-five dollars each for them. He then loaded them on the river boat at Whitehorse and shipped them down river to the Pelly, where the Pelly joins the Yukon River. From the Pelly he rode them overland to Mayo, a distance of one hundred miles.

I would like to tell you how I chose Louis Brown as my outfitter and Mayo as my taking-off place. As I mentioned before there had never been a hunter go into the northern part of the territory. Outfitting heretofore all centered around Whitehorse in the southern part of the territory. However, in 1904 the late Charles Sheldon went into the Ogilvie Rockies in a section some two hundred miles west and north of here. Having read his book I decided to come into some section of the Ogilvie or McKenzie Range. I wrote to four Royal Canadian Mounted Police posts in the north country and asked them to give me information on hunting and to list a possible outfitter, a dependable man who knew the country. Constable Ivor Mast of Mayo gave me Louis Brown's name. I have since met Constable Mast and highly regard his acquaintance. Constable Mast wrote me that Louis Brown was dependable, knew the area better than any other man, and that I might write him if I still wanted to come into the country.

Mr. Brown's reply to my inquiry, told me something of his eight years experience in the Wind River country as a trapper. He had seen all the game I was interested in securing. More than that, he told me in his very first letter that the mountains were of an almost pure composition of limestone, the basic mineral for producing the largest trophy heads of our North American big game animals. I was told there was

mountain after mountain rising up to an estimated seven or eight thousand feet elevation, mountains that were whitish gray in appearance, great limestone mountains. Louis told me in this letter also that he had some years ago killed a moose with a seventy-four inch spread of horns, and that there were more where that one had come from, should I care to take a hunt with him.

Mentioned also was the Bonnet Plume River section adjacent to the Wind River and running parallel to it. This was also a grand country with unparalleled scenery and an abundance of game that had never seen a man. Further correspondence with Mr. Brown and a study of the maps made me more than a little interested to go on the proposed trip. A letter from Mr. W. D. MacBride, secretary of the Yukon Fish and Game Association, gave the final touch to my decision to go. The letter in part says:

"I have your letter of December 13, reference to your correspondence with Constable Mast of the Canadian Mounted Police, Mayo. While I do not know Mr. Louis Brown personally, Mr. G. Y. Wilson, Agent, White Pass and Yukon Railroad, Whitehorse, does know Mr. Brown and considers him thoroughly reliable. This association does not care to enter any arrangements between guides and hunters.

"Believe Mr. Brown might be able to secure an outfitter's license from Acting Controller, Yukon Territory, Dawson, in connection with your trip. Am sure it would be 'The chance of a lifetime' if you can arrange the trip, but as you say, 'it might be tough.'

"I am sending a copy of your letter and this letter to Mr. Mast."

Yours sincerely,

W. D. MACBRIDE,
Secretary.

My wife, little girl, and I came to Whitehorse early in June. We had nearly two months to get acquainted with the country and the grand people. Of course the first man I looked up when I arrived in that northern community was Mr. W. D. MacBride, as you would naturally suppose. I no sooner

walked into his office when he said, "Knowing you were coming here with your family I saved you a house to live in during the summer. When the school opens in the fall I will have to have it back as a school teacher occupies it during the winter. With houses at a premium, even with a premium, you can't get one." This was a very friendly act and one I will always remember. Bill, the name everyone gave Mr. MacBride, took me over to the territorial office and introduced me to Larry Higgins, the territorial agent, and to Geoff Bidlake, the president of the Yukon Fish and Game Association. Bill then took me around town to meet other people, among whom were Tommy Portlock, the vice president of the Yukon Fish and Game Association, and the other members of the association who were Ted Pinchin, Johnny Johns, and F. H. (Rex) Jackson. I became well acquainted with these fellows and worked with them all summer. We had many talks and discussions concerning their efforts to preserve the game.

During the last year they had transplanted pheasants in the territory and it was thought they were doing well. We talked over the possibility of bringing in a truck load of "bred" elk cows from Banff or Jasper National Parks and finding a new home for them in the Yukon. Elk would no doubt adapt themselves to this locality as they had in others and increase to the extent that in a few years they would provide good sport, as they are a magnificent game animal. For the fisherman, cut-throat trout were planted this past summer to provide another fighting fish to the territory.

Mr. J. E. Gibben, Controller of the territory, came to Whitehorse from his office in Dawson, that being the territorial capitol, and we became acquainted. We talked about my coming trip into the northern country and he told me no one had ever hunted in that section, and that we should encounter much game. When I was about ready to leave for Mayo, Mr.

Gibben asked me to make a survey in the country adjacent to The Wind and Bonnet Plume Rivers. Herewith I quote Mr. Gibben's letter:

Official

CANADA
DEPARTMENT
OF
MINES AND RESOURCES
LANDS, PARKS AND FORESTS

Address reply to
Controller
Yukon Territory

Dawson,
Yukon Territory
July 30, 1947

*Mr. James H. Bond,
Whitehorse,
Yukon Territory, Canada*

Dear Mr. Bond:

Mr. G. R. Bidlake, President of the Yukon Fish and Game Association, advises me that you are going into the northern part of the territory, particularly the Ogilvie Range and the country adjacent to the Wind and Bonnet Plume Rivers. I believe this northern section has all types of game and to my knowledge it has not been hunted other than by a few trappers and an occasional prospector.

I would like to ask you to give the Game Association and myself a detailed report on the following:

- (1) The type and amount of game you find.
- (2) The locality.
- (3) General conditions affecting game such as available feed, snowfall, and the like.
- (4) Evidence of wolves and any actual knowledge you can obtain of destruction of our game by wolves.

I shall look forward to seeing you and talking to you upon your return to Dawson.

Sincerely,
J. E. GIBBEN,
Controller.

This was an unexpected responsibility I felt honored to assume and looked forward to with pleased anticipation. I am greatly interested in this great unexplored north country, all of it, and my interest prompted me to make several recommendations for the control and preservation of game during my stay in Whitehorse prior to my trip. I hoped further study of game habitats during my trip would aid them further in formulating future policy. Events since have shown I was able to be of service to this fine body of workers. It is a satisfaction to have contributed information valuable to them.

On my last night in Whitehorse I checked over my equipment to be sure I had everything I would need for the fifty day trip. As my outfit lay about me in neat piles, I told my wife, "I have everything any man going on such a trip needs or wants." Listed here is my personal outfit. The total weight at the airlines office was one hundred forty-four pounds.

CLOTHES:

All hunting clothes of tan or forest green color to blend in with the natural cover of the mountains.

Three pair extra heavy wool socks, three pair medium weight wool socks.

Six pair lightweight cotton and wool socks.

Three wool shirts, two light weight and one medium weight.

Two pair medium weight wool trousers, one pair lightweight wool trousers.

Two suits medium weight wool underwear, long sleeves and legs.

One suit lightweight wool underwear.

One pair "ten inch" leather Bone Dry shoes, calked.

One pair "ten inch" rubber shoe packs.

One pair "sneaker" shoes for still hunting.

Two pair shoe insoles.

Two pair cotton gloves, one pair leather gloves.

One Bauer "Eider Down" jacket, one leather jacket.

One knee length oilsilk raincoat (used also as wind-breaker), weight one pound.

Two caps, one pull-down.

One mosquito "head net."

RIFLES AND AMMUNITION:

One "Ackley" 228 Magnum equipped with 4 power "coated lens" Texan telescope sight with quick detachable mount, used for sheep, caribou, and wolves.

One Winchester 300 Magnum equipped with Zeiss 4 power telescope sight, used for moose and grizzlies.

One Mossburg 20 power spotting scope.

One Universal 6 power "coated lens" binoculars.

One rifle cleaning kit.

One small screw driver.

SLEEPING BAGS, ETC.

One Bauer (two piece) eiderdown.

One air mattress.

One tarpaulin, waterproofed, six by eight feet.

One bed size mosquito net (never used).

One pillow.

CAMERAS, ETC.

One movie, 16 mm Eastman "Cine Special," equipped with Eastman F1.9 regular lens, F2.7 wide angle lens, and F2.7 four power telephoto lens. Five filters.

One 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ by 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ Busch Pressman "still" camera with Eastman F4.5 Ektar lens, 1-400 shutter speed, four filters.

One "Cine Special" tripod.

MISCELLANEOUS:

One first aid kit.

One shaving kit.

Three Terry Cloth towels.

One pair saddle bags.

One small pack sack, one large pack sack.

Two hunting knives, one whetstone.

Fifty feet small rope.

Two duffle bags.

Six note books, additional writing paper, pencils.

One cribbage board, one deck cards.

One flashlight, four extra batteries, one extra bulb.

One compass.

One "six-foot" steel tape for measuring heads.

Two maps, upper Yukon Territory.

One weather thermometer.

One small but complete stream fishing outfit.

Four ounces mosquito repellent.

One sewing kit, needles, thread, etc.

One waterproof match box.

Having been on many hunting and camera trips I can say without fear of argument, that the above mentioned articles constitute a complete outfit for a north country hunting and camera trip. The camera group is, of course, elaborate unless you are a picture enthusiast as I am. But do let me urge you not to neglect taking at least one good camera on a hunt. Pictures, stills or movies, add much to the future enjoyment of your trip. It is as much fun stalking game with your camera as with your rifle. Good pictures are as much a trophy of the hunt as the magnificent heads themselves.

Norman Mervyn, a young man twenty-four years of age and a resident of this part of the north since birth, was to go along on the trip as Louis' assistant. He impressed me as a typical north-woodsman and trapper, but as time went on I learned there was a great deal more to him than I at first suspected. A superlative axe-man, a fine clean cook, whose specialty was hot cakes and "Camp-fire" bannock; he was strong and durable and proved to be a great asset on the trip.

On Saturday, August 2, Louis and I assembled the outfit. We checked and rechecked the gear, making sure we had everything we would require and that all was in good condition. Anything we lacked had to be made from materials at hand.

That night in my hotel room I relaxed with warm pleasure and dreamed of the care-free days to come when I could roam among the remote mountains of the untrodden north, when I could sit on the lofty peaks of the great Ogilvie Rockies and scan the mountain sides for the noble animal with the big curl, the white mountain sheep ram, and when I could see and study the big game animals of the north in their natural state uninfluenced by the encroachment of civilization. In spite of the boisterous week-end celebrants also lodged in the hotel, I slept.

*Chapter II —*A LEISURELY DAY

SUNDAY morning was bright and clear, giving promise of a fine day. I was up and out early, hungry for a hearty breakfast. All of Sunday was before me, to loaf and acquaint myself with Mayo, for my preparations were complete. Norman and I were leaving early Monday afternoon by truck for the Elsa Mines, thirty-six miles north where we would meet Louis with the horses. Practically everything was taken as far as Elsa in the truck, thereby saving the horses for the hard days ahead. This trucking road is the only road in this section.

I went into a small restaurant, (there are only two here and both are small). It was seven-thirty and the cook and owner, one and the same person, had just unlocked the door, and I was the first customer. As I entered, he, Jim McDonald by name, said: "There won't be many around this morning; the drunken hounds stayed up all night." By "drunken hounds" he was referring to the men from the mines who came into town for the week-end to let off steam.

I met Jim McDonald the first day I came to Mayo, which was Friday. The food was good in his restaurant and I ate there Friday and Saturday. The restaurant, a ten by fourteen affair, was always busy and when it was filled with jolly, high-spirited fellows it would nearly rock on its foundation. This morning it was quiet, warm and peaceful. Jim, an old man now, seventy-six or seventy-eight, was stirring the fire when I said, "I guess I'm a little early for breakfast."

He said, "Sit down and look out the window. It will be ready presently." I looked out of the window as directed but there was nothing to see. The little restaurant was on a back

street and had no view other than the weathered sides of an old cellar and the rear of the frame hotel in which I stayed. That interested me not at all, and I turned to watch Jim, slowly but methodically, prepare breakfast.

I said finally to old Jim: "When did you come to this country?"

"It was the summer of '97 that I and four others poled our flat-bottomed boat up the Stewart with thirty hundred pounds aboard. Big job, too. Liked to never made it," answered the old man behind the counter, wiping the blade of a big knife on a clean piece of cloth.

As he sliced four pieces of bacon and laid them in a skillet he said, "We have bacon and eggs. Will you have some?" His voice was kindly, tinged with quiet humor. Little did he think I might want hotcakes or oatmeal or something else. Bacon and eggs was a breakfast good enough for him. Probably in some portion, some corner of his brain, he reflected on the hundreds of mornings in the past when bacon and eggs would have been a welcome change from moose meat. From the summer of '97 to the summer of '47 was fifty years, and old Jim had spent them in the north.

As I ate breakfast I saw old Jim come from near the stove to the front of the little restaurant and, being close to me, I said, "Was it the search for gold that brought you here?"

"Yes and no," was the reply coming from the old gentleman, as he looked out of the window toward the slow moving Stewart River some two hundred yards distant. "I wanted something. It wasn't gold. The rush brought me to the Klondike alright but I didn't stay long. When I got to Dawson I worked a few weeks and found it wasn't gold that brought me to this far off northern country. Believe me, in those days it was 'far off.' No, I found it wasn't gold that brought me here. It was restlessness I had at home. I wanted something I couldn't find there." Still looking out of the window and leaning over the counter, resting on his elbows with hands

folded, Jim added, "When I told my parents I was going north they said I was too venturesome, a venturesome fool they called me, and they were sure I would turn out to be a meaningless wanderer."

I asked him if he ever found gold in sufficient quantities to stake a claim. "Oh yes," he replied, "but I didn't care much for a gold mine. I didn't really look much. Instead I found satisfaction in living among the mountains, in tramping along the streams and through the forests, in watching the flights of ducks and geese on their migrations here in the north. There is so much life in the north — peaceful life. I have watched a big old bull moose by the hour, yes, by the day and even weeks, as he dipped his giant spread of antlers downward into the shallow lakes to feed. I found it hadn't been gold at all that brought me to the north. It was an indescribable something, perhaps you'd say, a need to find myself."

"And did you find what you wanted?" Before he had a chance to reply I added, "I guess you did, you have stayed here all these fifty years." A few moments passed and I could plainly see, through changing expressions on the face of the kindly old man, that he was formulating thoughts into some continuity, and then slowly he began to talk.

"In 1893 I graduated from a large eastern university and went to a big city for a job. All I found was struggle and discontent, strife and hunger, and there was violence and crime. Already the cities were too crowded. People moved in beside each other who couldn't get along. Their ideas were different. I couldn't get a job that would pay me enough to live on. Everywhere there was unrest. People lived poorly and were living meaningless lives. Changes were coming. Many I could see. Lots more I couldn't."

Then the old man went on, "All around me, in the big city, I saw people who were troubled, people who didn't even know why they were brought into the world, what their mission in life was, or where they were going from one day to

the next. Such living seemed a waste of time to me. I didn't want to live my life that way. I didn't want to waste it away. As early as that, and I was only twenty-six then, I believed every person brought into the world should try to make it a better place to live in, and leave it a little better for the next generation than he found it. I knew I could never find myself in that miserable city. I wanted more out of life than I could possibly find in those surroundings, so I took the trail north."

Still no one came into the restaurant. The old man went on, talking coherently about a subject he had discussed at length many times with himself. "Then those big factories came and more and more people went to the cities. People all over the world were getting big ideas. Every one was reaching out to acquire things. The spirit of cooperation and helpfulness was disappearing. I read in the papers where many people in the cities did not know their next door neighbor and there was fighting and stealing. Nothing was stable.

"Then the first world war came. People said they were fighting to make the world safe for democracy, at least the people on this side of the world said that. Most of them actually did not know what they were fighting for. Abraham Lincoln, standing in the cold and fog and rain said, 'That these dead shall not have died in vain.' That was in 1860 or 1862 and the fight was over a question of slavery. Whether or not they died in vain we are not able to judge, but in 1914 there came a great war and millions were killed and even more died from suffering, cold, disease, and starvation. Did they die in vain? Those wars did not settle the unrest of the world, for along came a bigger, deadlier, more costly war and still nothing was settled. Now we face the future with countries and peoples seemingly knowing less about each other than before, each reaching out trying to grab, grab, *grab*, even steal the property of the weak. No one knows when or where the spark will be set that starts the world on another war.

"When I look at these mountains," continued the old

timer, "I see friendliness, peace, and stability. They never change. They are your friends, as are the rivers, the streams and lakes, the sun and the frost and the rain. You can depend on them. God made them. God made the people too. When the people are among the mountains and close to nature they feel better, they have wholesome thoughts, and have a genuine spirit of cooperation and helpfulness. When they crowd into the cities and have no purpose in life other than day to day living, trouble is bound to come.

"Here in the Yukon I have lived peacefully, helped my neighbor even to the extent of going without myself. I have come to know God and I think I can say without fear of argument or contradiction that God did not put our natural resources here to be used in killing people, and those that are responsible for wars and other deliberate and merciless killings will be duly punished."

Just as old Jim finished the last sentence, I asked him, "Have you done anything to make a better world to live in?" He thoughtfully, slowly replied, "Yes, I am sure I have. I have never knowingly violated any of the ten commandments; I have always helped my neighbor when in need and expected nothing in return; I have prayed thousands and thousands of nights that the people of the world will change from an attitude of selfishness and individualism to one of cooperation. I pray every night, too, that somehow God will show the people the right road upon which to travel, the road to some kind of understanding that will prevent wars. Yes, I think I have made the world a better place."

Often during the day I thought of the conversation with old Jim. I realized how fine these old people of the north really are. They have a serious attitude about the complexities of world affairs. They think clearly and they talk clearly.

After my thought provoking conversation with old Jim I took a walk. People were beginning to stir and there was a great deal more activity than when I went to eat breakfast.

But the activity was not confined just to people, for there were many dogs running around and I concluded there were many more dogs here than people. Much to my disappointment I found there were no pure huskies in town. I had long wanted to see a pure husky, but I did not see one in Whitehorse and now there were none here in Mayo. All the dogs were malamutes, crosses between three or four northern breeds. They were husky in the sense of size and strength, however, for all, or practically all the dogs in Mayo were sled and pack dogs. A dog team of six dogs will pull a sled loaded with four hundred pounds all day and cover many miles. The dogs were fed once a day only, that being in the evening.

I looked down the main street of Mayo and counted sixteen dogs at one time. This is an unusual sight, for dogs are generally tied in bushes near the owner's house or camp. They are not generally allowed to run freely for they are terrific fighters. Often in fights they are permanently injured and sometimes even killed. There was still much need for dogs in this country, much more here than around Whitehorse, but the number of dogs a family has should certainly be limited to four or five.

An Indian told me he killed six large bull moose each year to feed his six dogs and if the moose were smaller, such as cows and calves would naturally be, he had to kill more than six. As he put it in his own language, "more food too. Dogs all time hungry." This Indian had two children and I asked him how many moose it took for his family during the year.

He replied, "Maybe four, maybe six, maybe eight."

I learned why I had gotten such an indefinite answer of "from four to eight moose." If they kill cows and calves, as they often do, it takes more animals than if they killed the larger bulls. They prefer cows and calves because the hides are easier to work into leather, being thinner and softer. Also, as soon as the mating season starts the bulls get poor, lose their fat, and the cows and calves are better eating.

I then asked the native if there were as many moose as there were years ago. He replied, "No. Wolves kill many moose. Many wolves now. All time more." It never dawned on this Indian that he himself had killed from ten to fifteen moose a year; that in this trading post alone there were many families just like his own. I visited another trading post a few weeks back and noted there were over one hundred dogs tied up. I also learned that only six trappers leave from this post. I had a long talk with one of these trappers and he told me he used only three dogs and caught more fur than any two of the other trappers.

At this post I observed that the white people were feeding a prepared dog food during the summer, but the natives were not. In the winter when the dogs were being used and even when not in use the dogs got meat to eat — good moose meat. It takes from five to seven pounds of meat per day to feed a dog in cold weather in the north.

I wish at this time to quote a paragraph from "Mammals of Yukon, Canada," a government publication, 1945, by A. L. Rand, National Museum of Canada, Ottawa. "This (moose) is the main food animal of many of the wilderness dwellers. Ten Indian families at Sheldon Lake were said to have killed three hundred moose during a recent year. This supplied food for dogs as well as humans (McLennan, verbal). On Lapie River three Indian hunters, early in September, 1944, had killed ten moose in sixteen days. This meat was being dried for further use (Rand, MS.). A trapper and two companions on Sixtymile Creek a few winters ago took twenty-four moose for their own use one winter (R. Porsild, verbal). Moose hide is tanned by hand and used extensively for moccasins by Indians and by white men."

In appearance Mayo is typical of many northern trading posts but to my way of thinking it will some day be one of the largest towns in this section, if not the largest. The known mineral deposits of silver, gold, and lead are tremendous.

All that is holding the town and the surrounding country back is transportation. A picture of how the ore is delivered to the smelters today will show how "pure" the ore is. It is delivered by truck to Mayo from the mining districts which are approximately thirty to forty miles away, then by boat from Mayo to Whitehorse, where it is transferred to the short line White Pass and Yukon Railroad running to Skagway, Alaska, thence by boat from Skagway to Vancouver, British Columbia, then by rail to Kellogg, Idaho, where the smelter is located.

I don't have to tell you it takes mighty good ore to pay that bill. There can be no great future in such a costly operation. This is probably the greatest potential mining district in the north today. Adequate transportation, smelters at Mayo, and ten good business men would make this a city of ten thousand people.

I saw many opportunities in this country, for this is a frontier just as our own west was a hundred years ago. One cannot help reflecting on the thoughts of those pioneers struggling toward their new homes far away. There was drama, excitement, hardship, and starvation. But always they pushed on and on, even in the face of almost unsurpassable barriers they fought their way to a new land. At that time the west was far separated from the east. Then came the railroads, ocean travel improved, later highways came, and still later the airplane. The distance that once took three months to cover, can now be spanned in a few hours by the airplane and even in two or three days by train.

We can no longer think of this north country as "far off." It is not. The airplane, highways and railroads will open up this country and bring it to within a few days of the rest of the continent. Winter travel will go on as it does in Colorado, Montana, and the middle western states. As a matter of fact, winter travel along the Alaska Highway is much easier than in the rocky mountain states of the United States.

While in Whitehorse in the summer I watched the daily

travel on the Alaska Highway, people migrating to the north. Most of these people were going to Fairbanks and other Alaska points. As Alaska settles so will the neighboring Yukon. It seems that about twenty per cent of the people of the United States and Canada are interested in going to new districts and settling them. The north has many opportunities, but *No one should come to the north to settle who has not been able to make a good living elsewhere.*

Mayo folks have fine gardens and many flowers were blooming. Almost everyone had a patch of potatoes. Root vegetables and cabbage did particularly well. In almost every vacant lot the wild hay grew three feet in height. During May, June, and the first part of July there is an average of twenty hours of sunshine daily and plants grow very fast. Around the twenty-first of June the sun hardly sets. It dips to the horizon, disappears for a short time and then appears again on the upward climb to a new day. One must look at the clock to tell when one day leaves off and the next begins. I found the summer days in this north country most interesting.

Chapter III. —

OFF FOR LAND OF BIG GAME

NORMAN and I rode in a small truck to the silver mine at Elsa, thirty-six miles distant. Louis soon got there and we set up camp for the night. This being the first opportunity to look the horses over I paid particular attention to them. They were not a bad lot at all. In fact I thought Louis quite fortunate to get good horses when there are so few to choose from in the territory.

The pack boxes were set out in pairs and a suitable load arranged for each horse according to what we figured each horse could carry. Our outfit was not a heavy one but it was complete. We had a good tent and a good stove as well as other necessary articles. I never like to go into the north country even in August and September without a tent and a stove. They make a camp welcome when you have gotten tired, wet, and hungry.

Many people would like to know what a food list consists of for a fifty day trip in the north where weight must be kept to a minimum. This is a complete list of our food. The weight was three hundred seventy-seven pounds.

18 pounds of butter.

42 pounds of flour

8 loaves of bread (fresh) to be used on the trail while travelling.

18 packages bread,hardtack.

1 pound of soda.

10 pounds of salt (much of this used for salting trophy capes).

One quarter pound pepper.

25 pounds of sugar.

12 pounds powdered milk.

3 pounds tea.

5 pounds coffee.

10 pounds dehydrated potatoes.
24 packages dehydrated soup.
6 packages dehydrated onions.
6 packages dehydrated carrots.
12 packages dehydrated beets.
10 pounds dried prunes.
5 pounds dried peaches.
5 pounds raisins.
10 pounds dried beans.
10 pounds rice.
12 pounds rolled oats.
12 cans assorted vegetables.
12 cans assorted fruits.
18 cans pork sausage (no bacon available).
12 cans beef — one pound each.
12 cans pork and beans.
3 pails lard — three pounds each.
One gallon syrup.
4 cans jam, 1 pound each.
3 cans marmalade — one pound each.
18 dozen eggs.
10 pounds macaroni.
10 one-pound packages cheese.

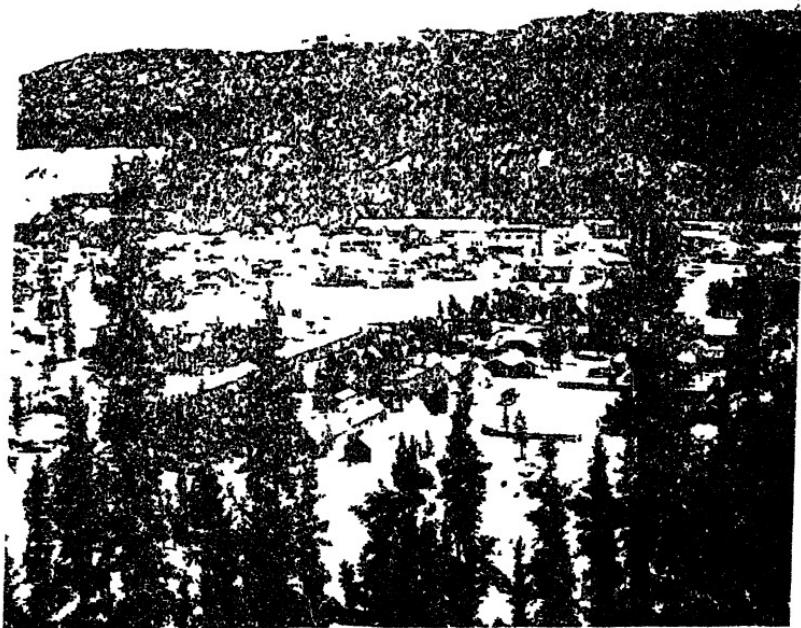
Five o'clock was not a bit too early to roll out Tuesday morning as we were all anxious to get started. In the distance the foothills of the Ogilvies seemed but a hop, skip, and a jump but they are far from here. The stranger coming into these mountains is surprised at the great distance he can see. The air is clear and full of ultra violet light. A mountain that looks but five miles away is almost sure to be twice that. One that looks fifteen miles away will probably be forty. It took me some time to accustom myself to this.

We set an easy goal our first day, knowing we would have our troubles. Fifteen miles seemed about right and satisfactory to all of us. The valleys and sidehills were thickly forested with spruce and poplars, while willow brush grew everywhere. Considerable balsam grew near timberline, but in the bottoms along the creeks we observed many cottonwood, both small and large.



YUKON TROPHIES

Great heads from The Wilderness of the Wind River No hunter had ever been in that section. I saw over two thousand head of big game in my fifty-seven day combined game survey and hunting trip One day I saw nine grizzly bear; on another day eighteen magnificent bull caribou paraded by me, and on still another day my guides and I sat on a point of land overlooking a big basin and counted fourteen bull moose, all in view from the one point, and all with great spreading antlers measuring sixty or more inches in width One day I was standing in the pass between two great mountains, and twenty white mountain sheep rams walked by, all within fifty yards of me



THE TOWN OF WHITEHORSE, THE LARGEST TOWN IN THE TERRITORY,
WITH A POPULATION OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED

THE TOWN OF MAYO, WITH A POPULATION OF THREE HUNDRED

Since there are no highways north of Whitehorse, it was necessary
for me to fly to Mayo





A DENSE STAND OF NORTHERN COTTONWOODS

IN AUGUST THE BIG BULL MOOSE WERE AT OR NEAR TIMBERLINE





ALL THAT REMAINS OF A PROSPECTOR'S DREAM OF RICHES

ON THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS WERE WHITE SHEEP, LOWER DOWN
WERE CARIBOU, MOOSE, GRIZZLIES, WOLVES, AND WOLVERINES



As we packed, the sky was clear with only a few scattering clouds. The freshness of the morning air was invigorating and we all felt glad to be alive. I caught myself whistling between my teeth, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning; Oh, What a Beautiful Day." Even the horses responded readily as we adjusted their packs. Before long Louis gave the signal "all ready," and, leading a small bay horse he took the lead and our trip had actually started.

It was eight-thirty in the evening when we arrived at a prospector's cabin, now old and roof-sunken, only ten miles from our starting place. We were on the go all day except for a two hour rest at noon. The muskeg was very bad and often we had to go on the sidehills to get around the worst places. We travelled through the McQuesten Flats, as bad a stretch of muskeg as you can imagine. We had two horses mire down in the mud and it was necessary to completely unpack the animals before they could free themselves.

The horses were assembled around the old prospector's cabin to be unpacked when Norman said, "Look, there's a big grizzly over there. Get your gun quick."

We had two of Louis' dogs with us and about this time they too saw the grizzly, or at least they smelled it and set up a big howl! Before I could get my rifle, which wasn't over ten feet from me leaning against the cabin, the grizzly was running into the nearby woods. I fired a quick shot but, of course, missed. We could find no blood. I had no confidence in such a quick shot myself and was not surprised at the miss. The grizzly was approximately two hundred fifty yards away when I shot.

We disposed of a hearty supper and since none of us were inclined to linger around the camp fire we got into our sleeping bags for a well earned rest.

The following day we made fifteen miles but it was after eight before we got to our campsite, another old tumbledown

cabin on its last legs which should have given in to the forces long ago. It was a long day and tough travelling; not muskeg as we had the day before, but a heavy growth of alders and scattering spruce.

We travelled all day along the old trail to Beaver City. This trail, built during 1920 or 1921, was used a couple of years and then abandoned. We were still approximately forty-eight miles from Beaver City, which is located on the headwaters of the Beaver River near the mouth of Carpenter Creek. You will hear a great deal about this creek during the course of our story, for Carpenter Creek has its source many miles from here in the heart of a good hunting country. The old trail to Beaver City, although overgrown with brush and even trees, is still usable, especially when an axe-man of Louis Brown's caliber is in the lead.

Many times that day I rested, leaning against a tree, while Louis with his shirt tail out, neck and back covered with needles and leaves, twigs and dirt, chopped his way through the forest. With the rope that led the horse in one hand and the axe in the other he walked along looking for a way to get through this bad place and then that one. The "blazes" on the trees were hardly visible, for twenty-five years of growth had changed them to a dirty pitch color. Often bushes and limbs grew over the blazes and completely covered them. But Louis had been over the country several times in the winter behind a dog team and almost always knew which direction to go. But even Louis found that following a dog team in the winter over the "winter" trail was far easier than taking horses through an overgrown wilderness. The winter's heavy snow lay over frozen ground and covered all this brush. Thus travelling was much easier.

The trail we were on would take us to Beaver City but beyond that point we would have to choose that route which looked the best. There had never been a man-made trail in any section beyond the Beaver. We saw no game.

I had a horse to ride until we got to Beaver City. At that place our fifth horse was to be delivered to Bruce Gordon, a mining engineer working for the Ventures Mining Company of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Gordon bought the horse last spring and took it to Mayo, intending to use it. He later decided to fly into the country and asked Louis to bring it with him when he brought me into the country on my hunting trip. The trail had been so bad I walked practically all the time. Besides, I did not like to ride when Louis and Norman were walking.

Thursday, August 7. Though we were slightly behind schedule we did not get away from the old miner's cabin until ten. We had gone only a mile when a downpour of rain hit us and hit us hard. However, we kept travelling until about noon when another horse mired in the mud and it was necessary to unpack her. Funny thing these horses. Once they get mired they assume a defeatist attitude. When the horse came to the mudhole she smelled it and practically refused to go into the soft mud. All the other horses had gone through without difficulty and we knew it was not impassable. However, once a horse started through, it had to keep going, otherwise it would mire. This old mare got into the mud and quit, absolutely quit. Of course she mired and we saw our things getting wet, so we unpacked her in a hurry. She was belly-deep and stuck fast. She made no attempt to help herself out.

Louis got on my saddle horse, tied the rope that was on her halter to the saddle horn and pulled until we dared pull no more. No use. Louis then got his rifle and, intending to fool her, let her see it. She paid no attention other than to raise her head. Louis then shot into the water behind her and Norman and I hollered and switched her. No use. Quietly she lay there. The other horses had become frightened from the noise of the shooting and wandered off. Louis took the horse he had used in his attempt to pull the mare out of the

mud to tie him up. I watched the mare as Louis left. Then I went with the boys to round up and tie the other horses. I had no sooner gotten out of sight when I heard the horse in the mud grunt, and, looking back, I saw her coming and heard her nicker for the other horses. She hadn't tried before. As soon as she thought she was being left alone she "turned on the steam" and out she came without help. A funny creature indeed!

At four we came to a creek and camped, for the horse feed was good. After fixing up the temporary camp Louis and Norman went to the river, the north fork of the McQuesten River, and tried their luck at fishing. I stayed in camp to catch up on my notes and to rest. It was necessary for someone to watch things and I chose to do so. They returned at nine but no fish. Sometimes you can catch fish in these small rivers and then again you cannot. We certainly needed meat and fish would have filled the bill very nicely.

I noticed by this time we had nearly run out of poplars. There were no birch or cottonwoods here. Spruce were abundant, the larger trees being about ten inches in diameter and fifty or sixty feet tall. They do not taper rapidly and they would make good lumber. On either side of the McQuesten is a ridge that runs up to a thousand feet above timberline. It is a likely looking place for sheep but I saw none. I have observed, however, that sheep are seldom found on mountain spurs, keeping pretty well to the main mountain ridges. This is a beautiful looking moose country, with high willow growth in the valleys and far up the mountain sides.

We did not see a track all day and even though I know they are high up in the draws in August, I could find no evidence of moose having been in this section for several years; that is, in any quantity. The willows have not been eaten back for years. Louis told me the old timers in the country, men like old Jim McDonald, had told him that the Mc-

Questen Valley was a magnificent moose section in the early days but between the wolves, the prospectors, and the trappers, the game has been completely cleaned out. Since time beginning, the game has been able to hold its own against the wolves. But against the wolves, plus the trappers and the prospectors, the game cannot hold its own. The McQuesten Valley was the main route used by all the prospectors and miners during the Beaver City gold rush and the moose were completely wiped out.

The night was clear and cold, making our campfire a pleasant addition to our comfort. None of us were in the mood to spend long hours spinning yarns around the fire, for our days were long and tiring. That night I saw the Aurora Borealis for the first time. Louis pointed it out to me after I had retired for the night. It was not very vivid and he remarked that when we got over on the Wind River we would see it very plainly. Then it would seem close enough to touch.

The next morning we got an early start and, although we travelled all day in the muskeg, we made fairly good progress and arrived at the south fork of the Beaver at five-thirty. This is not the main Beaver River. All day we travelled through typical moose country but there was still not a sign of the willows having been eaten back for years. After we had selected a campsite I took a hike up to the head of a draw to see if there were moose signs up near timberline. There were none. I have seen lots of moose country but none better than that we had passed through the last two days. As mentioned before, this valley and the adjoining valleys are the routes of both the prospectors and the trappers. Because of them and the wolves there are no remaining moose; not even enough for continued breeding. Once the game is cleaned out in a valley such as this it takes many, many years for it to come back and sometimes it never does have the opportunity to come back, for the same

trappers, prospectors, and wolves keep killing it off. The old game trails are hardly discernable for they have grown up to willows and buck brush.

At this point the Beaver River is about thirty feet wide and can be waded in many places. After returning from my search for moose at timberline, I went fishing and caught seven greyling, four of which we fried for supper. It was late and we were all hungry. The fish were a welcome addition to our food basket, as we had been without meat up to this time.

While I had been looking for moose signs, Louis had been searching for the old trail which we lost sometime during the afternoon. Just as supper was ready he returned. He said he had found the trail and had blazed it and chopped it out so we could follow it in the morning.

During this season of the year darkness comes about ten or ten-thirty while daylight comes at two-thirty or three o'clock. During the night it is not really dark and one can see to walk around even in the timber and brush. Louis told me the days would get noticeably shorter as we went along.

The temperature dropped to twenty above during the night and it was mighty chilly; but in the morning as we packed, the sun shone brightly and the air was soon warmed. When Louis announced he was ready to go I hated to leave that bright spot. On the trail we met a prospector who had been out since the middle of June — a period of seven weeks. We asked him to have lunch with us and he accepted the invitation. Meetings are few and far between in the "bush" and are always a welcome change, particularly to the man who has been making conversation with himself for several weeks.

Being eager to obtain knowledge of the game in the section he had covered I asked him many questions. He had seen game all right. During the course of the seven weeks he had killed one cow, one calf, and one bull moose; also three

caribou and two sheep. These animals provided the bulk of the food for himself and his dogs during the seven weeks period. Since this man had not found any of the precious minerals for which he had prospected, he had been on the move a great deal and used the meat of an animal only while camped close to the kill. It is not uncommon for a prospector to hit the trail with a little flour, salt, sugar, coffee and tea in his pack. Meat and bread (bannock), washed down with a boiling hot beverage, is the accepted diet for the most part. This man had been in the territory around McLean and Police creeks. He said as far as he knew there had been no one in that area for years except himself.

I think that the easy discovery of precious ores and metals is a thing of the past and prospecting in the future will call for highly trained geologists and mining engineers with a thorough knowledge of mineralogy. I do not think a man should be allowed to prospect unless he has the money to provide his own food and necessary transportation into the territory in which he intends to work. It has further been my observation that the mining engineers representing the larger companies do not kill game for food as they take with them all the food they need for the time they will be in the mountains. Recently it has been these highly trained men that have been finding the deposits of gold, silver and lead.

At noon the next day we arrived at the base of McKay Hill, the sight of what had been a somewhat extensive silver mining operation. On previous trips through this area in the winter, Louis, with dog team, used the winter trail. With horses that is impossible, for the winter trail goes through the lower parts which is mainly muskeg. There was a trail, a dim trail, higher up on the mountain which we followed several hours only to discover we were on the wrong side of McKay Hill, a really big mountain. We found ourselves in a basin surrounded by high, steep walls on all sides except for the one by which we had entered. We pitched our tent

and prepared to stay for the night, since it was too late to conduct an extensive search for the trail. We weren't lost, the trail to Beaver City, the high trail, was lost.

After dinner Norman spotted a caribou bull four or five hundred yards from camp. I decided if it were a good one I would shoot it, as we needed camp meat and my license entitled me to four caribou. Carrying our rifles Norman and I started for the caribou. By the time we were within two hundred yards of the place where we had first seen the bull, it had turned, and fed away another hundred yards. With the glasses I could see that it was just an average bull so I told Norman to go closer and shoot it. He too was allowed four caribou, but trophies did not mean anything to him. The wind was from the caribou to Norman and there was ample cover to enable him to get within one hundred yards, at which time he sat down on a rock, aimed, and fired. The bull staggered a step forward, then fell to the ground. He was very fat and we welcomed the sight of good camp meat.

The past several days we had travelled through country abounding in blueberries, a veritable paradise for grizzlies, and we saw signs of the big fellows everywhere. The blueberries are, of course, in the timber and brush and it is almost impossible to see the grizzlies under these conditions. I knew though, when the berries were gone, the grizzlies would move out onto the mountain sides to dig out marmots and gophers and we would see many. I knew I had never been in a country with so many grizzlies.

Sunday, August 10. At noon I was high in the mountains back of McKay Hill looking for the "high trail" through the country. I finally found it and signalled to the boys to come on with the horses. They were more than a mile away but with the glasses I saw them get the horses going and start toward me. While I was waiting for them to come I looked down the other side of the mountain for some fifteen minutes and through the glasses I picked up a bull moose

feeding in the tall willows. Closer investigation showed it to be a very large one.

Working around the mountain side until I was sure the wind was in my favor, I quietly approached. When I was within two hundred yards I could see the velvet was still on parts of the horns and I decided I did not want it. Even so, I had the urge to see how close I could get before being detected. I picked a course through the willows that was not too brushy and carefully made my way toward him, still feeding and standing broadside to me. What a magnificent bull he was. He had a good sixty-inch spread, the palms were broad and had many points.

I began to wish I had my movie camera. When I left the boys it was cloudy so I hadn't brought the camera, as I did not know just how much hiking I would have to do before I found the trail. Going slowly and quietly I got to a clump of willows not over forty yards from the animal. It was fun, wonderful fun, "toying" with the old gentleman. He was completely unaware of my presence and would have been an easy target for my rifle. However, I laid the rifle on the ground and picked up a stick instead. I broke it and, crouching low, watched him turn his giant head toward the direction of the sound. Seeing nothing and smelling nothing he quickly went on feeding. I picked up another stick and broke it. That was a different story. One crack could mean anything but not the cracking of two sticks. With head high and his big ears forward he watched for several minutes. He took a swishing bite, gently removing all the leaves from a willow branch as he looked in my direction. Then he fed some more and as he did so, I studied his movements as he swung his head to and fro, raising it up and down. I thought to myself, "What a neck it must take to carry that big head around and not become tired." The live weight of the head, hide, and horns of a big bull such as this would surely weigh three hundred or more pounds.

Desiring some action, I whistled, remaining too low for him to see me. He started to trot away, not waiting to see what made the noise. Then I stood up. He must have seen me out of the corner of his eye, for he picked up his trotting gait and did not stop until high on a ridge a mile away.

How big is a big moose? Well, at forty yards, aided by binoculars, I had a good chance to see for myself how big a full grown Yukon moose is. Although the bull I had been looking at did not have a seventy or seventy-two inch spread of horns, its body size was enormous. It was all of ten feet long and eight feet high. Its neck was immense. As I looked at the big animal I thought it must weigh seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds. In appearance it was ungainly, as it stood before me, but when it trotted away I had to admit it trotted with great ease and covered much ground with a minimum of effort. With its large pendulous muzzle, long ears, and bell of skin and hair hanging down from the throat, the big bull moose was unique in appearance. No other member of the deer family looks anything like him. He was brownish-black on most of his body but around his head there was considerable greyish hair. He was noticeably fat and round, for moose. Like other animals, moose are known to be in their best condition just before the start of the mating season.

I climbed back to the summit and met the boys. We rested a few minutes before inspecting the trail down the other side. The first hundred yards was only a game trail through loose slide rock. It was necessary to push rocks around and with slabs of the shale shape the trail into passable condition before we could negotiate it with the horses. Even so, we had to lead each horse down the trail to the bottom. It was very difficult and with each step the horses would slip on the loose rocks.

Finally, all were down without mishap. I could read the sign of relief on Louis' face and I said, "One time, Louis, I

went over a trail like that driving a six horse team and I don't think we slowed down to a trot." He gave me a look I will not soon forget.

We went on to the nearest brush where we made a fire and prepared lunch, for we were all hungry. By now it was four o'clock. Norman cut off nine large caribou steaks; I was hungry but I thought his eyes were larger than his stomach. When I finished with my three steaks I saw Norman looking around and I asked him what he wanted. He said he was still hungry and Louis said he was too. They cut off four more steaks and fried them. They ate one each and wrapped the second up for a trail lunch. At five we again started and in about an hour Louis saw a large bull moose feeding in the willows near the head of a draw. He was about a thousand yards away. The glasses showed it to have such a fine spread of antlers that I insisted on going to look it over.

I told the boys to wait. If I wanted it I would shoot. If I didn't, I would motion them on and meet them further down the trail. I climbed to a clump of willows sixty yards below the bull, the willows here being about four feet high, not too high for me to look over and still see the bull. Before I was able to completely size him up he laid down. The wind was quartering from the moose to me, enabling me to get around and above him. Then, only forty yards away, I could partially see his horns as he waved them about, evidently fighting flies. I then laid my binoculars and raincoat down. It was threatening rain. Creeping in regular Indian style, I approached to within twenty yards of the bull. With rifle cocked I stole about two yards closer but I still could not get the look I wanted at the horns. The willows here were scattering and the only other vegetation was two foot grass and fireweed.

I whistled softly but he gave no response to the sound. I repeated this as I wanted him to stand up. He shook his head and fought the flies. Then I grunted softly in imi-

tation of another bull moose. Still he paid no attention. Thinking to myself he must be deaf, I put two fingers in my mouth and whistled sharply. He got up, his rear end toward me. I could look down his back and tell exactly how large he was. He appeared all of twenty inches through and his horns were at least three times as wide as his body. He was rolling fat and I judged his horns to spread a good sixty-five inches. I deliberated. He too was in partial velvet. No, I would take my chances and not shoot him. He stood there. I broke a stick, at the same time standing up so that he saw me. I have never seen an animal so big move so fast. Down the hill he plunged, moving aside for nothing. He was terrified. Why this tremendous animal should have been so afraid of a man when he had probably never seen or smelled one, was something hard to understand. I could not have seemed to him to be a wolf, for he certainly knew what a wolf looked like. To the big bull I certainly was something and no doubt the awful smell of a human touched his nostrils and it spelled nothing short of death to him. Probably he had not run any faster during his life. He ran almost to the boys and jumped a creek, then ran up the other side of a little draw and stopped, too fat to hurry on. Then he saw the pack horses and slowly ran on up the hill.

In watching moose run I have observed they seldom move their heads from side to side. Instead they hold them directly in front, apparently depending on their good eyes to detect objects that might be following or running to one side. Moose do have wonderful eyes. Whereas many animals depend on one of their natural senses more than another to detect an enemy, the moose has exceptional ability to see, hear, and to smell. In contrast, the grizzly depends a great deal more on his nose than either his ears or his eyes. I have stalked grizzlies without cover to hide me but have never been able to stalk a moose under the same conditions.

When I got to the boys, Louis said, "Seventy incher there,

boy. Don't go home blaming me if you don't get a big moose." I, after a minutes deliberation on the subject, said, "Yes, but he had some velvet on and I didn't want to hold up the party. We would have to carry those horns and the cape around with us and they would weigh a hundred and fifty pounds." "No we wouldn't," Louis said, "we are almost to Beaver City and we could cache them there. When the velvet is dry and ready to peel it comes right off." I said I hoped I hadn't made a mistake.

At eight-forty we arrived at the mouth of McLean and Castle creeks, both of which empty into the Beaver. As we made camp near timberline I noticed many balsam trees. There were also some spruce and willows and an increasing amount of buck brush which grew four to five feet tall, bearing small leaves.

Ahead of us were the many peaks of the main range of the Ogilvies. The Ogilvies are the western end of the main McKenzie Range. Two more days travel would put us in the sheep country. Our trip had been tough but the thought of getting into a wilderness area where no hunter had ever been, overshadowed the days we had struggled through muskeg and brush. My thoughts were all ahead, not behind me. Yet I would never forget stalking the two large bull moose. Those experiences I shall review many times in the future.

I was thankful that I had walked most of the way for now my legs were in excellent condition and my wind was good too.

Monday, August 11, was a notable day for we arrived at the junction of Carpenter and Settemeyer creeks, where we met Bruce Gordon and one of his assistants, a radio operator. Both represented a mining company, as I have already mentioned. With them was their Indian guide named Lonny Johnny. Norman was very glad to see Lonny, for he is Norman's trapping partner during the winter. As I men-

tioned before, one of our horses belonged to these men and from here on we were to travel with only four horses. We cached some food at this spot to use on our way back so we were not greatly inconvenienced. We were all accustomed to walking now, and, since I had gotten my legs in good condition, I enjoyed walking more than I ever thought I could.

Gordon and his party were flown into the country six weeks previously and had seen no one, so they were mighty glad to talk to us. Much to my surprise I learned I could send my wife a radio message, as they had a short wave radio sending and receiving set and talked to Mayo every night. I sent my wife a message which went to Mayo by short wave and then to Whitehorse via the regular sending station at Mayo. I told her I was in good health, good spirits, and getting so tough I almost ran up and down the mountains.

Mr. Gordon and his assistants were waiting for us to bring the horse so they could move camp thirty miles back toward Mayo, using the one horse we brought and Lonny Johnny's four pack dogs. These fellows had not killed one single animal for either themselves or their dogs. They brought, even at the expensive air rates, all the food they and their dogs would need. They had worked thoroughly only one area. Here was a case of a highly trained man and his crew going into a section, working it systematically, and not living off the land. This should be contrasted with the slaughter of the seven game animals by the prospector we met on the trail who had run through the country for seven weeks and found nothing.

As we came toward the junction of Carpenter and Settemeyer creeks we saw no game, but as we proceeded we noticed the mountains got higher and higher and were very impressive. I saw many ridges suitable for sheep and looked at each one with my binoculars. While I saw no sheep I did see several trails in the shale that I could identify as sheep trails. Bruce Gordon and Lonny reported seeing

twenty-four sheep on a nearby mountain. They were without binoculars and could not identify the sex. They also reported seeing many caribou and moose. Bruce told us that regularly in the evening they saw two large bull moose high up in a draw south of camp and if we watched we would no doubt see them too. They had seen no grizzlies, and didn't want to, but had seen an abundance of signs. There were thousands and thousands of acres of blueberries in this section, each bush heavily loaded.

That evening I watched for the moose. Sure enough, about an hour before dark I saw them feeding along the sides of a draw just above timberline. Both were large. I put up the spotting scope and looked them over carefully but concluded they were about the same as the ones I had stalked two days previously. Their horns looked dark which meant they too were still in the velvet. All the boys wanted to look through the spotting scope and each took his turn. A spotting scope of twenty power magnification must be placed on something steady and not touched while viewing an animal if best results are to be obtained. We placed two pack boxes on the ground and put one of our sleeping bags on top of them. This afforded the proper foundation for the scope and we could see the moose quite plainly.

The next day we had planned to go to the summit, the highest point separating the Yukon River watershed from the Arctic, to make our base camp. Louis said that section was good for all game — moose, grizzly, caribou, sheep, and wolves. It rained practically all day and we decided we would wait another day before going on. These men were real fellows and we enjoyed their company, as they did ours.

They had worked the Carpenter and Settlemeyer Creek mountain sides in their search for ores. Only a few men have ventured beyond the summit of the Ogilvies because the transportation problem is so great. Ore, under these conditions, has to be almost pure to be of interest to a mining

company. Also beyond the summit the mountains are known to be of a limestone composition and limestone seldom contains precious metals. Louis said it was in the limestone mountains that we would find the largest big game trophies. We had practically left the muskeg and were in rocky ground. From here on, so Louis said, we would travel on hard ground. Beyond the summit the land has not been surveyed. As a matter of fact there has not been over ten per cent of the area here surveyed. Most of the map information had come from prospectors' reports and was very incomplete.

I have mentioned the name "Beaver City." That would imply a town. Once Beaver City was a very busy place, but we found only a group of old prospectors' cabins that had either fallen in or were too stubborn to yield to the forces of weathering and deterioration. Few remained standing. When the cabins were originally built in 1922 or 1923 they had a pole roof upon which a layer of moss was placed and on that a layer of dirt. This gave the cabins wonderful insulation for the bitterly cold winters. Now most of the roofs had caved in. On those that remained, grass grew eighteen inches tall. And speaking of grass, in the last day or two I had seen grass, known as "red top," three feet tall. The growing season was short here but with the long days and bright sun, vegetation grew lush. In some of the places, where the grass grew the greenest and tallest, we allowed the horses to feed and they reached at the grass as if it were to be their last chance for a good meal in a long time. In grass like that they would fill up in thirty minutes.

Rummaging through the old cabins was great fun. Some of the things we found made us want to sit right down and laugh. In one cabin I found a Victor phonograph and the records were — not jazz, not classical, not instrumental. Oh no! They were a set of six records in an album case and on the case was written, "Health Exercises." Number One was to strengthen the shoulders and back, number two was to

build up the legs, and so on. No other records were found in that cabin. Your guess is as good as mine. My conclusion was that a city man decided to go "way up north" prospecting and knew he needed muscles. Not having them he decided to build them after he got to the mining fields.

In another cabin I found a bayonet with a twenty-four inch blade. In still another we found a picture of Herbert Hoover in one end while Woodrow Wilson's picture hung in the other. In the middle was a white chalk line that still could be seen, bringing to mind a picture of political arguments that eventually led to a separation of companions. Most of the men answering any report of the discovery of gold in any northern section were Americans. Judging from the old envelopes we picked up in the cabins, this was very true here, for in almost every cabin there were letters with United States postmarks on them.

In the above mentioned cabin it was plain to be seen the Republicans stayed in the north end of the cabin while the Democrats stayed in the southern end. Almost every cabin had a pin-up girl, and boy, oh boy! "what them dames didn't wear." Even so they couldn't match those our soldiers and sailors put up during the last war.

Norman found a little book called the *Blue Book* and its contents — "Prostitution in the Ancient World." There was a Seattle paper called *The Alaska News* under the date of 1923. Also many magazines. In many cabins we found empty Scotch bottles. Hanging in one cabin was an old 44-40 Winchester with twelve bullets resting nearby on a shelf.

In another I found a mining report issued in 1924 which said there were fifty-two mining claims being worked at Beaver City. This undoubtedly was a busy place. But as it always is, it was the same old story. The known mineral deposits were tremendous, especially silver and lead, but being separated from the rest of the world the operations were not profitable. The ore would have had to be pure to pay off.

Transportation defeated them. Today mining companies like The Ventures Mining Company are looking into these mineral deposits, for they know that transportation is about to come to the north and that operations, too costly at one time, will be profitable soon.

In one cabin which was still standing and which was in pretty fair shape we found seventeen different kinds of spices. Hanging in almost every old cabin was a caribou parka, old moose or sheep skin sleeping robes. Practically without exception every old cabin had a pile of shavings and matches in a weather-proof can — evidence of co-operative spirit and consideration for the next fellow who might come along in weather sixty below zero.

Interesting to note is the fact that the news of the strike in this locality got out in the winter. The stampede soon started and many claims were staked in the three or four feet of snow that lay on the ground. The prospectors had no idea of the value of their claims until the snow went off the following summer, at which time they could work them. Needless to say, most of them were valueless as would be expected but there was good ore in places. After working a short while the miners realized how remote the section was and how difficult it was to get in food and other supplies to say nothing of getting the ore out. Finally the transportation problem defeated them and one by one they left.

This district was rich in silver and lead deposits, not gold. At that time silver and lead brought a low price. Silver and lead both have to be taken to a smelter. That meant Kellogg, Idaho — a long ways and a costly transportation bill.

Now that silver and lead are badly needed and the price is high there will no doubt be a smelter built at Mayo and this entire country will be opened up. Silver and lead mining mean year around employment, for this mining is done underground where the changes of the outside temperature

mean but little. Gold dredging is "surface" mining and as such is a summer proposition.

That day it rained until late afternoon but we enjoyed ourselves playing poker and cribbage. Lonny, Norman and I played poker for two thousand dollars a chip, which we didn't pay off. Then Bruce Gordon and I got down to a very serious session of cribbage. I played poker for fun with the boys but when it came to cribbage I really played seriously, for I liked to play. I hadn't played very long before I realized Bruce was a sharp player. He had the mathematical mind of an engineer and he seemed to move his cards around in his head as if they were logarithms or crystals bouncing off the angles of a tangent to the hypotenuse on a down hill slope. It was a tough and exciting game but it would have been lots more sport if I had won. In a game for two, every time somebody wins, someone loses. I came in second.

At five-thirty the sun shone brightly and I was glad for the opportunity to sight in my two rifles for we were nearing hunting country. Since childhood I have had the opportunity to shoot a great deal and am particular about my rifles. I want to know exactly where the bullet is going when I pull the trigger. That would imply that I am a "dead eye dick" with a rifle, but I am not. I just want you to understand that if I missed an easy chance I would know that it was my own fault and not the fault of the rifle.

Wednesday, August 13. We had been travelling ten or eleven days and had not seen much game but that was to be expected. However, now we were approaching real game country I got up early and walked outside to look at the mountains. In the clear frosty morning they appeared very close. With the glasses I picked up four sheep on one of the less distant peaks. Then I spotted three others nearby.

Ah, in sheep country at last, in the country of Ovis Dalli, the white mountain sheep of the north!

I have hunted Ovis Canadensis, the crafty far sighted

Bighorn, many times, but this was my first chance to see, inspect, and perhaps shoot a fine white ram. I was all enthusiasm and eagerness for the chase. Hunting mountain sheep does something for me no other hunting can do.

Knowing that the elusive ram is wary and far sighted, and has tough durable legs that carry him easily for miles over mountains, crags, pinnacles, and ridges, and that he lives in the high altitudes where ones physical energies must be taxed to the utmost in the chase, keys the senses beyond imagination. I knew I would soon be climbing among the peaks of the Oglivies and I was anxious to be off.

At eight we were packed, told the boys at the little three-man mining camp, goodbye, and got under way. A long day was ahead, for it was many miles to the head of Carpenter Creek. The map was deceiving. It made the country look flat and small, but we did not find it that way. Looking at the map of the country as a whole made it look flat, but in reality it is composed of one mountain after another with a valley between. For the most part, going up Carpenter Creek, the ground was hard, as Louis had said it would be, but we still had to avoid a few "mushy" places. They were easy to get around and we went on until about noon when we discovered we were too high up on the mountain side. We came to a ledge of rocks we could not get around. After switch-backing a half mile down to the creek bottom we again went on, now following the creek. The rocks, glacial wash, were rough and the horses did not like them at all. Finally we came to a large snow bank which was three hundred yards wide and a mile long. After getting the horses up on it we found that it was as hard as concrete and easy travelling. After we left the snow bank we were forced to go back up the mountain side.

At two o'clock Louis said, "How hungry are you?" I said, "Well, now don't think I couldn't eat. How far is it to the lake, our intended camping place?" He replied that

we should be there by three o'clock. I said, "Oh, well, lets go on. We can unpack the horses and look the country over for game and for our permanent camp." I was hungry but I wasn't tired.

At four o'clock, not three, we arrived at the lake, a jewel, a picture of far-off northern beauty. Nestled between two high peaks that rose three thousand feet on either side, the little lake was a joy to behold after tramping the many days through the brush and trees.

On one side of the lake there was only a small amount of brush, mostly willow. On the other side were patches of willows covering several hundred acres. Higher up was loose shale and the usual loose rock deposited at the base of high mountains. The mountains themselves were pure gray in color, attesting to the fact they were of a limestone composition. The lake was about a mile long and ran in a north and south direction. It was only five or six hundred yards wide. To the east was a low pass leading to Braine Creek. This appeared to be the entrance to very good looking sheep country. On the north side of the lake was another low pass that went over to Nash Creek, but between the low pass to the east and the one to the north there was a very high, rough mountain. The pass going over to Nash Creek to the north was covered with many hundreds of acres of willows, no doubt a good moose country. All around us were caribou trails made by the migration of the Barren Land caribou. All day we had come through thousands of acres of blueberries and grizzly signs had been abundant. The setting in all its aspects looked just right to me.

As we unpacked, I could hardly help, for I was busy looking around. This seemed to me to be just what I had been looking for. After eating a lunch, we spent three hours fixing up camp which we made in the shelter of some timber-line spruce about one hundred yards from the lake shore. There were many standing dead spruce trees nearby which

could be used for wood. Louis and Norman are real axemen. In the course of preparing the camp they made a table, a long bench to sit on, a shelf for the food, a gun rack, and three clothes racks, one for each. On the floor of the tent was placed a thick covering of spruce boughs. The stove was placed in the corner of the tent nearest the front. Inasmuch as we had so many standing dry trees we made a large open fire in front of the tent. No one seemed tired and we stood around the fire, relaxing and enjoying ourselves.

At eight that evening Louis went fishing and caught six trout. In the lake were both Arctic trout and Greyling. The Arctic trout are a beautifully speckled trout having very firm meat. Since the water was deep Louis had no trouble getting the fly out far enough to reach the fish which were feeding along the shore where the bank dropped into deeper water. An hour later he came back and said there was a big grizzly or a moose feeding down at the other end of the lake. He did not have the glasses with him. I took my glasses down to the lake shore and looked up the lake. It was a large bull moose feeding in the willows that Louis had seen, but it was too late for us to go look it over. We walked back to camp and made preparations to go to bed. Instead of being tired we all felt good and stood around for more than an hour talking about the country. I asked Louis many questions about the surrounding area and finally we had soup and tea, after which we retired for the night.

It was raining the next morning so we slept until eight o'clock, feeling that we had nothing to cause us to be in a rush. Breakfast was prepared and we ate. Then I debated whether I should go hunting. It was very wet and I put off going, hoping the rain would pass over and the sun would come out. At ten-thirty it started to rain much harder and I had to reconcile myself with staying in camp, a hard thing to do when your legs are in excellent shape and your mind says, "I wonder what's on the other side of that mountain?"

We sat around talking and doing little odd jobs. Every now and then someone would look out of the tent to see if the rain had eased, and about twelve o'clock it did stop. The sun came out to some extent, and I looked out of the tent with my binoculars and spotted fifteen ewes and lambs. They were three hundred yards up the mountainside above camp. Some were feeding and some were lying down. Two lambs were playing. The sight of game so close to camp, especially sheep, made me feel very good indeed. It makes one easily forget the hard trip into the country.

Louis said he would fix lunch and then we would go hunting. As we were eating it started to rain again and continued until three o'clock. It remained cloudy but we decided to go look over the moose we had seen the evening before. The ewes and lambs, not alarmed in the least by our camp, fed even closer.

Louis was not quite ready and while waiting I looked for other game on the mountainside. Mostly I was looking for rams, but hardly expecting to find them at such a low alti-

tude, for they naturally stay about two thousand feet above timberline at this time of the year. Back of camp, south of us, I saw five moving objects, blackish in appearance, which turned out to be caribou feeding on the open mountain side.

Soon Louis was ready to go and we went down the east side of the lake to see about the moose. We had gone only a hundred yards when I realized we would get mighty wet, but we went on just the same. We had lots of clothes to change into and we had a stove in the tent. At the other end of the lake we found there were hundreds of acres of willows, most of which were six feet tall. What to do about that? There was not much chance to locate a moose in that shambles. There were many tracks, too many to be made by one or two moose. There were deep trails, also indicating the passage of many animals.

It did not take long to realize we should get up on the slope so we might look down on the willows — and the moose. We climbed about two hundred yards and sat down. We could see all the willows that spread out below us. Five or six small draws rose beyond them in the bottom of which were also willows, but higher up there was only grass.

Louis immediately spotted a large bull eating in the willows some five hundred yards away. With my binoculars I watched him swish willow branches of their leaves. In each swish he would remove ten, twenty, maybe thirty leaves from the branch. It took lots of leaves to fill the stomach of a bull like this one before me. In figuring out the best approach to him I noticed another bull moose, then another. Louis also saw two others. I said to Louis, "Now what do you think of that?" In the minds of these moose there apparently was no fear. They never looked around for approaching enemies. They simply fed with their heads buried in their willow bush meal. The only enemy these bulls had ever had was Mr. Wolf, and he seemed to bother the moose but little, especially in the summer.

"Why do we see only large moose?" I asked Louis. He replied that the smaller moose were lower down in the valleys while the larger moose are all at timberline or near it at this time of the year. These bulls were free of velvet or nearly so and their horns were very light colored. In the dark willows their horns, being light-colored, gave their whereabouts away. One seemed larger than the others and I told Louis we should look it over carefully. If it were not a seventy incher I would not shoot it.

Having decided on the best approach we waded clear across the willows to the small draws and climbed up until we could look back and see the moose. We were now above the bull and two hundred fifty yards away. I sat down and with my elbows on my knees I put my glasses to my eyes to really look the bull over to see if I wanted it. Yes, I wanted the bull. It was a fine big animal with exceptional horns. Upon seeing how very large the horns were I acquired a nervous feeling comparable to "buck fever," a common hunting nervousness. I didn't want a thing to go wrong and I told Louis as much. He only said, "Tomorrow you will probably see a bigger one."

Using the willows as cover, we cautiously stalked the big animal. When about one hundred twenty yards away we discovered we were getting too low, because we could see only the tops of his horns. Louis picked out a spot a little higher up and we back-tracked to it.

Now we were about one hundred seventy yards away, but I had a good open shot at the left shoulder of the trophy bull. He was magnificent all right and I wanted him badly. I sat down, not nervous now, took aim at the shoulder, and fired. The big animal flinched as we both heard the bullet smack against his body. I shot again and the bull lunged forward into some rocks and mossy ground. Then, using his hind feet he threw his body forward.

When we arrived at the scene he was still attempting to

free himself of the awful power that had pinned him to the earth, something he had never before experienced and something he could not understand. The two shots had almost pulverized his shoulder but he wouldn't give up. I shot him in the neck and he slowly straightened out, his heavy body relaxing to the ground.

If anyone had described such a moose to me I would not have believed them. If it weighed one ounce live weight it weighed eighteen hundred pounds. It was so much larger than our twelve hundred pound black horse there was no room for comparison. He was as fat as an animal could get. The past winter had been an easy one which partially accounted for the moose growing such large horns and too, losing the velvet so soon. Or was it the dry summer and the presence of so much limestone?

Here are his measurements:

Spread when Killed—Seventy-one and seven-eighths inches.

Points, left side — Twenty-two.

Points, right side — Eighteen.

Palm Length, right — Forty-three and one-half inches.

Palm Length, left — Forty-one inches.

Palm Width, left — Seventeen inches.

Palm Width, right — Sixteen inches.

Circumference of Base — Eight and one-quarter inches.

He was one of the greatest bulls that ever walked. I named him "*King of the North.*" The greatest length of his body proper was one hundred twenty-eight inches. From the top of his shoulders to the bottom of his feet was ninety-one inches, almost eight feet. I wanted pictures of this big bull very much but it was late and raining too. To let it lay as it

was until the next day would have been inviting trouble, for there were too many predators around. Even if a measly little rodent chewed on the nose it would be ruined for mounting. I instructed Louis to skin out the head and we would take the horns and cape to camp where it could be watched. I was taking no chances. This was too fine a prize.

This moose head was entered in the Boone and Crockett Club international competition and judged the "First Place" winner as the finest recorded moose killed in Alaska or the Yukon during the last eight years.

It was necessary to quarter the animal before we could turn it over to remove the head. As I told you previously Louis is known as the strongest man in the north. He could not lift the hind quarter of the moose. It was a big job for both of us to handle the front quarter. We cut out the back-straps (tenderloin to some of you) and took them to camp with us. What a load we had. I carried the horns and before I got to camp I knew they weighed more than a hundred pounds. Louis carried the cape and the small amount of meat we took with us. I believe the cape weighed close to eighty pounds in its green state. The rest of the moose was left for Norman to bring on the horses.

When we arrived at camp Norman was all ears. Big moose were nothing new to him, but I made him listen to my story. He insisted on having fresh moose meat for supper. It was pretty fresh I thought, but said, "O. K." As I worked on my notes the tent was so full of meat smoke I could hardly see, but nothing ever filled my nostrils that smelled sweeter. The ridge pole through the tent was heavily loaded with wet clothes, the clothes of the happy hunter who had killed a real "*King of the North,*" and those of his guide. I later learned from the game officials at Whitehorse that this moose was a new Yukon record, and on three out of four counts, a new Canadian record.

Chapter V.— ON ICY SLOPES OF THE OGILVIES

WE got up at seven the morning of August 15 and soon the sun shone over the high limestone peaks to the northeast of us. Daylight comes around three o'clock but as I said before the nights are not really dark.

Another band of ewes and lambs had joined those we watched yesterday and there were now thirty-eight in all. None had missed "eye-ing" our camp but they showed little concern over our presence. A northern red squirrel, disturbed by us scolded terribly but the ewes and lambs fed about as usual, or merely laid down and looked indifferently in all directions. Other than the wolf, they felt they had no enemies. We were shielded by the willows, hence they could see little of our movement, but the smoke from the camp fire drifted their way several times. Had we walked out on an open hillside they would no doubt have gotten up and run away. I am sure the rams would have been alarmed. Above these sheep rose a rough mountain side up which they could bound if frightened; and this must have reassured them in their belief that all was well, for sheep feel secure in the rocks and slides. No animal can catch a mountain sheep in rough country.

At nine Louis and I went sheep hunting and Norman started after the moose meat with a saddle horse and three pack horses. He started early for he knew he would have to make two trips and each of the quarters would have to be cut into two pieces to get them on the horse. We went east, up through Braine Pass. From the summit of the pass we observed a long low valley directly east of us, while on

either side rose up a series of high mountains. Between the high mountains were ridges, basins, smaller valleys and gulches, and shale slides — typical sheep country. Inspection with the glasses showed many sheep trails and my pulse was quickened, for I felt not only the remoteness of the area but the actual presence of the life of the north.

I had seen and killed a record moose and now before me were many basins to explore in my search for a record mountain sheep ram.

Narrow sheep trails were worn deep into the soil and plainly visible even in the ever-moving and ever-changing shale. There were trails that had been used in the last day or two. The tracks were plain. By one o'clock we had climbed to a saddle near the top of two mountains and had seen no sheep. We sat down to eat lunch, keeping an alert watch.

Lower down on the mountainside a "whistler," the whistling marmot of the north country, a silver-gray animal weighing about fifteen pounds, stood on his hind legs near the entrance to his home in the rocks to give a shrill warning to all the countryside that an enemy had invaded the sanctuary of the home folks. It had been my experience that sheep, especially rams, pay a lot of attention to the warnings of these mountain dwellers.

Following lunch we continued on around one of the mountains, going to the right. After about a mile we came to the end where it sloped gradually to the lower country. Here we sat down and watched with the glasses for two hours. The sun was warm and the air pleasant. We could cover a big country from this vantage point.

About five we noticed eight sheep feeding on the end of a long ridge which was at least two miles away. We could not determine their sex even with the aid of the twenty power spotting scope and it was too late to investigate further. We then picked up a band of fourteen on another distant slope, also too far away to determine their sex. After

observing these sheep and looking for more we started for camp, as it was getting late. Camp was probably only two miles away, mostly downhill, hence we were in no hurry. We ambled along taking time to look carefully before we advanced. On a mountainside not too far from camp we saw five more sheep. These we could tell were ewes and lambs. By now I knew the search for a large ram was going to take us over a lot of country.

We were back in camp by eight and Norman had a good dinner ready. I was sure that he was a great deal more tired than we were. Bringing the moose in was a big job. Also he had built a rack on which the meat could be dried. Louis had a trap cabin four miles from our camp, over on the head of Nash Creek, and wanted all the meat he could get for his winter use. He especially wanted this moose meat for it was now just before the mating season, at which time the meat is at its very best.

Coming to camp this evening we saw four bunches of ptarmigan and Norman mentioned he had seen two bunches. At this time of the year they are brownish white, some of their wing feathers being entirely white. Ptarmigan gradually shed their dark feathers during the summer and are completely white during the winter months. On the snow in the winter they are very hard to see. Their natural habitat is at timberline.

The presence of so much game was indeed encouraging. We could no doubt do all our hunting from this camp, but I wanted to make a game survey in the Wind and Bonnet Plume River sections; and, too, I wanted to see if it was the game section Louis said it was, which would make it a veritable game paradise. It was my desire to gain as much information about this entire territory as possible. There is a definite need of first hand knowledge of this section. There is no doubt that this will become a popular hunting section and definite knowledge of the game population, available

natural feed, and the size of the areas occupied by game will be useful in determining how many hunters the area can stand without jeopardizing the future.

The events of the next few days shall long live in my memory.

It rained all during the night and we slept in Saturday morning. At noon it was still raining. Louis was fleshing the moose cape. Norman was reading a book I had brought, and I had just finished shaving. It was a lazy morning.

At two I was tired of sitting in camp. Louis was still hard at work on the fleshing of the cape which meant the fat and tissue had to be removed from the skin so it would dry. Norman was deep in the book. I decided I would take a walk. I took the rifle and my glasses and started north around the lake. The cold north wind was blowing the rain in my face so I turned east up through Braine Pass where Louis and I were the day before. As soon as I got behind the big limestone mountain the wind quieted down and it was much warmer. It started to snow. The flakes were big and in the light of early afternoon they floated in the air as big illuminated puffs.

I sat in the quietness resting a few minutes, then I continued on for three-quarters of a mile. Soon I came to some more rocks that had rolled down from above. I was thoroughly enjoying the stillness of the snowfall. Being alone out in the wilds of this untouched country was a pleasure I enjoyed too. I came to this country to get out among the mountains.

I thought about the rams. Many times I have hunted mountain sheep rams and have come to know many of their habits. I thought how they, too, would seek the shelter of just such a protected mountainside as this. I could see them, in my mind, lying down peacefully awaiting the end of the storm, at which time they would arise and seek the tender grasses and sedges of the alpine pastures. These storms do

not worry or bother the rams. This is their home; they never leave, winter or summer. They are adapted to this climate. It snowed harder and harder but I felt like walking—like getting right out with the rams. The snow, the eddying winds, and the mountains inspired me. My rifle sling was resting over my shoulders while the scope was protected under my arm. Every few minutes I stopped to watch the big snow flakes buzzing around in the air. It was easy to understand that on either side of the mountain a terrific north wind was blowing, for the air currents eddied all around me.

Suddenly, I saw a white movement ahead of me. Then I saw another, then another. They were white mountain sheep rams closely bunched and standing in the snow. They saw me but knew not what I was. They seemed quite unafraid. My pulse quickened and I was possessed with excitement, for I expected to see a big ram at any moment, the big ram of my dreams. There were no less than twenty. I stood still. They did not run. They were curious.

Remaining still, looking hard to see a really large ram, I waited for them to make the next move. They were not more than fifty yards away. Either because of the snowstorm or because they had never seen a man they stood and eyed me. Then to my surprise some circled to one side of me and some to the other. Did they think I was a small caribou? Perhaps they did. Evidently the air currents were carrying my scent directly upwards. As they circled I kept looking for a big head. Finding there was none large enough to kill this early in the hunt, I relaxed and studied them. I was allowed to kill but one ram.

After circling, they joined together and remained close to me for twenty minutes. Some of them even slept standing on their feet. I distinctly saw a ram sway back and forth as he momentarily lost his equilibrium, then quickly come to attention to stand perfectly erect. One time I thought a ram



AFTER ELEVEN DAYS WE FINALLY ARRIVED AT THE HEAD OF
CARPENTER CREEK

THE LITTLE LAKE AT THE HEAD OF CARPENTER CREEK, AND WHITE
LIMESTONE MOUNTAINS





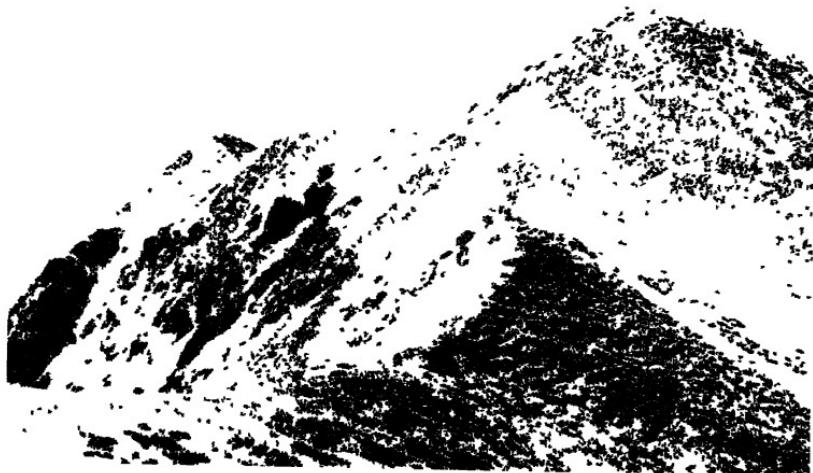
A NEW RECORD

One of the greatest moose ever killed. The spread when killed was seventy-one and seven-eighths inches, practically six feet. This is a new Yukon record. This moose won first place in the Boone & Crockett Club International Compe-



THE ROUGH, HIGH, AND SOMETIMES TREACHEROUS OGILVIES

TRAILS MADE BY THE WHITE MOUNTAIN SHEEP (*Ovis dalli*)





TYPICAL SHEEP COUNTRY HIGH ABOVE TIMBERLINE

SEVERAL TIMES DURING AUGUST THERE WAS NEW SNOW ON
THE MOUNTAINS



scented me for he walked stifflegged from the middle of the bunch with his neck almost straight up. He walked about ten yards closer to me, put his head to the ground as if to eat, then turned and walked back into the bunch. Some paid not the slightest attention to me. Desiring to see just what they were going to do, I took a step or two toward them. They all looked up at me. I then walked toward them and they all trotted off to one side as if to let me go by. They watched me pass as I made my way downhill. I looked back a few times and they were still standing on the hillside. Not over four were looking at me as I walked out of sight.

My desire to be out among the mountains and close to nature, satisfied for that day, I walked rather fast back to camp, arriving there at eight o'clock. The boys were afraid I had been blown off the mountain. They could not realize what a perfect afternoon I had.

Then came Sunday. At six-thirty in the morning it was ten degrees above zero. The north wind was still blowing but the sky had cleared. I never knew how cold an arctic north wind in August could be. At ten or twenty below, as it gets during the winter, the wind must be unbearable. I donned my woolen underwear, thinking "No time like the present; I brought it to wear." Louis, what a man, did not bring any long underwear.

After breakfast Louis and I decided we would take an overnight jaunt into the mountains around Braine Creek. At nine-thirty Louis had three horses ready, one to pack and two to ride. We told Norman we would be back the next evening and started for the pass going over to Braine Creek, the low pass east of us in which I had seen the twenty rams the previous day. The first day we hunted in these mountains we noticed many good sheep ridges and basins and had remarked that we should come back and look them over thoroughly when we had lots of time. Now we were doing just that.

Riding up through the pass we saw several big whistlers, and they again sounded a warning. We saw many gophers, which reminds me, in the north the natives consider them a delicacy. They stuff and roast them much the same as we prepare a fowl. I wouldn't know about their flavor, I have never eaten one myself.

At one o'clock we got down to timberline on the Braine side. The trees here were spruce and only a scattering few at that, growing only fifteen or twenty feet tall, attesting to the long severe winters. Here and there were big drifts of snow. One was an acre in extent and five feet through—solid ice.

We unpacked the horse, the one packhorse, and unsaddled the other two after which we had lunch and prepared to go hunting. Louis went directly to the north, travelling by way of a deep rough draw that led to a grassy tableland above. Above the tableland a half mile were high rough peaks and crags. Ideal sheep country. After going north a mile and a half he turned northeast and went to the summit on the ridge that separates Braine Creek from Nash Creek. From the summit he could look over a tremendous expanse of sheep country.

I chose to go back a half mile and then go north. My route would be up a ridge adjacent to a deep gorge. Rough country? Yes, very rough. After coming to the head of the ridge I passed through four or five hundred yards of loose shale and rough limestone rocks, above which were flat benches and tableland extending along the base of the peaks. When I reached the grassy bench above the gorge, I sat down and with the glasses located seven sheep feeding on a bench two miles to the east. I felt Louis would no doubt see them too for he was much closer to them than I. I could not determine their sex. I continued on in the direction I had been travelling. At this elevation there was a half inch of snow. Higher up there would be more.

I soon reached the base of the high peaks that in some places shot up in the air in vertical spires while in others there were ridges connecting the high peaks that were not so rough. I picked out the lowest of these passes and started for it. I found I was soon on a series of little benches with sheep trails going from one to the other. In the new snow there were tracks of two large rams. I searched cautiously because I knew that in just such a place as this I would be most likely to find a really big ram. I wanted to remain unseen.

Big rams do not wait for you. They run. The thirty-eight ewes and lambs we watched around camp were not afraid. Neither were the twenty small rams that paraded past me in the snowstorm, but I knew big rams did not stand around to see what strange creatures and objects were. The older animals are, the more narrow escapes they have had and the more cautious they are apt to become. My experience has taught me that if you want to get a big ram you almost have to see it first. Should they see me first in this rough country they would run and soon be out of sight.

Doing more looking now than hiking, I glanced back to the south and, being some fifteen hundred feet above the pass, I could see in the distance peak after peak, each one higher than the other. Closer to me I saw a wide variety of country ranging from gentle slopes to sheer rock walls, all good sheep country. In the clear air of this northern country one can see for many miles and is often deceived by the distance. Turning east I saw Braine Creek in the bottom of the valley that was walled in by more high mountains. One of these was very reddish in appearance and I concluded it was the presence of iron that gave it that color. Between each mountain was a large basin. If I got around to looking over all those basins I would be a busy man.

Turning I followed a sheep trail to within one hundred yards of the summit and could go no further. The loose

shale, snow, and even a sprinkling of dirt made climbing difficult and hazardous. The sheep trail led on but I could not follow. I dared not. Being now at seven thousand feet elevation, with the weather cold and stormy, I dared not risk spraining an ankle to say nothing of rolling several hundred feet down into the knife-like boulders. I looked back and down. The cold wind brought tears into my eyes. A hundred feet higher, at the summit, the wind was even stronger and more piercing.

Standing alone, I had time to look. Suddenly I realized how big, how vast, how tremendous, the Ogilvie Range was.

I turned to go and at my feet I saw a sheep bed, made since the snow last night. "What nobility," I thought. At eighty below, or in wind and storm and snow the mountain sheep seeks the highest peaks of the loftiest mountains in the country. His courage is tremendous as is his vitality. He loves his home, and he seldom leaves it. Sheep have been known to be born, live, and die in an area of twenty square miles. The lordly ram is a sure-footed, wary, alert animal that can see for miles and when pursued can lead you over seemingly impassable canyons, cliffs, peaks, and shale. He will surely lead you on a merry chase and almost always come out the winner. Stalking mountain sheep rams is the grandest sport I know, for it brings into use all the physical and mental abilities a hunter possesses.

To some people these snowy, wind-blown mountain peaks, rising one after the other as they do, seem like a bleak wilderness. To others, who understand, they have warmth and life and great appeal.

A few hundred yards west of me there seemed to be another possible route to the top. I attempted it and after two hours hard climbing, I reached the summit via a sheep trail. With my rifle strapped on my back, and resting on my hands and knees, I beheld a spectacle such as few men have ever seen. Before me, outstretched over countless miles were the

Ogilvies to the north. The multi-peaked landscape, now drenched in the soft pink light of late evening, was so beautiful that I was regretful that I was the only one here to see it. To the west, the setting sun broke through the clouded sky just long enough to send a pink glow over the snowy peaks. They rose majestically, gracefully, surely, and individually into the evening sky. As the sun dipped to the horizon I knew I had seen a lifetime of color in twenty minutes.

It was biting cold. I turned to go for I was chilled and stiff. It was icy cold underfoot and I knew I had to be careful. I walked perhaps twenty steps when I realized the snow and rocks were solidly frozen. I could go no further. I thought, "Oh, this can't be that bad. I just came up that trail." I took a step forward to look. There were my tracks. This was the way I had come all right. I tried the crusted surface again and it was too icy. I could never make it down that snowy, crusted mountain side.

I turned around, for my next thought was to go down the other side. I walked back to the crest of the ridge where I had been so overcome by the expanse of the wilderness. It was worse than the way I had come, for the wind hit it directly. The feeling of rare beauty I had experienced only five minutes before deserted me for the very ground I was blessing had now cornered me and it seemed I was doomed.

I edged my way to the very limit and I could see no way that I could possibly get down. What could I do? Fear was a knot in my stomach. I could not stay on the mountain all night for already it was down to zero.

I sat down. My thoughts raced so fast it seemed I was going to become so completely tired I couldn't move. Among my thoughts were, "Would I cry out at the mountains, at the icy mountain side, the weather, at the sunset that had detained me too long, at the very ice and snow itself, and at the sheep, the moose and the grizzly that had

been instrumental in bringing me into this country?" But I couldn't condemn, even in a moment like this, the very part of the world I loved the most, the very part that made me feel good and wholesome, the part that seemed so close to God that it made me feel close to God too. No, I couldn't forsake for a fleeting moment what I had taken forty years believing and learning. The rational part of my mind was winning a battle.

As I sat there I found myself humming "Little Feet Be Careful Where You Lead Me," a song I had not heard for months, a song I had not heard since my wife, more than a year ago, sang it to our little girl. I was humming that song as I got up, minutely inspecting the snow, ice, and rocks, and I found a way to go a few steps, feeling safe as I did so. Breathing deeply and freely I went a few steps further, all the time saying to myself, "Little Feet Be Careful Where You Lead Me."

I had no fear. I knew I would make it down the mountain. Where I was cold and frozen before, I now felt warm and refreshed. I never slipped once.

It took me forty-five minutes to negotiate what was perhaps a city block. After reaching the lower slopes of the mountain I still had six or eight rough, rocky draws to descend. I went straight down through these draws, going over rocks and through slides I would normally have gone around. I was walking on air it seemed. I couldn't slip. I couldn't fall. Nothing would harm or injure me. I felt protected and I wanted to fly. I walked on the toes of my feet or it seemed I was doing that. I felt like a big boy who overnight has discovered his strength and goes about looking for things to push out of the way just to prove to himself he is a mighty man.

Reflecting back on the experience I recall having heard, "And a little child shall lead them." Perhaps through the instrument of a simple little religious song that is taught to

three year old children I was led down the mountain side. Maybe it was because I refused to give up belief in God and the wonderful things of nature. I do know this — I could never have gotten down out of those mountains without the help of God.

From out of these mountains may come many things.

I SPENT a restful night after my trying experience on the icy mountain, but poor Louis didn't fare so well for he had overlooked his sleeping bag when we packed our things for this trip. He spent the night between horse blankets and when we got up at five o'clock I asked him how he made it. He replied, "Fine, but it sure got cold awhile ago." I looked at the thermometer and it registered two degrees above zero.

At six we were ready to leave; Louis going the way he had yesterday while I went to the south to look over some country I had noticed the day before and thought likely sheep country. I climbed the side of an open ridge, bare of vegetation, to a point near the summit. The next three hundred yards ahead was a strip of small loose shale and I debated whether or not I should go through it. I could go around the shale by dropping down the mountain side five hundred feet, but having gained altitude I hated to lose it, only to climb up again further on as I surely would have to do.

With my back against a rock I sat down to rest and in a few minutes I heard a noise in the loose shale to my right. I slowly turned to see what made the noise and noticed a sheep lamb coming toward me. I was momentarily puzzled that the lamb should be alone. Then more sheep came into view. Twelve ewes and lambs were coming up the mountain and I was in their line of travel. I froze and the lamb came on not seeing me until only eight yards away. It jumped and ran as did the others. I pulled my camera out of my packsack

and hurriedly took two pictures while it was still fairly close. All the sheep ran about two hundred yards up through the loose shale and stopped to look at me. They couldn't figure out what kind of a creature it was that walked on two legs and looked so funny.

Not wanting the sheep to run and alarm others that might be in the vicinity, I chose to circle below the shale, a route I had hoped to avoid. When I reached the bottom of the shale I came to a well travelled sheep trail, attesting to the fact that they too do not like to travel in the loose shale any more than necessary. I followed the sheep trail for three hundred yards and again heard loose rock being disturbed back of me and above. I turned and saw the twelve ewes and lambs. They had come to the crest of the ridge to look at me. They stood on the horizon, one beside the other, each holding its head high, a picture of the undisturbed wilderness. I watched them for five minutes. The ewes were pure white (*Ovis Dalli*), and as large as Alberta Bighorn ewes. The lambs were exceptionally large for the season of the year. They then turned and walked through loose shale toward the pass I intended to use. I did not want them to do this, so I walked rapidly for two hundred yards until I was near the pass. This put me ahead of them. I waved my hands and whistled. They turned and started up through the shale toward the summit of the ridge. They climbed slowly, not at all alarmed, occasionally making a running-jump up a steep grade; then they stopped to rest. An old ewe was in the lead. One followed behind the other save for the lambs which chose to come along on either side. It was a series of walks, runs, jumps, and rests. While I was watching the ewes and lambs a marmot whistled in the basin below. All turned to look and their attention was held in that direction for at least thirty seconds.

My interest in the sheep waned, there being no rams, and I climbed on up through the pass. At five minutes past

ten I reached the summit and was so hungry I sat down to eat where I could overlook a big basin I had not previously seen. I took out my lunch — a sack of white raisins, some prunes, and a big piece of cheese between two crackers. I heard a marmot whistle about three hundred yards to my right. I looked, but not seeing anything I went on eating. Again it whistled. I sat very still, watching the mountainside that sloped into the basin, for five minutes, but I still saw no sign of movement. The marmot whistled four or five times more, each time in a shrill penetrating tone that meant danger to all the living creatures around. Inasmuch as I could see the entire basin and the mountain sides around, I saw no reason to quit my lunch to go and investigate.

Having finished my lunch and not feeling any too warm, I walked slowly toward the marmot. When I had walked about one hundred yards I searched the basin and my eyes came to rest on the meanest animal in the north, the lowly wolverine. Two hundred yards from the marmot that had been whistling, the wolverine was digging out another marmot. I wouldn't have been surprised if all the other marmots were wondering who would be next. The bad actor came backing out of the marmot's hole pulling an armful of dirt, if you can call his front legs arms. He pulled the dirt two or three feet from the entrance of the hole and left it. Then he rose on his hind legs and made a sweeping look at the nearby country. Not seeing anything he dropped into the hole again, now deep enough to hide his entire body. I watched him do this two or three times and thought it would be possible to get close enough to get a moving picture of this devil at work. I set my camera on the tripod and tested the wind very, very carefully by picking up tiny bits of dry grass, breaking them even finer, then tossing them into the air.

Watching the wolverine's movements, advancing only when I was sure I would not be seen, I worked my way to

a mound of dirt, crawling the last hundred yards. I was now what I judged to be one hundred fifty feet away. I adjusted the four power telephoto lens and set it for one hundred and fifty feet, with the lens opening set at F5.6. The wolverine came out with his usual armful of dirt and seeing nothing, went back to dig closer to his next meal. I then raised up with the camera and adjusted the tripod. The rascal then came out as before and I started the camera running. He did not hear it but when he made his accustomed sweeping glance he saw me. He looked so surprised it is not possible to tell you how that animal did look. Standing on all four legs he looked at me, then he stood on three, raised up on his hind legs and turned his head half around as if to question his own judgment. I took thirty or forty feet of film. My rifle was about four feet from me and as I stooped to get it he started to run. He dodged in and out among the rocks and I'll be darned if I could hit him. Finally he dodged into a dry creek, only a very small one, and I thought, "my last shot did the trick." I slowly walked over to the dry creek and found he had pulled one of his tricks on me. He had used the cover of the creek bank, not over a foot high at any place, to make his getaway. I could not find him anywhere.

I then went back to the scene of the digging and stepped off the distance from the camera to the marmot hole. It was one hundred forty-two feet. My pictures should be good I thought. As I retraced my steps to the pack-sack, the spot where I had put up the camera, I saw another wolverine going away from me and about five hundred yards from where I stood. This one was blackish looking while the other one had been several shades of brown and yellow. The one close to the camera had been dark brown with yellow about the shoulders and a yellow band down each side to the hips, with the rear end appearing almost black. On its chest and throat was a white patch. I recalled what

Louis had told me about the wolverine killing sheep lambs in the spring. He told me a few wolverine in a section will clean out every lamb. They are cunning, have the patience to wait two or three days along a sheep trail, are particularly fast, and are very daring. Louis further told me that as far as sheep alone are concerned, the wolverine gets many more than the wolves. I believe Louis' experience makes him a capable judge.

With the glasses I could look over the entire basin, and after an hour, I concluded I would go back through the pass and look in some basins closer to our temporary camp. I went back to the place where I had seen the ewes and lambs in the morning and turned to climb the ridge opposite them. This also was loose shale, and after attempting to climb through a strip of it, I thought it far easier to go down grade three or four hundred yards, then climb up to the top where there was no shale.

Low down near the bottom of the shale I heard a little rock rabbit, "conies" or "pikas" they call them, bleat. Nearby was another that had retreated into a rocky crevice. These little rabbits, I learned later, are found only in western North America, in the mountains above timberline, where talus slopes provide great jumbles of loose rocks through which there are many passageways with alpine meadows and patches of vegetation. Close by, late in the summer, the rock rabbit gathers his food and stores it in little haystacks in the shelter of the rocks. They are active throughout the winter. For the most part they are grizzled-gray, whitish underneath with a white collar around the neck. They are about the size of a small hand. When sitting on a rock they appear round. As I stood there watching the one that had called, I observed how innocent looking he was.

From the crest of the ridge I carefully inspected all the sections of the immediate vicinity and then those farther away. For fifteen minutes I watched closely every little spot

that might turn out to be a ram. The basin was large and could not be surveyed quickly. It was high noon, the hour when sheep are generally bedded down either in a big shale slide or on the top of a ridge where a sentinel is posted to watch all directions for a possible enemy.

I remember well my keen disappointment on two previous occasions. Then, after thinking I had thoroughly inspected the big open mountainsides, I had gotten up, silhouetted myself on the horizon, only to notice a bunch of big rams get up and run away, offering only running shots at five, six, and even seven hundred yards.

Finally, I was satisfied there was nothing in sight. Noticing a big rock deeply embedded in the grassy mountain side, I crawled to it intending to spend an hour looking over the country. With the glasses I looked up and down the sloping mountain from the willows in the distant creek bottom, to the grass above, over the shale, and then on to the rough vertical rock walls at the extreme top.

I sat there only a few minutes when I heard rocks rolling on the other side of the canyon. Naturally thinking it might be sheep that made the noise, I scanned every foot of the space in front of me. I saw nothing. Still I heard the sound of rolling rocks. Finally, I saw some roll and concluded the frost working out of the ground had loosened them.

After half an hour I saw an old ewe feed out into the basin from directly below me. Then another ewe fed into my view followed by three with lambs. They had evidently been bedded down close to the mountainside, too close for me to see them from above. I watched them for fifteen minutes. Five ewes and three lambs. Then wishing to test their alertness, I dug a rock out of the ground and rolled it down the side of the basin. Rocks had been rolling from the opposite side of the basin for several hours. When the noise of the rock I rolled was heard, every animal immediately froze. With my glasses I observed them closely. Why

did they detect the difference between rocks rolling on one side of the basin from those that rolled from the other? In the countless generations that sheep had been there, they apparently had learned that rocks never roll from the side I was on, because there were no loose rocks on that side. If a rock rolled, something had displaced it.

After perhaps twenty minutes I got up and walked into plain sight. Immediately all their heads went up and they stood motionless. I took a few steps toward them and they all ran over to some shale, climbing two hundred yards through it and turned, one standing behind the other, to look at me. I left them and went in search of other sheep.

Continuing onward about a mile west I climbed to the summit of a small ridge that projected from the shaggy peaks of the mountain top. I was high in the Ogilvies. Looking directly to the north I could see the rough country where I had been the day before. To the left of me, further on west, was the top of a saddle connecting the mountain I was standing on with another just as high. A well defined sheep trail going over this saddle showed clearly and I watched it and the surrounding country for some time.

At three-thirty I saw a small ram come over the top, stop and look down into the basin below for ten minutes. He stood motionless and seemingly at ease as he peered into the country to the north. But he was carefully scanning every inch of a basin right below him. Perhaps he had looked into that basin so many times, just as he was doing today, that had anything been different he would have quickly noticed it. Then six rams, one behind the other, approached the first ram. All stood there for half a minute then trotted, jumped, ran, and even slid down into the basin the small ram had so carefully searched out for enemies. Without hesitation or further investigation they started to feed. They were about six hundred yards from me. I was naturally

somewhat excited for I had hunted all day, hunted hard, and only seen ewes and lambs.

Here were rams, at last. Several were large. I quickly put up the spotting scope and adjusted it. I found myself sliding all over the mountainside, for I could not find the right spot on which I could place the scope. For best results a scope of twenty power must be placed on a solid foundation. With the spotting scope I judged the two larger ones to have about thirty-nine inch curls, two had about thirty-six inch curls, and three about thirty or thirty-two inch curls. Not wanting to rely on my judgment at such distance and, too, hopeful one might be much larger than I previously thought, I decided to get as close as I could to make further inspection.

With thirty days of my trip yet ahead I did not intend to shoot a ram with a curl under forty-five inches. I located a large rock which was something like one hundred fifty yards from the rams. By retracing my steps a hundred yards I could drop into a ravine and go down hill to a level with the sheep, then use the rock to shield me while I stalked them. This I did and by going slowly, watching carefully for sheep that fed to either side of the rock and crouching low the last two hundred yards I finally was safe behind a rock.

The wind was not blowing and knowing that the air currents, if any, would be rising up the sides of the mountains, I felt little concerned about being detected in that manner. Sheep depend but little on their nose, but rather on their eyes, and, of course, their great legs once they decide to run. All were feeding and none were aware that danger might be so close. Even so, I could sense their constant alertness.

I put up the spotting scope just to see what the horns would look like at such close range. It brought them up so close that only the horns were in the field of vision. I often had to look at the horns and then take my eye from the scope

to determine which of the sheep was in the field. The two larger sheep had very wide curls which could be contrasted with the bighorn sheep of Alberta which have close curls as a general rule. The spread of the horn tips here was about thirty inches, while I have seen bighorn rams with thirty-eight and forty inch curls and only sixteen and eighteen inch spread.

I left the rams, or started to do so, but being careless of my movements they saw me and ran up on the mountain about four hundred yards on over the saddle from whence they had come. They did not linger as had the ewes, and I could only gather that here in a wilderness area neither sex had ever been alarmed by man; that it was the nature of the rams to be more frightened than the ewes. Today the two larger rams were in the lead and that may have been why this group moved on so fast, for older rams become more frightened than do young ones.

I went back to the ravine and picked up the packsack I thought too troublesome to carry. It was then a quarter past four and being tired I went to camp. Louis soon came. We talked a few minutes and decided we would go back to our camp and in the morning leave for the wilderness of the Wind River.

While Louis was out he saw forty-one sheep, thirty-three ewes and lambs, but only eight rams. We were of the opinion the bigger rams must be bunched together in some basin or basins we had not gotten into. At this time of the year the rams move about but little. Later on near the time for the mating season they move about much more. Louis also saw two grizzlies and I was glad to hear this for we had noticed the blueberries were about gone and were wondering when the grizzlies would come out on the mountainsides to dig out marmots and gophers. They were far away and he did not go after them.

During the evening Louis told me this country had en-

tirely too many grizzlies. Undoubtedly they kill some game, especially moose calves. Two years previously Louis had come on a grizzly eating a moose calf. This was on the Bonnet Plume River up near the head. The grizzly saw the dogs and charged them. He was almost upon Louis and the dogs before Louis knew what was happening. He shot the grizzly when it was only twenty feet away. The grizzly went over but was up so quick the fighting never stopped, that is, the grizzly didn't stop fighting. The dogs were trying to get out of the way and eventually each was making for Louis as they knew that in Louis there was protection. Louis shot the grizzly again and fortunately broke its neck. I said to Louis, "I'll just bet you weren't wasting any time shooting either." He replied that it happened so fast he didn't have time to think.

When we retired that night it was eight above and there was not a cloud in the sky. At four in the morning I got up to see how cold it was and discovered it was snowing. The thermometer was up to thirty-four. By eight it was raining and we stayed in camp all day. During the day I questioned both Louis and Norman about their experiences with wolves, grizzlies and wolverine. These two men were trappers and good ones. More than that, they were men who had been raised in these mountains and spent a good part of each year in them.

During the conversation Norman said, "Now, I have been reading the outdoor magazines and I can tell you that nine out of ten of those city writers don't know what a wolf looks like and the tenth one, while on the right side, doesn't get out in the mountains to find out what is really true. Most of those people think the wolves have eaten up all the game and that there is a wolf behind every tree. That's crazy. I can show you twenty moose in a day, right near here, too! Only a hundred miles from here, back where I trap, wolves howl every night."

I asked him if he thought there were more wolves now than before. He said he didn't know how many there were before but he didn't think so. He added, "You get back where the local hunters, the natives, trappers and prospectors don't go, and you can find all kinds of game — plenty of it."

"Well," I said, "I came to the Yukon myself expecting to find most of the game cleaned out and I wanted to study the wolves. To tell you the truth I had the title of my story all worked out and the body of my story all figured out too. I was going to call the story, 'The Tragedy of the North,' and by tragedy I meant the neglect of the wolves by those in charge of the game. You know, boys," I added, "if the wolves alone could eat up all the game, it's only reasonable to believe they would have done it thousands of years ago. I've had my eyes opened since I came to the Yukon. I've learned that the natives, the prospectors, and the trappers, you fellows included, kill far more game than the wolves, grizzlies and wolverines combined. I firmly believe that; for I have found areas like this where man has not been and there's lots of game; I've found areas like the McQuesten Valley, like the many areas in the southern Yukon, and some others too where the trappers, prospectors, and natives have killed the game off so thoroughly it is doubtful if it will ever come back." I knew these fellows were broadminded, and, now being interested in the future, for they both wanted to take out parties, would not take offense to what I said about trappers killing so much game.

Just to add friendliness to the conversation, I said to Louis in a mock southern drawl: "Louis, you all ain't said a bloomin' word." Louis said that he felt just like I did, that there's a lot more to the game situation than just blaming the wolves for all the destruction that takes place. "The wolves get blamed for everything." I live in these mountains month after month and I know. I know the

wolves aren't to blame for one-fourth the killing of game that takes place." Louis thought a minute and added, "I think the game in this territory is killed about as follows:

"Natives	30 per cent
Wolves	30 per cent
Wolverine	10 per cent
Trappers	10 per cent
Prospectors	10 per cent
Grizzlies	5 per cent
Hunters (non-residents).....	5 per cent
<hr/>	
	100 per cent

I said, "Just a minute, give me those figures again," and he did, whereupon I wrote them down and they were the same as you read them above. I studied them a few moments and said, "That means the weapons of man kill fifty-five per cent, and those of nature kill forty-five per cent. I wouldn't be surprised that you are about right." Norman then said that he thought the natives killed more than thirty per cent, for they live on meat.

I said, "What is the best way to insure a plentiful game supply in the future?"

We thought over and discussed various plans for future game preservation. Our conclusions could have been summed up as follows:

Wolves: Raise the bounty from twenty dollars per head to twenty-five dollars each and through the papers and other news channels in the territory urge the trappers to go after them. Ask help from the fur manufacturers by urging them to use more wolf fur, thus raising the raw fur market on their hides.

Wolverines: Place a bounty of twenty-five dollars on them. They kill more sheep than all others combined.

Grizzlies: No limit on grizzlies.

Natives: Encourage the passage of laws that would make it just as much a crime for a native to kill game out of season, or kill more than his legal share, as a white person. Allow the natives to kill the same amount of game as whites do. Encourage them to work and support themselves. Government to provide small allotment monthly based on number in family.

Enforcement of game laws to be put in the hands of men with specialized training, and made a separate branch of police. This is important, and is badly needed.

Traders and Prospectors: A trapper or prospector going into the mountains should be compelled to submit his outfit to game law enforcement officers and get a "certificate of approval" that adequate supplies are on hand for the duration of the trip.

Hunters: Encourage hunters to be good sportsmen. Permit one game animal of each species to be killed, except when other amounts were approved by the game commission.

As I mused over the conversation we boys had during the day, it seemed to me there was a real tragedy of the north. It was the way the natives, trappers, and prospectors have been allowed to kill any and all amounts of game during all of these years. In sections, the game has been so badly slaughtered that it is doubtful if it will come back in many years to come. One could not call the wolves a tragedy, for there has been an effort made to control them. A bounty is now placed on them, and, while it helps, some endeavor must be made to make trappers see that they are doing a great good for the territory by trying to wipe them out, or at least get them under control. Some predators are necessary, for they kill off weak and diseased game and prevent game from increasing beyond the capacity of the section.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police is a law enforcement body, but as far as the game of the territory is con-

cerned it has made little effort to save it. You might say it has made little or no effort to save it, because authority to do so has not been delegated to it.

Today in the territory, an area one and one-half times as large as the big state of California, there is only *one* man attempting to enforce the game laws. That man was stationed at Klaune Lake in the southwestern end of the territory on the Alcan Highway. The area he covers probably amounts to two per cent of the territory. Tragic. Yes, that's all you can say. It's not the officers. No sir. It's the system.

Game management calls for much more than that. If the game of the Yukon is to be saved from the wolves *and* the ever increasing number of whites and natives it must be protected by a body of men whose *only* interest is the future of that game.

Other territories, provinces, and states have found that game policing should be a separate law enforcing body.

At seven we all went to bed. It had been a long day. It was still raining and we doubted if it would clear.

Chapter VII. — JOURNEY TO THE WIND RIVER

WEDNESDAY, August 20. It was raining, and while we were anxious to get started at an early hour, we hesitated to break up camp until there was some sign that it would at least partially clear. At ten we saw a blue section in the sky to the south of us, so we began getting ready to go. We left our old campsite on the lake at the head of Patterson Creek at eleven-thirty. In two hours we went through the pass that led east to Braine Creek. We soon came to a tributary and followed it to the main Braine Creek, then turned north on the main creek and followed it until seven in the evening.

By then we were very hungry, but just as we were searching about for a camp spot, Norman, the boy with the wonderful "game eyes" spotted what I believed to be the yellowest grizzly that ever lived. It was a big one, too. He saw it a half mile up on the mountainside, nosing about for food. It evidently was going further on up the mountain and had just finished with the last of the blueberries. We, ourselves, were near timberline. We had come through thousands of acres of blueberry bushes and had mentioned many times that there was an abundance of grizzly signs.

Five minutes after Norman had noticed the grizzly, Louis found a camp spot that was suitable. Nearby there was enough grass for the horses for one night and a creek ran within one hundred yards. The grizzly was too far away to either see or smell us. If we chopped the tent poles or wood, however, he would surely hear us and no doubt become suspicious.

Under normal conditions a grizzly cannot see very far,

but his nose is keen, very keen, and his hearing is also well developed. I decided after taking everything into consideration, to pass him up until morning.

The grizzly continued to amble up the mountain, no doubt in search of marmots and gophers. As I looked him over with my glasses I caught sight of another grizzly, accompanied by a cub. They also were travelling toward the higher levels.

During the day we had seen one large bull moose and indications of others. Evidence of their presence increased as we had approached the timberline.

There is a very important reason why there were many signs of moose here and also over around the lake. I refer to the fact that neither prospectors nor trappers had been in these two sections to any extent. We were very near the summit that leads over to the Wind River and soon we would be in "Louis Brown's Country."

As we were eating dinner that evening I was reflecting on the sight of the big yellow grizzly and I said, "Ursus Horribilis. Ursus Horribilis they call them."

"What's Ursus Hor—or—b-?" Norman inquired. "You saw him" I said. "I saw what?" Norman again asked. Then I told him the scientists have a technical name for all animals and they call the grizzly bear by the name of "Ursus Horribilis." "Ursus" being the family name for bear, and "Horribilis" means horrible, and that is what the Indians used to call the grizzly — the horrible bear.

This name fascinated Norman and he was determined to learn it. The big bear was no longer a grizzly, but had become Ursus Horribilis to him.

Norman is a fine boy. I admire him greatly. He is always reading and wants a formal education. He certainly has made the most of all available opportunities. There is no doubt about his knowledge of the north.

The next morning we got up at five and soon had break-

fast ready. All of us decided to go up the mountain in an attempt to locate the "Ursus Horribilis." We did not intend to be gone long, since we had to move on to get feed for the horses.

We climbed to a high point of land and sat down to survey the mountains ahead. For half an hour we "glassed" the mountains over but saw nothing. We were about to leave when Norman, who had no glasses, said, "I see moose or something far up the basin in the head of that draw." We looked, and with the glasses saw two large grizzlies. They could not possibly have seen or smelled us. The grizzlies were two miles away. It is almost unbelievable how far you can see them in this northern rarified air.

I put up the spotting scope and looked them over. They were glossy and large. They were not feeding but wandering about. When the grizzlies first leave the berry patches they wander a lot searching for the perfect hillside where there are many gophers and marmots. Marmots, often weighing fifteen pounds, no doubt make a delectable dinner for the big fellows.

Suddenly the two grizzlies started to move on and in fifteen minutes had climbed up a mountain that would have taken a man an hour to ascend. They paused on the summit a few seconds then kept on going. Louis said, "Now you have seen the bear go over a mountain." They were too far away for us to follow. We saw nothing of the yellow grizzly I wanted so much. It too was on the hunt for food and had probably also gone over the mountain.

At nine-thirty we returned to camp and were soon on our way, for we had unpacked very little. That day we travelled many miles through and around the mountains. All day we passed through likely sheep country but did not see a single one. There were no sheep trails to be found on any of the many mountains I carefully surveyed and Louis told me he

had never seen a sheep in this section. Sheep are selective in the homes they pick.

By six in the evening we came to the Wind River side of the pass and finding good horse feed we, of course, stopped. We were all tired. We had had no lunch again except a handful of raisins and some more dried meat. We were at timberline and there were few trees. There were fewer and fewer willows and more buck brush. It is about three feet high and has small leaves. The larger game such as moose and caribou can easily be seen in this brush, except when they are lying down, but wolves are hard to see. The ground was hard and we had completely run out of the muskeg. The game trails we followed were those made by caribou migrating through the country during the spring and fall. Close inspection showed there had been no caribou on these trails this fall, however.

We were in the main Ogilvies, the western branch of the McKenzie Mountains. They are limestone and have a whitish-gray appearance. Many of the peaks rise to an elevation of seven or eight thousand feet and the country in general is very rough. It is practically impossible to climb many of the peaks. None of this country has been surveyed and the only information regarding the topography of the land has come from the readings made by the airplane companies. The maps showed the country as a flat section but this was due to the fact they had no information on the height of the mountains or the extent of the ranges.

As you will be able to see from looking at the pictures, this is a very rough and rugged part of the Yukon. At one time this section was under the ocean and the mountains have been pushed up and are, of course, geologically speaking, very new. They are not weathered and worn as are many ranges but are sharp in outline and have many knife-like ridges. Around the spot selected for our overnight stop were a few short trees with many short limbs which gave

evidence the wind blows a great deal, especially in the winter months. Near our camp on this 21st day of August was a large snowbank, and Louis had told me that while it snows only two or three feet during the winter at the head of the Wind River, the drifts are sometimes thirty or forty feet deep. The air is dry and the snow does not readily pack.

When I heard Norman getting breakfast I had to think it over a few minutes before I got up. In fact I didn't have any too much pep. I had been eating too much meat. These two northern men can sit down and between them consume five pounds of meat. They are strong as oxen, have great vitality, and never seem to get tired. We had a wonderful variety of food with us but had been too busy to cook such things as dried fruits and dehydrated vegetables.

Norman was doing the cooking because whenever we were going to have hotcakes he was unanimously elected chef. Somehow he could put flour and water and other ingredients together and the results were such that even your mother would be jealous. He made especially good bannock, too, and would squirm when I would cut, rather than break, into its fluffy tenderness. He likes to cook and is very particular about cleanliness. Louis was after the horses. I washed and got thoroughly awakened, then I looked the mountains over for sheep. There were none. I then turned to the lower elevations and looked in the big basins all about us for moose and caribou, but couldn't see any.

At breakfast Louis said, "Now you are in my country." I said, "Is this Brown's country?" He replied that it was and the farther we would go the better it would get. That sounded good to me but I will frankly say I had already seen the best country for game I had ever seen. I was thoroughly satisfied with what I had found in the way of game and scenery.

There is quite a story about Louis coming into this country, and I will endeavor to tell you part of it now. Louis

isn't much on talking about himself and most of the information I got about him came in small amounts and at different intervals.

It was more than eight years ago when Louis began wondering why no one had come into the country to trap. True a long, long time ago the natives from Fort Norman used to trap in this section some, but not much, because it was too far away and they found good trapping closer home.

No one seemed to know about the Wind River, especially regarding trapping. Louis knew of three men who had prospected the area, but, finding it a limestone country, they had spent little time in the section. He learned from the three men there were creeks, some timber, valleys of course, and considerable short buck brush. He reasoned there must be fox, some mink and marten, and wolves. Why not try it? He decided to get a partner and go into the country for a winter. But he could find no one who would put up enough money to pay half the expenses of flying in. The return on the investment was too uncertain. Some said there might be a lake to land on and others said there wasn't. Some said a mining man flew into the section but never told anyone where he went. Others argued, "Why go away back in that country when trapping is good closer to Mayo?"

But Louis wanted to go and on July 28, 1939, chartered a plane to take him and two loads of supplies, enough for two years, back into the Wind country. The pilot found a small lake and attempted to land. The mountains rose up high on either side, the air currents were terrific, and they could not land. Another lake had to be located. They circled around and crossed several valleys and as many mountain ranges until they found a lake that looked suitable. This time they had no trouble in landing. Louis told me that when the plane was unloaded and ready to leave he felt mighty "all alone" in that wilderness. After all, he was twenty-six and this kind of life was not new to him.

The plane was to come back in two weeks with the second load. Meanwhile Louis was to build a cache for the two loads of supplies, a cache even the grizzlies and wolverines could not get into.

He looked the country over for several days, leaving the dogs tied by the supplies to protect them from the grizzlies and wolverines. The barking of the dogs would, at least for a time, keep the bear at a safe distance. He finally had a location picked out and started to build his cache. Knowing grizzlies will dig and chew up posts put in the ground, Louis selected three large trees growing close together with roots too large and numerous for them to disturb much. These trees were very knotty, and grizzlies have more trouble chewing into knotty wood than straight grained wood. In about six days he completed the cache, then he began to cut logs for the main cabin to measure ten by fourteen. Away from the main cabin he would eventually locate trap lines and build small cabins for overnight stops. With the dog team he would haul supplies to these smaller cabins after the snow came.

When the plane came with the second load Louis had the first four logs laid on the cabin and quite a few of the other logs cut. While looking around for locations Louis also found that good trees, from which the logs had to be cut, were not too plentiful, as most of them tapered too much. I suppose I should say, "To be continued," for my own boys were ready to go and I had to put away my notes but I will finish what I know about Louis' coming into this country at a later date.

It was ten o'clock. The entire country we traversed going down the Wind that day was good looking game country and in the afternoon we saw two grizzlies walking along a steep sidehill just above timberline. They appeared to be full grown and were looking for gophers and marmots. Some grizzlies, however, choose to inhabit the lower sec-

tions and live on young willow and peavine roots. These two grizzlies were a good distance from us so we could not be too sure just how large they were. Louis said we would see lots of grizzlies and there was no use stopping the days trip just for a grizzly. Later, when we were nearing our camp spot, we saw another grizzly digging in the peavine right near timberline. It heard the noise of the horses rubbing brush out of the way, and ran. It was not a large one, probably about a three year old. The valley of the Wind is a new glaciated valley, geologically speaking, and is full of small boulders. There are few large boulders and the valley is quite flat. Most of the valleys in this section are much the same as the Wind, which shows the ice left the country in all the valleys at about the same time. The main valley of the Wind is two or three miles wide in most places, and the stream, the Wind River, runs in three or four channels. The river is small where we camped and could be waded almost any place. The source of the main Wind is about thirty miles east of our camp, over near the head of the Bonnet Plume River. At this place it runs east and west while later on it turns and runs north until it goes into the Peel River. According to the map we were about ninety miles from the Arctic Circle. The leaves of both the willows and the buck brush were turning into fall colors and presenting a sight which was certainly beautiful. Each day, as the frost nipped them more, turning them into yet deeper red and gold, I watched them and marveled at nature's glorious handiwork.

We wanted to get down to a point of land that extended out into the valley and the horses were forced to travel on the rocky flats which they practically refused to do, but we finally succeeded in reaching the point and made camp. We were anxious to reach this particular spot, as from this vantage point we could see much of the valley and watch for the migrating caribou, wolves and grizzlies. Louis told

me, "We should see the caribou come through here any day now." I had never hunted Barren Land Caribou before and was naturally anxious to see and study the habits of these northern creatures. I knew of their ability to live in any and all kinds of sub-zero weather. Yes, not only live, but live and grow fat! They start from the Barren Lands in the north in late summer and migrate, sometimes two thousand miles, into the Northwest Territories. Some even go as far as the Hudson Bay country.

Nature protects the caribou by giving them the desire, or instinct, and the physical make-up to migrate from one section to another. Animals that group themselves into large herds must migrate to save their feed, and to cover sufficient territory to supply ample feed at all times of the year, thus conserving their own feeding grounds. Their chief winter food is the caribou moss called Cladonia. In the summer they eat a wide variety of green plants. They also browse considerably and often eat willows.

We pitched camp among a few scrawny spruce. While the boys prepared lunch, I kept watching for caribou. I took pictures, because the surrounding high mountains were strikingly beautiful on that day of days when there was not a cloud in the sky and everything seemed at peace with the world. There was not even an indication of a breeze which is unusual, I was told. I saw no game of any kind and did not really expect to, unless it should be the beginning of the caribou migration. The day was too hot for game to be moving about, at least not until the cool of the evening.

Saturday, August 23. At six the sun was shining brightly on the tent and it was soon warm beyond comfort. We all arose about the same time and presently Norman had breakfast ready. On this morning no one felt hurried; so as we were eating, we talked quite a bit about Louis' first coming to the Wind River.

Louis' finished the cabin in about three weeks. It was de-

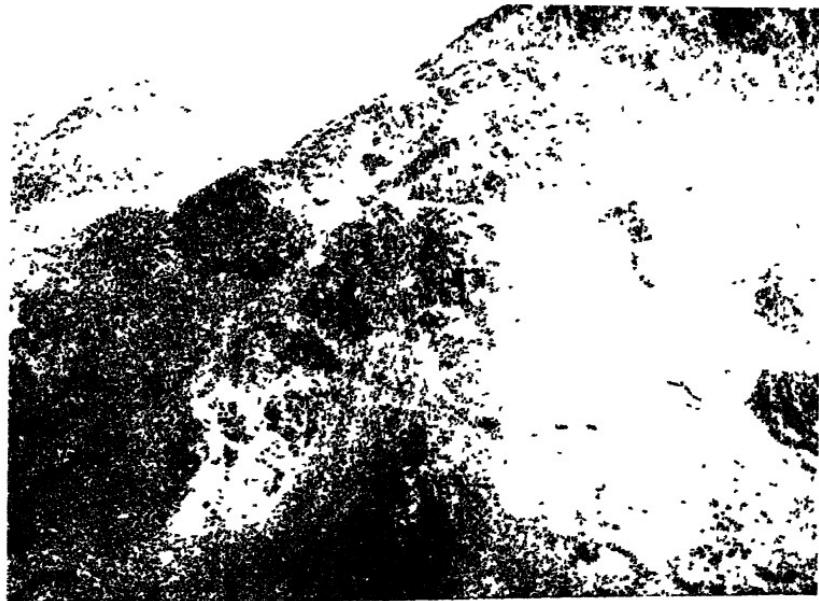
cidedly modern, that is, in trapper style. He had a bed with fresh spruce boughs, a stove, table, shelves, and a hand-made chair. The cabin had two windows, whereas many trapper cabins have only one and some do not have any. For his entertainment during the long winter evenings, when the sun goes down at three-thirty, he had a very good battery radio and thirty-six copies of *Readers' Digest*. But that's not all. He had a violin upon which he played hour upon hour. He played by ear and had a natural ability to learn pieces quickly. I said to Louis, "Didn't you have to take a few lessons to just get a start on the violin?" He then told me he had taken six lessons from a lady who thought violins and trapping didn't mix. I had to ask him when he found time to take six lessons and he said he took them all in one week, but practiced six or eight hours a day. "Can you read any music?" I asked. "No," he replied, then added, "But I can play."

About the first week in September, Louis saw the caribou coming. After watching for some time he shot six bulls from a large herd. This meat he dried for winter to feed himself and his dogs. Then he saw two moose and killed them. Now he felt much better. Without a good supply of meat his other supplies would go fast, too fast. A northern man lives almost exclusively on meat. The moose he half dried, giving it a smoke cure that would keep the meat in a semi-fresh state for a long time. Louis said, "With six caribou and two moose dried I felt pretty good." Then one day the meat was just about ready to be put away. He had a good smouldering fire under the moose, burning old rotten logs. He thought the fire would burn most of the day, and with the smoke drifting around, the grizzly would not bother anything, so he went for a walk up on the creeks in an effort to find a site for another cabin. He was gone about eight hours, he said, and when he got back the place was a mess. Three grizzlies were feeding on the meat and that isn't

all. They were slow in making up their minds to leave. Louis shot two, right on the spot, but the third got away. They had either eaten or ruined all the meat. The two grizzlies were large and Louis sat right down to work and dried them for the dogs.

He then went out and killed five more caribou, intending to dry them too. It was late in the afternoon and he got only two of them to the cabin before dark. The next morning he went to bring in the other caribou and found that a grizzly had picked up one caribou, carried it seventy-five yards and buried it in the gravel. He went to the next caribou and a mother and six pup wolves were feeding on it. He shot the mother and two of the young. The pups hardly knew what to do with their leader gone, and Louis said, "Darn it, I should have gotten them all but they are hard to hit once they get moving." He then went to the other caribou, not four hundred yards from the scene of the shooting, and a big grizzly was feeding on it in a manner which indicated he suspected no danger and feared none. The only thing worrying the grizzly were three ravens that were scolding him for taking away their meal. The shooting hadn't disturbed them either. The birds and animals of the Wind River seem to think shooting is a succession of blasts of thunder. Louis shot the grizzly, the biggest he had killed in the eight years he was on the Wind River engaged in trapping. It squared nine feet seven inches.

Louis said, "I could plainly see this was a tough country. I began to realize what I was up against, with not only the severe winter to fight, but also the bear and the wolves. And my worst enemy I hadn't even met — the wolverine I mean." Louis hates the wolverine so much he dislikes thinking or talking about him. He didn't tell me very much about the "Bad Actor of the North" but he did say he could not leave a cabin with anything in it. Everything had to go out in the cache!



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY THE SHEEP OFTEN BED DOWN IN
THE SHALE ROCK

THE HIGH OGILVIES WRAPPED IN A BLANKET OF FOG





NORMAN MERVYN GOES ON A SCOUTING TRIP

HIGH ABOVE TIMBERLINE IN GOOD SHEEP COUNTRY





ALONG THE WIND RIVER PICTURE TAKEN IN LATE AUGUST

THE HORSE WAS VERY WARY OF THE BLACK WOLF LYING ON THE
GROUND, BUT THE BIG GRIZZLY HIDE OVER HIS BACK DID
NOT FRIGHTEN HIM





A VERY LARGE NORTHERN YUKON GRIZZLY

LOUIS BRINGS IN THE HORSES



He told me he might just as well have left the door open. It would save the wolverine trouble as he would get in any way. The wolverine can climb like sixty, so Louis had to put tin around the trees on which he built the cache. This also helped to keep the grizzlies out.

I said to Louis, "How smart and how daring is a wolverine?" His answer was, "The wolverine is the smartest animal I know of. Let me tell you what happened to me on two occasions. It was the same" (a few words will be deleted here, descriptive words which denote Louis had no earthly use for the blankedly, blankedly, so and so) "wolverine. I was going from one of my cabins to another (I had added a new one during the fall). It was during a blizzard and I was following the dog team with my head to the ground. I had a lead dog that knew the country and I just let him go and he always brought me out of the blizzards all right. I knew I had nothing to worry about. I had him trained like some of the horses I used to see down in Edmonton on the milk wagons. This day as we were going along we crossed a fresh wolverine track. In a little while we crossed it again. The dogs growled. Apparently it was so fresh they thought it was the wolverine himself. The wolverine was only a few yards off the route we were following and as soon as we had gone by it started to follow us. I visited thirteen traps that day and caught two fox. When I got a mile or so from the cabin it stopped snowing. I continued on to the cabin which was located up on the hillside where there was both wood and water. The next morning I back-tracked a hundred yards to get to the start of the trail to the next cabin and noticed Mr. Wolverine's track in the trail. He had followed us to the cabin, circled the cabin a number of times and, I thought, left. But he hadn't. He was just hiding until I left. Then he certainly went to work. He tore up everything in the cabin, got into the cache (I build them better now) and either ate or threw everything in the cache out on

the ground. He surely must have had a real picnic. Then he followed me to the next cabin and did the same thing there. I didn't find this out until I came back ten days later and found, upon arriving at dark, that I had no food except some dried meat I always carried on the sled for emergency purposes. The rascal visited every trap I had between the two cabins and sprung them. In one I had something, what I could not tell, and he took it out of the trap and carried it away."

Well, Louis, I don't blame you for disliking the scoundrel. I asked Louis if he could catch wolverines in traps. He said that he could now but in those days he wasn't so good at it. Wolverines are difficult to trap.

After the caribou had been eaten up by the grizzly and the wolves, Louis went out and shot some more caribou and stayed up day and night for seventy-two hours to see that nothing got to it. Louis said, "By the time I got that meat ready to put away I was so tired I swore to kill every d_____ grizzly and wolf on the Wind River." Then Louis added, "If I had known then what I know now, I wouldn't have had all that trouble. Meat will keep in its fresh state after the first of September if it is hung in a well aired and protected cache. Since then on some occasions I have cut the quarters in two pieces, getting to the bone, and hung the meat in the cache. Almost any night here, after the first of September, it will get down to zero. Once the meat is frozen it keeps all right."

Having picked out a location for the second cabin, on September 20, Louis was working on a log and cut the main muscles in his instep. Louis said, "I didn't know just what to do. I started to take off the boot and saw the wound. I quickly put on the boot again, lacing it partly up, and headed for the main cabin six miles away. Before long my foot got stiff and I couldn't use it, so I cut a spruce and made a temporary crutch. I finally arrived at the cabin so weak and exhausted

I could hardly keep from passing out. I laid down on the bed as quickly as I could to keep from falling. I had been travelling because I knew I had to. After a bit I made a fire and heated some water. I thought I would feel better if I had some soup or tea , so I made some soup and had a few bites before I went ahead with my first aid work. I cut off my boot and washed the wound thoroughly. I was scared to death but I realized I had a job to do, taking care of the wound, or I would get infection and that would be the end of things. I began to realize what a wilderness I was in and the fight for life that had always gone on here. After bandaging my foot I tried to sleep. I never slept any, except in cat naps, for six days. My foot ached until I thought I could not stand it at times.”

After ten days Louis was able to get around enough to make a good crutch. Then he decided he needed two crutches and made another. Time began to lag on him and he started to take walks. Since he was going only short distances he did not take a rifle, for it wasn't handy to carry. As he got better he walked further, aided by his crutches, still leaving the rifle behind. Louis said, “I was getting better, my wound seemed to be healing all right. There was no sign of infection, and I sure felt good to be alive.”

One day he had gone only a hundred yards when a dog came howling up to him. He knew something was wrong. It had gotten mixed up with an old “she” grizzly that had a cub and the grizzly was after the dog. The dog ran right into Louis, the grizzly coming at top speed not far behind. Six feet from Louis was a tree. He dropped the crutches and made for the tree. Fortunately for Louis the grizzly ran after the dog, thus enabling him to get about fifteen feet up the tree before she started for him. She was so infuriated she tried to climb the tree. When she couldn't climb it she started to chew it. Louis said, “Her eyes were green with rage, and her tongue hung out. The saliva ran down from

her mouth so thick it was in sheets." Fortunately the cub was calling and getting farther away so finally the mother went to see about the cub." I said to Louis, "Is that all?" He said, "No sir, I got down from that tree in a hurry and went to the cabin."

Louis said he saw wolf packs that winter that had over twenty wolves in them, and often he saw packs of twelve and fourteen. He caught sixty-five. He also caught twenty-six mink, thirty-one fox, and discovered there were no marten in the country.

Now Louis has eight cabins and calls this "Brown's Country." I think it is rightfully his.

Chapter VIII.—GREAT FUN WITH THE GRIZZLIES

SATURDAY, August 23. Our new camp on the point of land overlooking the Valley of the Wind was ideally located for caribou, grizzly, and wolves, but not for sheep. Louis had not spent any time in this country during the summer months and did not know a great deal about the location of sheep in this vicinity. I looked over the many nearby mountains with the glasses and the spotting scope, but could see no sheep or indication of any ever having been here.

Louis knew of a spot thirty miles down the Wind where there were many sheep and he had on numerous occasions seen some very large rams. He had told me of that section when we were looking the map over in Mayo and I had been dreaming and thinking about the place ever since. The fact that it was thirty miles away was no obstacle but the fact that the horses would not travel over the boulders was a serious handicap with which we were now confronted. Naturally Louis did not know the rocks were so bad. It hadn't occurred to him that the rocks would hurt the horses' feet, for he had always travelled the country in the winter behind a dog team.

He thought it best that he leave Norman and me to hunt grizzlies and watch for the caribou, while he took one horse and went to see just how bad the rocks were farther on down the Wind. He thought there might be caribou trails around the worst places and if he could find them we could use the trails. He took enough supplies for an overnight trip and departed.

After Louis left, Norman and I finished the dishes and

got ready to go hunting. I wanted to hunt alone. The weather was so warm I did not think hunting would be very good and it was my intention to do more looking than hiking. Norman went up a big draw to the south while I went east up the Wind. I had hopes of seeing the caribou coming and I wanted to stay along the river to see them.

I followed the river bank upstream about four miles, going very slowly, as my chances of seeing a wolf or a grizzly would thus be better, and I watched for a movement, a black, brown, or a gray one. Several times I sat under trees along the bank and watched areas one or two miles square. I had hunted from eleven until five and had not seen a living thing other than the noisy ravens. They were hungry, quarreling because the caribou should be coming and weren't. The caribou migration means food for them, as they clean up what the grizzlies and the wolves and the foxes leave as worthless.

I was about three miles from camp when I saw a grizzly, dark brownish in appearance, with high shoulders, and long legs. He was a half mile away from me, digging along the river bank. The wind always blows east or west along the river; one day it will blow up the river while the next it may blow down. When I tested the wind, it was blowing up the river and I quickly surveyed the available cover along the bank. There were a few willows here and there, enough to give ample protection if the grizzly continued to feed in the same place. I hurried to a clump of willows about four hundred yards from the grizzly, whereupon I rested my rifle on a forked willow branch, and holding the glasses in both hands I carefully looked the bear over. He was still in the same place digging peavine roots, one of the bear's favorite foods in this area. They eat the roots which are white and juicy. I had tasted one myself a day or two previously and even I liked it. Peavines grow in old glaciated basins and here in this area they grow in abundance.

I watched the grizzly and he seemed little concerned with what was happening around him. About two hundred yards from me was another clump of willows but they were short. Watching the bear as he dug, I advanced only when he had his rear end toward me. I moved to the willows, never stooping over at any time. Knowing that grizzlies depend a great deal more on their nose than their eyes in detecting an enemy, it is safe to say that I could have made the last two hundred yards without the protection of the short willows. The slight breeze was blowing towards me. Now there were no more willows. However, there was one large rock sticking out of the ground that was about fourteen or sixteen inches high. The entire river bottom was strewn with small rock, which was a nuisance to me, because I was wearing ten inch leather shoes that were calked. On the rocks they would be noisy no matter what caution I took. I wanted to take them off but my feet have always been tender and I just couldn't do that. I wanted to be sure my first shot was a killing one, therefore I did not want to shoot the bear from that distance. This was the first grizzly I had stalked on this trip, and since I was alone, I was extremely cautious.

I judged him to be about a three year old, because he was rangy and high in the shoulders. Young grizzlies are not filled out and fat like older ones.

I decided to crawl along on my knees and right hand, carrying my rifle in my left hand. This was not a bad system, but my arms and my back got tired. I was then approximately one hundred twenty-five yards from him and I stopped to determine what I should do next. Forty yards ahead of me was the rock which was my goal. The grizzly, with his head to the ground, was walking around, first in one direction and then in another, looking for more peavine.

Suddenly his head went straight up in the air and he made a sweeping circle that covered at least two hundred and seventy degrees. He had scented me and was certainly

surprised at the new scent. No doubt he had never smelled a man. I placed my left foot forward, and with my elbow on my knee shot as quickly as the cross hairs of the scope came over his shoulders. I knew he would head for the timber a half mile away and I wanted a shot while he was still standing. I had but a second or two. The impact of the bullet threw the bear off balance but he did not quite go to the ground.

He was up in a flash and started for the trees. I shot again, and again, and again — each time missing. The next shot, the fifth, knocked him down. He was then two hundred and twenty-five yards away. He completely rolled over and got up biting at his side, circling around as he did so. Then he covered a fifteen foot area at great speed. I wanted to shoot before he took off for the timber again but I was trying to hold myself back until he stopped. He did stop for an instant, only an instant, but that was enough. I hit him low down, directly through the main bone in the shoulder, and he was through travelling. He kicked many times with his hind feet but I saw that he could not get up, and went closer and shot him in the head. I looked him over carefully and observed what a tremendous head he had in comparison to the rest of his body. His hair was even and exceptionally thick, being yellowish brown on the back and darker on the underparts. Later Norman told me he heard Louis say all these grizzlies have very large, abnormally large heads, compared to the rest of their body.

After taking a picture of the grizzly I went to camp, arriving there at eight-thirty. Norman was back and had dinner ready. He had shot a grizzly, a very large one, but it got away in the brush. He had taken only twelve shells with him. He shot eight at the bear, and was afraid to go after it with only four shells. I don't blame him. I wouldn't either.

Before going to bed I watched the Aurora Borealis streaking through the sky from east to west.

Sunday, August 24. It was very cold during the night but I did not get up to see what the thermometer read. I was again surprised at the great change in temperature between the day and the night. We arose at six-thirty, as again the sun came shining on the tent and warmed it beyond comfort. As usual I began to scan the surrounding country. I looked for ten minutes, hoping to see a wolf trot across an opening — a wolf that had not yet discovered we had moved in on him. But I saw nothing and was about to go to the tent and ask Norman if I could help with breakfast, when I saw a movement about five hundred yards away, west of us down the Wind. I at first thought it was a wolf, for it was too small for a grizzly. There are no black bear in this country. I called to Norman and we both looked. Finally we decided it was a porcupine.

After breakfast we went to skin my grizzly and did not get back to camp until twelve-thirty. We had lunch and rested awhile. Skinning a bear is a tiring job but it doesn't compare with a big moose. At two-thirty we went to look for Norman's bear. We had no trouble finding where it had gone into the brush but we did have trouble tracking it, since both the heavy frost and the sun had almost wiped out the tracks. In this respect I was of little help. Norman has spent his life in the woods, and tracking down game is a big part of a northern man's life. He gave me a lesson on tracking I will not soon forget.

We got on the track. He took the right side while I took the left side. Indians are known for their tracking ability and they often track by pairs. Norman has learned many things from the Indians for he has associated with them all his life and his trapping partner, Lonny Johnny, is an Indian. We followed the track for a quarter of a mile but there was little blood and no sign that the bear was stopping

to rest or seal up his wounds. This section was quite open and the willows were sparse enough so we could see plainly for some distance.

Noticing a point ahead from which we could look over a large area I said to Norman, "Let's go up there and look around. We might see him." This we did but after half an hour we decided it was hopeless. Having come to this decision I said I would climb farther up the mountain in search of possible sheep trails, or even sheep, for if there were trails there might be sheep around anywhere. If there were any sheep in this country I was going to find them. My first love is and always will be the Mountain Sheep Rams, with their big curls. They are America's Number One trophy and no other animal is in their class, not even close to it. I climbed up to some shale below some high vertical rock walls — the very peak of the mountain itself. I reasoned that if there were sheep living in this section they would have to pass through the shale going around this high mountain. If they did they would leave trails. This was good country all right and I felt sure if sheep inhabited it at all they would be here. I inspected the shale very carefully and there was no sign that sheep had ever been here. I returned to camp, arriving there at dark. Norman had just returned. He saw no game after leaving me.

At ten Louis came riding in. I was anxious to see him as I wanted to know whether or not we should go on down the Wind River. I was satisfied there were no sheep in these mountains. He told us he had not gotten very far as the rocks were very bad in the river flats all the way down the Wind. In many places you could not follow along the bank because the mountainside was too steep. He had seen eight wolves, an old male, a female, and six pups. He also saw four grizzlies. He had seen no caribou or tracks made by them. He shot at one of the wolves three times, but the

intervening brush made it impossible to take good aim and all shots were misses.

Louis suggested that we visit the headwaters of the Bonnet Plume River while we waited for the caribou to come. Possibly we might find sheep there. He added it was an especially good place for moose as he had seen many in that section. One of his cabins is close to the head of the Bonnet Plume. I was greatly interested in getting some pictures of live moose. In addition we could expect to see grizzlies, since they were certainly along the Wind at this time of the year.

A week earlier when the blueberries were on we probably wouldn't have seen any. Not only are the grizzlies along the Wind, but on the open mountainsides, for the Wind itself is at timberline in this section.

This is a grand open country and the hunter can see several miles most of the time. The willows are confined mostly to the river basin while short buck brush grows everywhere. As mentioned before, the colors were beautiful and each day the yellows turn a little darker, and much red was now showing up. The buck brush, especially, takes on many hues and on one bush I saw three distinct tints of yellow and no less than six shades of red. The open hillsides with this combination of colors is certainly as beautiful a sight of autumn as I believe I have ever witnessed.

At ten o'clock Monday we were packed and Louis led the way. After travelling an hour Norman, who was in the rear of the outfit, spotted a grizzly a half mile up the Wind. It was our good fortune that on this day the wind was blowing down the river, whereas the past several days it had been blowing up the river. The grizzly was digging in the willows for willow roots or peavines. Louis and I got the movie camera and our rifles and moved along the river bank until we were within two hundred yards of it. I took a few feet of film, using the four power telephoto lens. Louis was

handling our rifles while I managed the camera. We were very cautiously approaching to within one hundred and sixty yards. The trees were scattered and the brush not too plentiful. The sun was shining and every now and then it hit the chrome on the camera box and made a glitter that could have been seen for a mile, but fortunately the bear had his rear end in our direction and did not see this. I removed my shirt and wrapped it over the entire camera to cut out the light reflections. We crept along soundlessly, going forward only when the bear was busy seeking his food. We finally made it to a tree which was the one hundred and twenty yard mark. The tree was only fifteen feet tall with limbs that shielded only part of my body. First I looked around one side then the other. Louis was trying to stay behind me.

I removed the shirt from the camera and started to adjust the tripod and focus the camera on the bear. The sun again hit the chrome and caused an awful glitter, but again we were lucky and the unsuspecting grizzly fed on. Just as I was ready to run off a few feet of film the bear looked all around as if suspecting our presence. We could not tell whether he had heard something, whether the wind changed slightly, or whether it was intuition, (if a grizzly has such a thing) that caused him to look around, but at any rate, he did not see us and continued to dig. I took about thirty feet of film, all I wanted, and then showed Louis how to work the button on the movie. I got ready to shoot the grizzly and told Louis to push the button.

I shot, fully expecting to see the grizzly drop at once, for I had lots of time to aim. I placed my bullet just behind the shoulders and a little low down. But the big boy only staggered and, having regained his feet, started to run, first away from us, then turning he started to run for the closest trees, toward us. I shot again and Louis made ready to shoot. When I shot the second time, a miss, the bear decided he

was running into trouble, instead of away from it, and stopped. I shot him in the shoulders and he went down, kicking considerably, but another shot put an end to the show. Louis turned to me and said, "I thought that might get interesting at any time. If he hadn't stopped when he was running in our direction it would have been something exciting." The first bullet, the one I was so sure would hit him through the heart, struck a little behind it. I am sure the bear would not have been able to run far, for he was badly wounded. The big grizzly pleased me very much. He was a beautiful chocolate brown, with little color variation. His head was large too, but this was a big bear, large all over. After skinning him we continued on.

I said nothing about it, but it rather pricked my pride to have Norman always see the game first when he usually travelled in the rear. I had hunted a great deal also and had a good game eye besides. I made up my mind that I was going to see the next game. I was going to look ahead with eyes that did not miss a thing.

At three-fifteen I said, "Hold on!" Everybody stopped motionless and silent, watching me as I looked with the glasses to make certain just what I had seen. It was a small grizzly, I thought, as I handed my glasses to Norman and showed him where to look. He said, "To heck it is, it's a black wolf or I'll eat your hat." That gave me a thrill I hadn't expected and I was eager to go after him. I tested the wind, and noticed as I did so that both Norman and Louis were doing the same. We each realized that to stalk a wolf successfully, everything, especially the wind, had to be perfect. There were lots of wolves in the country. Their tracks were on almost every sand bar, but so far I had not been able to see one of them. I now had a black fellow in my sight and I wanted him very much.

We watched for two or three minutes since there might be others with him. A hunter might be able to stalk one wolf,

but not more than one, because they are instinctively alert and have eyes that don't miss anything. Louis told Norman to go with me; that he would watch, and when the shooting was over he would bring up the horses. We had no trouble making the first part of the stalk as the wolf which was nosing about for food, or a track, or some such thing, had stayed pretty much in the same place.

When we were two hundred fifty yards from the wolf, we had to go through some willows. If I could have sat down I would have shot it. I felt I could hit anything with my new Ackley 228, but I could not sit down and still see the wolf over the willows which were about three feet high. I did not care to chance a shot standing up. Knowing this wolf had probably never seen or encountered a man I felt we could get closer. We picked our way through the willows, bending over as we proceeded and watching more for sparse vegetation to cover us than for the wolf. When we came to the edge of the brush we looked for him but he was not there. Nor could we see it anywhere. However, there were willows near the animal and we concluded the wolf could quite possibly be feeding, or looking around in the willows. We stood there watching for about two minutes. Realizing how keen a wolf's nose is, I told Norman in a low whisper that I did not trust the wind and thought we should separate. That he should go to the left and I would go to the right.

Each of us had our rifles cocked and half to the shoulder. Advancing slowly, we watched for the wolf to wander out of the willows where we could get a shot before we were observed. I was going somewhat away from Norman, with my back to him, when suddenly I heard a shot. It, of course, momentarily startled me and I turned to see Norman re-loading his rifle and watching ahead of him. With rifle ready he stood and waited; but, seeing that his first shot had killed the wolf, he took the shell out of the rifle. I did the same, for I knew the shooting was all over.

As I went up to him he turned and said, "I sure hated to kill your wolf, but I knew he would run the minute he saw me and you would never have a chance." I quickly told him that was all right, perfectly all right. I expected whoever saw it first would shoot. Wolves do not wait. It was a very large black male.

On this trip the guides hunted with rifle just as I did, as we had agreed upon, but we learned when we got back, or rather when I got back to Whitehorse, that in the future guides will not be allowed to hunt or kill game while guiding. This was a new ordinance. Well, I do not have to tell you that I badly wanted that big black devil for my trophy room, but I am glad Norman killed it, for it means one less wolf in the country.

It was just a half hour later when Norman spotted two large grizzlies in the same river flats. They were a half mile up the river and also digging for roots. I was delighted at the thought of killing two, maybe three grizzlies in one day. It was apparent to me there were too many grizzlies here for any good. The country would be better off with fewer of them. Louis was right, there were too many grizzlies in this section. I went forward with Louis in great anticipation. We worked our way to within three hundred yards of them and stooped down in the willows to map out further plans. Louis said, "Now there's only one way to get both of them. We have to get close enough to get the larger one with one shot. If the other one does not see, hear, or smell us he will run our way because the timber is close on this side. He's sure to run for the timber if he doesn't see us." That sounded logical to me.

The willows were short and scattering. The wind was blowing down stream, across our right shoulders. It was strong and steady. We advanced to one hundred and sixty yards. All was well and both were still feeding. Further inspection showed one to be a glossy dark brown just like the

one I had killed, while the second grizzly, the larger one, was a shiny light brown, with a distinct color variation between his back and underparts. Evidently they were two males that got along together (something unusual).

As we watched, one grizzly dropped down into a dry creek wash out of sight. The other was digging and eating roots. This was our chance. We went forward to another clump of short willows, then to another. The one bear we could see, the larger light colored one, started digging on a gravel bank some three feet high and the bank caved in with him, his hind end dropping down about three feet. He quickly climbed back into position to dig and continue feeding. Up to this time neither bear was nervous nor did either one show any indication of ever having been worried by danger. Probably in their lifetime they had never seen anything except a larger grizzly to bother them. This was truly a wilderness area.

Now, watching this bear closely and being on the lookout for the darker one should he decide to join his companion, we cautiously advanced a few steps, side by side. This brought us up to within about seventy-five yards of the grizzly. We paused. I said to Louis, "What do you think?" Studying every angle of the situation he replied that I might as well take a shot at the first one. I made sure of my rifle, something I had done six or eight times already, and looked at Louis. He nodded to go ahead. He is a tall man and was resting on his knees as he looked at the bear. I slowly raised up to shoot. Taking a long time to bring the cross hairs of my scope to exactly the right place, I finally fired. The grizzly went down and after several kicks remained motionless, stone dead.

I am not sure what Louis expected the second grizzly to do, but I counted on seeing it jump right up to where the first one had been feeding. It did not. For fully a half minute we sat there with rifles cocked. Each second my

excitement increased. We had not seen the other bear run and could not understand it. Then to our right about forty yards further down the dry wash he climbed out and came toward the dead bear, walking on stiff legs, with head held high in the air as he tested the wind. He could not smell us. The wind was too strong. I was ready as you well know and as soon as he walked into a reasonably open spot I fired. He dove back into the dry wash and we could neither see nor hear him. Louis said, "You got him, come on." Louis and I then circled to our left until we too were in the creek wash and could see the grizzly. It was dead, the one shot going directly through the heart.

Three grizzlies in one day! Something I had never hoped for in these modern times. I spoke of that to Louis and he said, "Modern times be hanged. Times may be modern in some places but not here, boy. There's never been a hunter in this entire area. There are thousands of animals here that have never seen or smelled a man." I thought to myself, sometime later, as Louis was skinning the bear, and while we were waiting for Norman to bring the horses, "Yes, this is a wilderness. We haven't seen a person or any trace of anyone on the Wind save for Louis. Even axe marks are non-existent except for the old stumps we found which had been cut by stone axes many years before."

Norman brought up the horses and helped Louis with the skinning after which we ate our supper. We continued on until we found good horse feed, wood and water all close together, and camped for the night. This was the end of the more recently glaciated areas, for, beyond we could see the Wind River corralled in one channel meandering through grassy flats with no evidence of glacial deposits whatever. On either side of the Wind, in the section beyond us, the mountains rose abruptly some distance from the river, offering the visitor a scene seldom equaled.

The night was clear, without a cloud in the sky, and we

did not put up the tent. When we went to bed we each pulled a tarp over us.

When we had been in the Wind River only a day or two I began to notice the extremely long sunsets. On clear evenings the sun would go down behind the mountains about seven o'clock but the western horizon would be plainly outlined in the sky for hours. The sky on this particular evening was so lovely I felt sorry that such a sky had to fade away and die. Deep in the west just over the outline of the mountains the sky was blood red, blending above to flame that faded away to orange, gradually becoming yellow that washed into the blue of the sky. Below the horizon the deep purple created by shadows and reflections of the brighter sky above, was a pleasant contrast.

Color beyond imagination, soft beyond words.

It seemed to me as I stood there absorbing all that I could, that the Wind River, the mountains, and the trees and the rocks, the whole country held out its arms to me, giving me a welcome to all this beauty. All about me it was peaceful and soothing to the mind. Never, surely never, it seemed, had there been anything here but peace, warmth, understanding and God. As I stood there I thought to myself that the most wonderful thing anyone could ask for was to be alone in the mountains with God. Never before have I been very religious, but in wandering through these mountains I have felt increasingly close to nature, which is, of course, God. I came into these mountains to hunt, to search out fine trophies and to study the game; but day by day I found myself thinking about many things that never entered my mind before.

At eleven forty-five that night something awakened me from a sound sleep. I lifted the tarp that covered my face and looked out. Above, I saw a million stars embedded in the sky. Each star was shining brightly. But closer to the earth a tremendous Aurora Borealis was streaking through

the sky from the east to the west, stopping here to spit and sputter and hiss, only to go on to curl and twist someplace else.

The sky was blue, the Aurora Borealis a misty white, and in its whippet-like spiraling northerly turns it picked up much of the color of the sunset now hours gone. In the west the Aurora Borealis was reddish, orange, yellow, and green. It was almost like a rainbow, yet it didn't act like one. Three white misty streaks extended from the east to the west and appeared to be only five miles away. I have read the scientists believe the Aurora Borealis is never closer than two hundred fifty miles from the earth's surface. Yet, that night it seemed to be so close I could almost touch it. The three misty streaks extended all the way from the horizon in the east to the horizon in the west, but they were not wide. The active elements at the north pole seemingly reached out and grabbed portions of these three main streaks. The pulling forces were like magic in their strength and transformed the white mists into many figures. It was a stupendous sight and I began to think much about it. It was so powerful, so forceful, that I just wonder why I was awakened from a sound sleep to witness this demonstration.

TUESDAY, August 26. Our horses hated the smell of the grizzly hides we had in camp and kept at a good distance. About three-thirty that morning we heard the clang, clang of the horse bells and it sounded as if the horses had left the basin where they were feeding and had begun to wander. Louis and I planned to ride to the headwaters of the Bonnet Plume River, so we got up, rounded up the horses, and had an early breakfast. We were ready to leave at five-thirty, a good early start, and the freshness of the morning was bracing. Norman stayed behind to watch camp and we told him we would be back the following evening or the day after. We each rode a horse and took one to pack. The fourth horse, feeling he was being deserted by his companions, tagged along for the trip.

Riding up the Wind River that day I looked over as beautiful a hunting country as I ever expect to see. The mountains were high and formed a rugged background on either side of the river. The valley in most places was three or four miles wide and contained much short buck brush. The heavy frosts had turned the leaves of this shrub to all colors of the rainbow. Mostly they were four or five variations of red but some were tan and yellow too. Those that had not been nipped by the frost were still green. Close to the mountains on either side were spruce trees, some six or seven inches in diameter, but most of them were smaller. The larger trees tapered rapidly and were of little use even for cabin building. Along the mountainsides were draws. The willows which grew in these were large in the bottom

of the draws but were increasingly smaller higher up. In this section the river flows slowly, therefore our climb to the Bonnet Plume Pass was so gradual we hardly noticed any climb at all.

At noon we had lunch beside a small lake which had been so dammed up by the beaver we could hardly find a place to get water, the water having backed up into the surrounding brush. The horse feed was very green and this was a real treat for them. They filled up in no time. After lunch we continued on and soon went through the pass, although the basin was so broad and level it didn't seem like a pass at all.

During the day we flushed many ptarmigan and saw one porcupine. We saw no other game, however, and we thought that was due to the fact that the day was so warm the game was not on the move. At three o'clock we arrived at one of Louis' trap cabins. Louis had a cache of grub here and I noticed how the grizzlies had attempted to chew the trees on which the cache was built. Not being able to do this, they had dug away at the roots until they were mostly exposed. The grizzlies finally gave up and nothing was destroyed.

We released the horses and turned them out to feed. We then got my camera equipment together and started for a series of small lakes three quarters of a mile away. Most of these ran together and it was almost impossible to tell where one left off and the other began. We arrived at the first of these and, while we saw many moose tracks, most of them fresh, we did not see any moose. We started for the second one and while going down a moose trail heard a moose making noises out in the water. We listened and decided it was probably standing still and was dipping his, or her, head in the water to eat the roots found on the bottom.

I made sure that everything about my camera was ready, set the distance on the telephoto lens, set the lens opening at

F3.5, for it was not too light, and we moved to the edge of the spruce that grew along the lakes. Then we could see a large cow feeding in the water. She lowered her head until it was completely covered with water, selected the roots she could find, and then raised her head quickly out of the water. It was in the quiet of the evening and there were no other noises in the forest except that made by the moose. The disturbance she caused in the water could be heard a long distance.

After taking some movies of the cow we went to the third lake. Here we heard the same kind of splashing and we knew it was another moose. As yet we could not see the moose and I had visions of it being a large bull. We approached with great caution, testing the wind every now and then and keeping very quiet. My only interest was in studying the moose and getting pictures. It was another cow and nearby was her calf. We watched them for ten minutes as they fed, and we observed that since they were quite a ways out in the water, they paid no attention to the wind nor did they look about for wolves or other enemies. Moose realize the protection that water gives them. In swimming they are almost unbeatable. I cannot think of another large animal that can compete with a moose. Certainly their worst enemy, the wolf, is not at home in the water and seldom gets in it. I asked Louis if he had ever seen a wolf swim. He said that he had, but it had been his observation that wolves will never go into the lakes to bother moose. The presence of a few lakes in a good moose country means a lot, especially during the season when calves are small. During this season the mother moose can stay near the water and, if bothered by wolves or grizzlies, she can seek refuge in the water where neither of the other animals care to go. Unfortunately this country, the arctic watershed, has but few lakes.

Having studied the actions of the moose all I cared to, I took some movies of them in their natural state, undis-

turbed. Then I took some after we had made ourselves known to them. Their reaction was interesting. The calf saw us first. He stood quietly looking at us, while at a distance of two hundred yards, his mother continued to feed in the lake. Desiring to know what she would do I grunted like a bull that wants to mate. She continued to feed on as before, apparently not interested. In a few seconds I whistled and she threw her homely head around and saw us. Immediately she looked at the calf and through some means of communication told the calf to come to her. The calf waded out to the mother until he was right behind her. As soon as the water got deep he put his head on her rump and travelled in the wake created by her body. It was beautiful to watch such a perfect example of the thoroughness of her training. Observing these moose gave me a thrill. When they got to the other side of the lake they remained in the water until they inspected minutely the course they were to travel. Perhaps the mother thought of us as wolves and suspected one of our tricks. If we were wolves we would circle and get ahead. Satisfied that all was clear in front the moose went into the willows and trees and disappeared from sight.

One time I had an interesting experience on Isaac Lake in British Columbia. It was in the spring and I was hunting grizzlies. My guide and I were motoring down the lake when we saw a moose swimming toward us. We shut off the motor and in about five minutes the moose swam very near the boat. I had my guide start the motor and we got between the moose and the shoreline in an effort to make the moose swim around while I took moving pictures. We knew the moose had just swam across the lake, a distance of two or two and a half miles, and we did not expect him to turn around and swim back across the lake but that is just what he did. Out of curiosity we remained where we were to see if the moose made the entire long journey across

the lake. He did and in a very few minutes, too. But when the moose got to the opposite shore it remained in the water for a long time, and when we saw that it was not going into the timber we decided we should go on. My guide and I came to the conclusion that wolves had chased the moose into the lake and it knew the protection of the water and would not leave it.

After the cow and calf disappeared in the forest Louis and I retraced our steps to the first lakes we had visited. There we noticed two cows had come to feed in the lakes. No bulls were in sight. At this time of the year the bulls were in the draws and willow patches at or near timberline. None of these cows had calves, which meant that we had seen four cows during the evening and only one had a calf. Was it the grizzlies, the wolves, or the wolverines that got the calves?

About moose, A. L. Rand, in his government publication "Mammals of Yukon," notes briefly, "The rut starts in September and continues into October; one to three, usually two, young are born the following May; young follow parents at an early age; their food, aquatic plants and willow browse." There can be no doubt that these cows had calves and that they had fallen victim to the predators.

I asked Louis what he thought about our seeing four cows and only one calf. He blamed the grizzlies, wolves, and the wolverines, too. He then told me about his experiences with the wolves in this section. While the caribou are here in the winter the wolves do not bother the moose very much because the caribou are numerous and two or three wolves can kill a bull caribou almost any time. If the caribou move on to the Northwest Territories or to the Hudson Bay country some of the wolves, many as a matter of fact, now that the pups are good size, follow them, but others remain behind. Those that remain behind, finding no caribou to feed on, go after the moose and the sheep.

If the caribou are plentiful the wolves do not "pack up" other than to keep family ties, because they can kill caribou easily; but they do have to run in bands to kill large moose such as are found on the arctic watershed.

Louis told me he had found the carcass of a partially eaten big bull moose one winter and nearby were six full grown wolves lying around asleep. He shot two and the rest got away. It was at the edge of a big strip of timber and after he had cached the two wolves (he did nothing more than bring them to the edge of the trail where he could get them with the toboggan), he started through the trees intending to go on down through a basin and up the other side to cover a trap line he had not visited for several days. But as he started through the strip of trees he saw the tracks of the moose and the wolves as they had run through them. In the snow Louis could read the whole story. There was the trail of the moose as it ran through the thick trees and there on the snow lay a wolf with a broken back. Nearby was another that was dead, crushed to death.

Louis said, "That gave me the funniest feeling I ever had. I couldn't believe my eyes, but the whole story was right there. The moose had made a wide sweep through the thick trees trying to brush off the wolves that were holding onto him by the head, the neck, the shoulders, the flanks, and any other place there was room. Other wolves had been knocked off for I saw where one dragged himself away from the trail into the forest, a bruised and battered animal too weary to continue the chase. I saw bark rubbed from the trees as the moose had run against them. The moose had finally given up and ran out of the trees and brush into the open where he had almost died on his feet."

This was real tragedy, but it was gratifying to know that the wolves had found it a costly meal, a meal hardly worthy of the battle. We all know that this struggle goes on and I have always thought it terrible that many, probably most

of the moose, are eaten before they are dead. Imagine a bull moose, or a cow or a calf moose being ripped to pieces as it lay on the ground crying out in terrible pain. Anyone with humane thoughts would want to kill off the wolves just to prevent this terrible struggle and resulting ghastly death — death by degrees and gulps.

Louis went on to tell me more about wolves, some things I knew and some I did not. He said they mate up in February, separate in pairs, and remain in pairs until the pups, which are born in April or May, are grown the next fall. The mother and father both assume the responsibility of caring for the young. The mother nurses the young for a short time only. They hunt alone, never together, and if they come to a meeting at any place they immediately separate and go in different directions. This may be for one of two reasons. By hunting alone they have a greater chance to see game; also should disaster come to one it would not get both of them, leaving one to bring up and care for the young ones. One wolf cannot kill large game. Hunting alone a wolf must rely on calves, rabbits, squirrels, gophers, marmots, and birds. The wolf parents kill game and pack it to the den which is generally a cave. If the animal such as a moose or caribou calf is too large to carry, they eat all they can hold and go to the den where they throw it up, thus giving the pups a meal that is partially digested.

A week old caribou calf can travel and the herds start their migration north sometime in April. The wolves with pups cannot follow the migration, for wolf pups cannot travel at all for a month or six weeks and then only for shorts distances. They are not able to leave the den with the parents until July, at which time they take short trips and are gradually taught to hunt. Since these wolves with pups cannot follow the caribou migration it provides a natural stoppage of the wolf population, as only those can be raised where there is sufficient local feed. Often the mother is

forced to eat the young for lack of food to sustain them and keep herself alive. If the pups are to be born later in the spring than usual, the father and mother wolf follow the caribou north until such time as the pups are born and then are compelled to live off whatever food they can find in the surrounding country.

Louis also told me, and this has nothing to do with raising the young, that often in the winter when food is scarce the wolves fight among themselves and wound each other. The wounded animal is always killed and eaten by the others. Wolves eat many of their own kind — another natural stoppage in the wolf population.

We arrived back at Louis' cabin at eight and had dinner ready by nine. We were out of fresh meat and missed it a great deal. To travel and keep in condition you must have at least some meat and we hoped the caribou would soon come.

The next morning was bright and at six we got up. It had been very cold during the night and in the shadows the frost remained. At seven-fifteen we started for some other small lakes about a mile from the ones we had visited the night before. We approached them from a ridge five hundred yards above. The three lakes, nestled in a small ravine, sparkled in the morning sunshine like precious gems. They were gems, little jewels set in the mountains, and their magic color caught the eye and reflected the spirit of the quiet morning in the beautiful north. In the calm of the morning they were unruffled, consequently there were reflections as beautiful as the things reflected; reflections of the pinnacled mountains, the green trees, the willows, and the multi-colored buck brush. Louis and I sat down to enjoy it all. The shores were green with both grass and willows growing in abundance, forming a frame for nature's incomparable painting.

In the second lake we heard the usual disturbance that

signified a moose was feeding in the water. We crawled over to some trees, using them for protection, and I put up the tripod and set the camera on it. With the camera ready we then moved to the second lake where we saw two cow moose, both without calves, feeding in the water close to shore. I do not know what type aquatic plants they were eating, but I do know there are no lily plants or bulbs in this section. We sat down and looked for bulls for twenty minutes but saw none, which did not surprise us.

The bulls are not with the cows for the mating season for another ten days. I approached the cows to within about two hundred yards, when I discovered I could go no further without being detected. I did not want to take pictures at this distance.

Louis then left me to go to the third lake to see what evidence of beaver he could find. At the second lake we had noticed that the beaver had a large house and a fresh supply of willows cut for their winter food supply. The big pile of willows was anchored close to the house.

While Louis was gone two large bull moose came to the edge of the trees on the far side of the lake, but they evidently smelled me, for they turned and went back into the trees from whence they had come. Maybe they didn't like the looks of the homely "dames in the lake."

By the time Louis returned it had clouded over and we went back to the cabin to pack up, hoping to get along toward the main camp before it got too wet. Since it was stormy we did not want to spend any more time in this section. I had not looked for sheep very much but I was convinced there were none here. With the weather cloudy we would not get any pictures — the main thing I wanted. We were all of twenty-five miles from the main camp and we thought it best to go part way before night.

About four o'clock we were travelling through some scattering spruce at the base of one of the many mountains

along the Wind River. The buck brush and willows extended for two miles to the foot of the mountains on either side of the river which ran through the center of a big basin. On our side of the river about a half mile from us Louis saw a big grizzly. It stood so high above the buck brush I, at first, thought it was a cow moose. I had previously told Louis I thought I had killed my share of grizzlies, but Louis said the country was so over run with them they were a menace to the game here. I reconsidered and we tied up the horses and started to stalk the big bear. It was so much larger than any we had seen that my senses quickened tremendously. He was a real trophy. We approached to about four hundred yards and stopped to look over the ground ahead of us. This old boy had to be handled with care and no mistakes made. While we were standing there making our plans we saw the bear feed out of some brush and come into the open. He was walking toward us. Just at that time the wind played a joke on us and we both saw the giant of a bear come to a sudden stop and throw his big head around in the air as he raised on his hind feet. Then he turned and ran away from us like a rabbit being chased by a dog.

I have never seen an animal show as much evidence of fear as this great big grizzly did in his getaway. He continued to gallop and run for a mile, then he crossed the river and trotted up the bank and on through the brush for another half mile before he slowed down to a walk. Why this brute should be so afraid of man smell when he could never have had anything to do with a man, was hard to explain. Louis was the only man that had been in this section for nine or ten years and only four or five others had been there before Louis, except for the forty or fifty gold miners who had come through in ninety-seven or ninety-eight, enroute from a ship anchored in the Arctic Ocean to the Klondike gold fields at Dawson. They passed through

the country in a great hurry and I am sure this old bear did not make their acquaintance.

We returned to the horses and continued down the river for a half hour when a heavy rainstorm hit us. It was too wet to travel and we hastened to the first trees for shelter. The rain did not stop, and since the horse feed was good, we camped there for the night. We had no tent.

While Louis was chopping out a shelter by cutting limbs from under trees, he gashed his left hand with the axe. Several cords were cut and the wound looked very bad. Stitches should have been taken, but we didn't have the necessary medical equipment, so we held it together and applied disinfectants. Then we wrapped it in sterile gauze. I told Louis to sit down and let me set up camp. He sat down for half an hour, and then insisting that he was no softie he got up to help me. No manner of persuasion could induce him to take it easy, which showed the tremendous vitality he possessed. Any other man I know would have been glad to take a seat and be contented. Not Louis.

Just before dark I went out to see if the horses were close by and saw a large gray wolf. It saw me first, however, and I did not get a shot. Later, across the river, I saw two bull moose and watched them for a few minutes but it was too wet for me to become very interested in them. I returned to camp and went to bed.

It rained all night but none of our things got so wet they wouldn't dry out. I had seen to it that my cameras were especially well protected. We had breakfast at seven-thirty. By then the sky was clear in spots but the day's prospects were uncertain.

At eight-thirty we started out. In an hour we saw a grizzly. I stopped my horse to look at it. I then spotted another. Both were small, about three year olds, and we rode on. Because Louis' hand was sore I didn't want to bother any but a real large grizzly. In a little while Louis

saw another of good size and we stopped to look it over with the glasses. Then we saw a cub playing around close by and we started on. It started to rain but we both had good slickers. Thinking about the four grizzlies we had seen during the morning I could forget about the weather.

We later came to some "S" turns in the river and close to one of these Louis saw a cow moose feeding on willows. We watched her for three or four minutes and noticed she had no calf. Then I saw another cow with a calf. We had seen in the past three days eight cow moose and only two had calves. That's something to think about. That's one for the game commission to ponder over. It's a cinch the worst damage the wolves, wolverines, and grizzlies do is killing the calves.

Just as we stopped for lunch Louis saw two more grizzlies, one about six hundred yards from us and the other about three quarters of a mile away. Both seemed to be digging for peavine or other roots. I asked Louis if he always saw this many grizzlies around here and he said, "Only at this time of the year. They are through with the berries. They know the caribou are about to come and they gather here waiting for them. The wolves kill the caribou. The grizzlies take the meat away from them; the foxes eat what the grizzlies leave; and the ravens clean up the balance. Of course, the grizzlies have the peavine and other roots to eat too. The grizzlies come here the same as they go to the coast for the salmon runs, only not on the same scale. They are readily seen here because the brush is short and also because they have no fear of enemies."

After lunch we started for camp, which was ten miles away. At three I saw a grizzly digging along the bank of the river about five hundred yards from us. At that distance it appeared to be a large one. Louis urged me to shoot it. We tied the horses to some brush in a little hollow and started for the bear. Because the wind was unfavorable, we

had to go down the river opposite the bear before starting toward it. There was a lone spruce tree fifty yards from where the grizzly fed, the only tree in the basin. Using that as a guide we went toward the animal. Quartering to the left, to keep the wind from the bear to us, we approached to a place where we figured the grizzly should be. The buck brush was not thick, but even so we couldn't see the bear unless he happened to walk out into an open spot. Mr. Ursus Horribilis wasn't in sight, but we knew he was close, very close.

With rifles cocked we advanced side by side so slow we could hardly be seen to move. The grizzly might be fifteen yards from us or he might be fifty or sixty, not more. We tried to play a waiting game, but that was hard to do. I could not understand why I could not see his back when he walked, for the brush was not too high. Rain poured down and we both had left our slickers with the horses. Suddenly at twenty yards we saw the grizzly raise up on his hind legs. He had heard or smelled us. He went down quickly, but raised right back up. I was ready in a flash and pulled the trigger. The grizzly went down. Then we could neither see nor hear him. We stood there waiting for something to happen. In a few minutes we angled to the side, enough to see the bear lying dead. My bullet had gone true, going right through the heart and tearing a big hole in the side of the grizzly where it emerged. I gave a sigh of relief. I do not particularly like being so close to a big grizzly. I said to Louis, "That's enough for me."

We skinned out the bear and went back to the horses. Just as I climbed onto my horse I looked down in the basin and two hundred yards from the exact spot where I had killed the last grizzly, there were two more grizzlies walking around in the brush looking for roots to dig. I said to Louis, "Do you see those?" He looked, then looking at me



OUR CAMP WAS LOCATED NEAR WOOD AND WATER

THE BARREN LAND CARIBOU MIGRATING UP THE WIND RIVER





THIS BIG WOLF WON'T BOTHER THE GAME ANY MORE

HE HORSES STAND IN THE SMUDGE TO GET RID OF THE LITTLE
BLACK GNATS

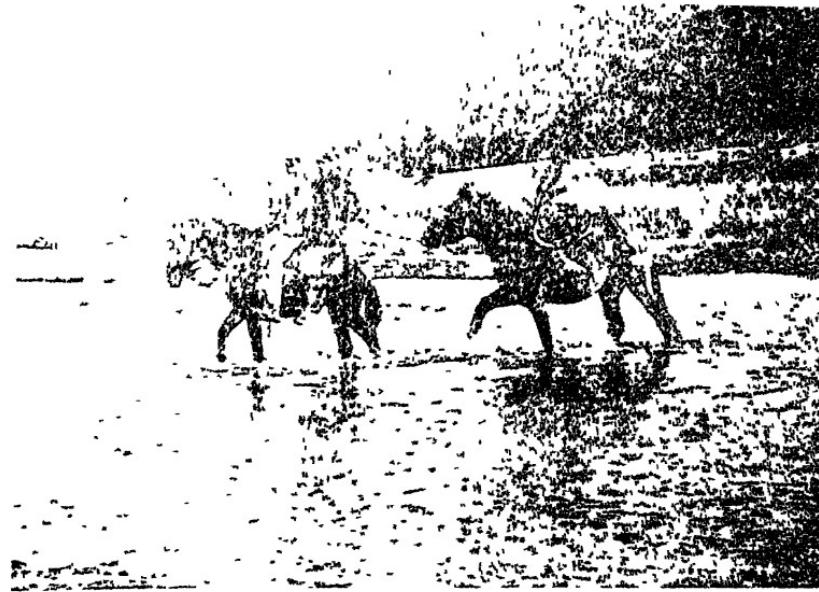




A VERY, VERY FINE CARIBOU HEAD WITH SEVENTEEN POINTS
ON EACH SIDE

THE BUCK BRUSH WAS KNEE HIGH TO A HORSE





NORMAN AND LOUIS FORD ONE OF THE CHANNELS OF THE WIND RIVER

THE SNOW-SHOVEL ON THE BIG CARIBOU EXTENDED TO THE
END OF THE NOSE



he said, "If it weren't raining and my hand wasn't so sore, I'd go kill them. There are too many grizzlies here for any good. They are killing off all the moose calves."

Personally, I think there are more grizzlies here than anywhere else in America. However, I might tell you at this point that when I later returned to Whitehorse, Indian Agent Meek told me he had just returned from the head of the Pelly River here in the Yukon, and the grizzlies were so bad in that section now that the Indians would not go out into the mountains. He was going to ask that a bounty be put on them in that section.

We arrived back at the camp at five-thirty and Norman had put up the tent while we were gone. The stove was going and the tent was warm. We changed into warm clothes. Home never felt any better. Norman had shot a wolf, a big gray one and I told him I would take a picture of him skinning it, when and if the weather got bright enough for pictures.

In spite of being wet, and, of course, tired, I told Norman this was the fifth best hunting day I ever had. True, I had killed nothing except one large grizzly. The other day I killed three. But on this day I knew that I could have killed six. I shall never forget this hunting day. Then Norman wanted to know about the other four best hunting days, and I took more than an hour telling him about them.

FRIDAY, August 29. We got up at five o'clock, since we intended to go back to the lake, our first main camping spot. The caribou had not come up the Wind River and it was altogether possible they wouldn't, because every few years they change their course of travel. I did not have a great big ram and that was bothering me as my time here was running short. But most of all I hated to go home without seeing and photographing the Barren Land Caribou. This might be the only chance I would ever get. This country is a great distance from my part of the continent.

I went to round up the horses while Norman got breakfast and Louis prepared the pack outfit for the journey home. I looked for an hour and could not find the horses, so I returned to eat. After breakfast we all searched. It was ten o'clock before Norman found them. Fearful of wolves and grizzlies, the horses usually stayed close to camp at night, but since we had the grizzly hides in camp they were afraid to come in and had wandered a long way off. We got a late start and as we packed up it began to rain hard.

Our delay proved to be fortunate, though. Just as we were about to leave the main Wind River and go up the branch that led to the pass and over to Braine Creek, Louis, who was in the lead, saw the caribou coming up the river. This was the beginning of their migration. The first band numbering twenty was led by an old cow and I learned that an old cow always leads the migration. We continued to watch this band, and in half an hour saw another far down the Wind. I was tremendously pleased; seeing these caribou

meant a great deal to me. Both of the first groups were composed only of cows and calves.

Louis said, "Now we camp. More will be coming. Once they start they come pretty fast." The concealed spot we selected for our campsite was twenty yards back from the river. I kept surveying the area as we made camp, but no more caribou came in sight. I wished to study the caribou and take pictures of them, and I also hoped to get some real trophies.

At this point the river flats were wide and the boulders left by the glaciers were ever present. The Wind River ran in three or four channels, none of which were deep. They could be waded anywhere. Between these channels grew a considerable number of short willows.

Finally my vigilance was rewarded — another band was coming. This one had all of fifty in it, apparently cows and calves. We needed meat very badly and I looked closely for a bull, but I could see no horns large enough to belong to one of them. The cows of the caribou have horns which seldom become very large, but they do grow twelve to eighteen inches in length and have a few points. The older calves even have small horns.

At five o'clock we saw four bulls slowly walking along behind a band of forty or fifty cows and calves. They were fat, lazy, tired, and slow. As a rule the bulls follow two or three days behind. But here were four bulls. One was a beauty, so I cautiously made my way to their line of travel. It was not easy. The first caribou coming through a section are very cautious and alert. Apparently every animal in the band saw me, because they all took off in great fright, the bulls lumbering along behind.

I began to realize why the wolves go after the bulls.

I knew I had better shoot or forget about them, because, by now, the bulls were two hundred and fifty yards from me. I shot and they went on, quickening their pace. I shot

again. They continued to run. Just as I was about to fire my third shot I noticed the one at which I had been shooting suddenly came to a stop. I fired again and he dropped to the ground.

As I turned around to face the camp, I saw Norman point down the river. Another bunch of perhaps twenty or twenty-five were coming up the river. They had heard the shots and were crowded together in apprehension.

As I watched them, Louis came and we went to dress the caribou bull I had just shot. It was a beautiful bull. He had seventeen points on each side. The horns were perfectly symmetrical, with a forty-three and one-half inch spread, the outside curve being fifty and one-half inches. In the rain the four bulls had appeared to be white and blue, white on the neck and blue on the body.

However, on examining the dead one I saw the bull was not blue. Actually he was brownish-black over most of his body, while his neck was pure white, the hair being four or five inches long, with white stripes running down on each side of the chest.

We cut the cape off, well behind the shoulders, as I intended to have the horns mounted. We then cut up the meat and brought it to camp. It was very fat. The hoofs fascinated me, they were so large, while the leg bones were so small. It has often been observed that the caribou is better equipped to walk on snow than any other member of the deer family. This caribou's feet were so outstandingly large they could not go unnoticed.

I set the head and horns by a tree intending to take a picture the next day, weather permitting. The head was large and beautiful and I was well pleased. Louis said it was as big a one as I would probably see. He then added, "You see how fast they come once they get started." I said, "Yes, and I know how close we came to missing them altogether."

The next morning was wet and we spent it in camp. Louis was in a talkative frame of mind and told me about an experience he had had with the wolves and caribou about ten miles down the Wind.

It was late in September and he was anxious to get his winter supply of meat before the caribou had all gone through the country on their way to the winter feeding grounds. He did not know at the time that many of them stay all winter on the headwaters of the Wind and Bonnet Plume Rivers. He had gone some distance from camp when he spotted two caribou across from him down the river. He killed both of them. Then the problem of getting them back to camp confronted him. He decided to return for the dogs and use them to pack the meat back. This took three or four hours. Then when he started to cross the river he found that it would be too deep for the dogs to wade if they were loaded with the meat, so he tied them up on the bank and went across alone.

It was about ten degrees above and bitterly cold. Once on the other side he walked along looking down at his wet pants, wondering whether he should build a fire and dry out. Before he realized it, he was twenty yards from the first caribou bull and eight wolves jumped up. They had gorged themselves to the limit eating off both caribou and had been in a dead sleep. Thus they had neither heard nor smelled Louis as he approached. Louis shot three of them. One was a big black and evidently the leader; the other two were gray. The rest quickly scattered into the willows.

Standing by the mess the wolves had made of his caribou, Louis considered skinning the three wolves. As he stood there, he heard a noise in the rocks about two hundred yards away. He turned and saw two bull moose trotting off along the river bank. Apparently the shooting had frightened them. Now that his caribou were despoiled he felt he had to have these moose. Seven shots and the moose

were both down. He stood there for several minutes wondering whether to skin the wolves or dress the moose. He decided he had better take care of the moose first but he turned to look over the caribou before he went.

After inspecting the first caribou he started for the second one, when he heard a noise in the brush fifteen yards to his left and there were the wolves again. He shot five times at them, killing two. This had been a family and the two parents had been shot when Louis killed the first three. The pups at a loss without the parental guidance, were staying close to the bodies of the parents.

After all the shooting Louis had only two shells left. He was undecided. Should he return the long distance to camp for more shells? He had so much work to do getting ready for winter which was almost upon him that he hated to waste the time. It wasn't the grizzlies, or another pack of wolves, nor a mad bull moose that worried him. (The mating season was on when bulls are mean.) The pups were sure to come back and they might be troublesome, especially when he had only two shells. He quickly dressed the moose and propped them open so that the air could circulate through the stomach cavity. Fearing the wolves would eat them, or perhaps grizzlies, Louis took off his socks and rubbed them on the hide, horns, and legs. Then he tied the socks to a stick and placed it near the stomach cavity of the moose. He then went to the dogs, untied them, and started for camp.

The next morning the moose were untouched. Louis had found a way to keep the wolves and grizzlies out of his meat.

One good story always brings on another, so Norman told a wolf experience he and his father had when Norman was young. They lived at a little trading post at Lansing on the Stewart River one hundred and twenty-five miles above Mayo. It was in the winter time and the thermometer probably registered around twenty below. His dad killed a moose

and had gone home to get the dog team to bring it in. Norman wanted to go along and his dad took him for the experience. They had a fine dog team, for his father never kept anything but good dogs. He delighted in travelling behind a team of eight dogs that had "power to burn." That day a little pup ran along beside the team, first in front and then in back.

They reached the moose, cut it up and loaded it on the toboggan, and started for home. They were travelling along nicely when one of them noticed twelve or fourteen wolves circling them. Either the wolves had smelled the meat or were after the pup, but anyway, they were circling and getting closer and closer. Norman was terrified and shouted out to his dad, "Shoot them dad, shoot them!" His father, brave northerner that he was, replied, "Wait a minute son, wait until they get close." When the wolves were no more than thirty yards away he aimed carefully at the leader and pulled the trigger. No shell! He had used the last bullet on the moose and had failed to refill the rifle. There was a box of bullets on the toboggan and he quickly reloaded. As he was loading the rifle a big wolf ran at the pup. The pup ran into the dog team for protection, and the team almost upset Norman's father.

He kept saying to Norman, "Don't worry, son, been in tighter spots 'n this. Don't worry son, been in tighter spots 'n this lots o' times." Whether he was saying this to keep up his own courage or to reassure Norman, was a question. He shot one, two, three, four times and four wolves lay dead or crippled on the ground. The others ran off about two hundred yards to some spruce trees. Norman and his father got the dogs straightened out and started on. After going several hundred yards they looked back at the wolves and saw they were fighting to see which would get the dead ones to eat.

It continued to rain and we sat around camp with nothing to do but talk. On a trip like this there is time to discuss many questions. Among the things I remember we talked about are: mineralogy, geology, meteorology, ballistics, rifles and shells, politics, good and bad times, lumbering, farming, cities and towns, religion, building cabins, hiking, horses, hunting and stalking game, and, of course, many other things.

I had the opportunity to really get acquainted with Louis and Norman. I found these two men clean of mind and body, as are almost all men of the north. Both Norman, twenty-four, and Louis, thirty-four, have all their teeth and neither has a single cavity. They are never sick and both are as strong as bulls. Both have the desire to get along, not only with other people, but with themselves. They are happy. Both are honest and want only what is rightfully theirs. They are happy because they work hard for what they get, they are geared to tough hard going, are resourceful, and depend upon no one but themselves. If they need a cabin they build it; if it's a pair of snow-shoes they need they make them; if they plan to trap during the winter they make preparations well in advance, knowing full well that success or failure depends solely upon themselves.

Louis and I were talking about happiness on this morning and Louis said, "Oh, happiness is just a personal, individual frame of mind." After some time I replied, "That is very true in your case, because what you do, think, and are, is a product of your own work." Then I went on to say, "But what about the millions of people working in the big factories in the cities? Today we read where the national employment is more than sixty million, wages are high, and we know that for the most part people are happy. Tomorrow we may say that national employment has dropped to thirty million, half the people are out of work

and we know many are without adequate food or shelter. Can you still say happiness is a personal, individual frame of mind?"

Louis was thinking, and I added, "No, you cannot. Ninety per cent of the laboring class are dependent upon the ten per cent that constitute the employers. And you can't blame the employers, for national planning is beyond the control of individual concerns. The control of good and bad times is a big problem. Naturally, the employer likes nothing but one hundred per cent employment, for if his factory isn't running he isn't making any money. But good and bad times have come and the individual cannot do much about it. His peace of mind is dependent upon his employment, which in turn determines his state of happiness. You here in the north do not realize how fortunate you are that your future is entirely, or almost so, dependent upon your own resourcefulness. You have no worries other than sickness. You can plan your life and live according to the plan.

Louis replied, "I wouldn't trade my kind of life for a city job. No sir-e."

About noon it cleared, the sun shone brightly, and it was quite warm with only a few lazy clouds in the sky. We deserted world problems, and, after a quick lunch, turned all our attention to a large band of caribou which we saw coming. Louis and I quickly went down the river, being careful to follow the bank and stay in the trees. When we were two hundred yards from camp we saw that our position there would be as good as any and I set up the tripod and fastened the movie to it. In the next hour I took two hundred feet of film.

Finally I said, "I got all the pictures I want from this spot, Louis." We had seen about three hundred caribou, mostly cows and calves. They were not as near as I would have liked, but it was impossible to go closer without being observed by them. Knowing that most of the bulls would

be coming along shortly, I planned to save what film I had for closer pictures. I shudder to think how close we came to missing the caribou.

During the evening the wind changed and blew down the river. The caribou stopped coming because they smelled our presence. We knew that if the wind hadn't veered back by morning we would have to move camp.

Sunday, August 31. The wind was still unfavorable, so we moved down the Wind River about four miles to a small creek that entered the river from the south. We placed our camp in a small cove protected from the wind, hoping our smell would not be carried to them. From there it was easy to look a mile down the river to the west, and with the aid of the glasses we could see caribou or other animals that moved within two miles in that direction. Across the Wind and north we could see the high mountains, high just like those to the south and behind us, for we were in the main Ogilvie Range. Here the valley of the Wind was probably three miles wide.

Among the rocks left by the ancient glaciers, grew occasional willows but not too many to obstruct the view. The northern spruce grew along the sides of the river basin interspersed with clumps of cottonwoods now and then. To the east we could look up the Wind River to the Bonnet Plume Pass, a distance of thirty-five miles. Everywhere we looked it was a scene of beauty, especially now with the fall colors so dominant. Anyone who has not spent a fall in the north has missed a colorful sight.

While the boys set up camp I went down the river to look for caribou and other game. I had gone only a mile when I looked through some willows and saw a grizzly digging for roots. It was about two years old. The wind was blowing toward me and he could not smell me. For nearly ten minutes he dug around here and there, finding roots to his liking. Not once did he lift his head to scent the

wind. Then about thirty-five or forty caribou came up the rocky flats. When they were roughly two hundred yards from the grizzly, he raised his head, glanced at them briefly and returned to his digging.

Then the old caribou cow who was in the lead saw him. She was about sixty yards away and she immediately gave warning. All the caribou ran out to the right about eighty yards and circled around to get the wind of the bear. They had to smell him — they would not trust their eyes. Surely they had seen hundreds of grizzlies, but everything depended on their noses. As soon as they got his wind they gave a groaning snort and were off — headed right for me. I immediately stepped out of the willows where I was hiding and took a few steps toward them. Bewildered, they made a circuit of me, watching me all the time. Every now and then one would let out that blowing-groaning sound and the others would become a little more alert. Once they got my wind they ran off terrified for about one hundred yards. They then stopped and in two or three minutes came toward me until they were not farther than thirty yards away. Curiosity that exceeded common sense!

The grizzly wasted no time on the caribou. He was not old enough to have killed one, and probably he had never tasted their meat. Alone, and young as he was too, he could not take meat away from the wolves. Even an old grizzly probably would not have paid the caribou any attention, for caribou can make a grizzly look silly in a race.

And I, — well, I was such a strange unreal creature to those caribou, they had to get a better look at me. Finally they came so close that I threw a rock at them. They were all cows and calves. I was particularly impressed with the speed of the calves. They seemingly ran without effort and could easily outdistance the cows. Of all the animals I have seen in the north I believe the caribou cows and calves

run the fastest. As I mentioned before I observed why wolves go after the bulls. It is because the bulls cannot run nearly so fast as the cows and calves.

In the late winter, several months after the mating season, the bulls become fat and lazy and remain that way until the next mating season. The cows stay lean, alert, and always fast. Perhaps this is one of the ways Nature has worked out a natural balance in the animal world. Even though mostly bulls are killed, the caribou herds go right on increasing, for a bull can naturally serve many cows.

When I picked up the rock to throw at the caribou, the grizzly saw me. He did not wait to investigate me or to circle and get my wind. Instead he ran down the flats to some willows and on to some trees a half mile to my left.

I walked on for a mile and saw more caribou come out of some trees. I thought at first they were all cows and calves and prepared to watch them to see just what they would do when they discovered me, as they surely would, for their line of travel would bring them directly past me. When more than a hundred had come out of the trees, one behind the other, I saw four large bulls come slowly along behind. Their horns were free of velvet. Every cow and calf we had seen up to this time had been in velvet, but most of the bulls had horns that were hard and shiny.

The pride with which they carried their heads and waved those big horns with the many points, was something to see.

They gave me a thrill worth going a long way to get. Now, fat and sleek with their new autumn pelage of brownish-black and the long pure white hair on their necks, they were in their prime.

With my binoculars I looked at them, now two hundred yards away. Carelessly, I allowed myself to be seen too soon by the cows and calves. When the leader snorted and ran the others all along the line followed. The bulls were close to the willows and trees and I got a running shot

only at what I judged to be the largest. Then noise of the rifle shot frightened them badly, and they continued to flee and I never got another shot. Looking the ground over later, I found I had not hit the bull.

I was disappointed because we could not spend too much time with the caribou and it might be some time before more bulls came along. I did not have my big mountain sheep ram yet, and, whereas, before I felt that I had thirty days to get one, I now could see that I had but a few days. The return trip to Mayo would take at least ten days after we left the sheep country at the lake where we were first camped. Not only that, we were two days hard travelling from that lake at the present time. So I knew we should not stay here long. Too, Louis had told me to be sure and kill my two remaining caribou as he wanted to semi-dry the meat for winter use. He has a cabin only two or three miles from here.

I went over to the place where the big band of caribou had come out of the trees. I could see that the country behind was low, and I had a hunch the caribou might have come to the Wind River via this low pass. Louis had told me the caribou do not necessarily come right up the Wind from the barren lands all the time. Occasionally they trail in and out of the mountains, using all the low passes, thereby getting a great deal more food than they would if they all came up the Wind. The trail coming out of the trees was so well defined and recently used I knew more than one band had come this way.

I decided to back-track about two hundred yards, since I had to keep the wind blowing from the trail to me. I watched the trail for an hour and, tiring of this, I started to cross the flats. I had gone about a half mile when I looked back and saw some bulls coming out of the trees using the same trail. Evidently these bulls were slower than the others but were a part of the same band. I saw

six. I watched them with the binoculars and noticed some were very large. They were still so far away I knew they were not apt to see me and, half crouching and half standing up, I ran to a clump of willows three hundred yards distant and towards them, using what little cover I could find to protect me.

I then saw more bulls coming out of the trees. One by one twelve more walked out into the open. *Eighteen* magnificent caribou bulls before me. What a sight! Considering the way they carried their high, many-pointed horns, the grace with which they walked, and the fact they were completely at ease and unaware of any danger, made them one of the greatest sights I had ever witnessed. Most of them were large mature bulls and only one had velvet on his horns. None had seen me or suspected any danger. Those in the lead had advanced to within three hundred yards of me and were still coming. I tested the wind and it was still from the caribou to me.

By crawling, and keeping low down in the willows, I advanced to within one hundred yards of the leader. I was then fortunate enough to be placed in a clump of willows about three feet high. I had on tan clothes and the willows were now tan-to-yellow in color. It was cloudy but the wind was steady.

I looked at each as it came closer. What a sight for the hunter. What an experience for the man that wanted to study them as they walked along, stopping here to browse on a willow, there to rest and look, only to go on, one behind the other, indifferent of the weather, indifferent to the roughness or smoothness of the country they travelled over, indifferent to everything except the inherent urge to go on, on to the winter feeding grounds.

Nothing more could have been asked by the hunter.

A photographer could have asked for a lot of things. But not the hunter. I saw before me so many great and

noble animals that I became confused. I could not decide which ones to shoot. I wanted the two best and it was hard to choose between them. They were so close I had to make a decision and do it fast. I chose the third one from the leader and shot, knowing they would at once become confused and scatter. I shot the bull I had picked when he was a little past the clump of willows in which I was hiding, and about one hundred yards away. He went down and I turned to pick another, the next largest, which I thought was about the fifth from the rear in the procession, and about two hundred yards away. Most of the bulls located me and started to run. I fired at the selected bull and it showed no signs of being hit. I fired again and again, and the fourth shot broke its back. Probably I had been shooting too high. When I last saw the other bulls they were three or four hundred yards away and still running.

The two bulls I had killed were handsome but I cannot say I was the happiest man in the world for I began to realize what a picture opportunity I had missed. I would far rather have had them in 16 millimeter color film to show all my friends than to have the trophies. But the weather was against that. Neither bull was as large as the one I killed on Friday, August 29. One of these had higher horns but it did not have the spread of the first bull. The larger of the two had eighteen points on one side and thirteen on the other; the smaller had sixteen points on one side and fourteen on the other. Both had long sweeping snow-shovels.

I dressed the caribou and went to camp. The boys had heard the shooting and Louis had caught the horses before they wandered off, while Norman had gotten lunch. We ate and then we all went to get the two bulls. As we approached the two dead bulls we saw a band of two hundred and sixteen, all cows and calves, lying down resting

on a grassy spot with their backs to the wind. Even the calves had their backs to the wind while they watched in the other direction. No sneaking wolf could have crept up on them. Since we were travelling into the wind ourselves, they saw us at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards and got up. I then noticed there were a few small bulls with them but no large ones. They were not as curious as some of the others had been. Soon, one behind the other, they trailed across the flats.

While Louis and Norman took care of the heads and meat I watched for wolves and other caribou. Many caribou came through the flats that day ranging in bunches of four to the one of two hundred sixteen mentioned. When the horses were packed we found they had all they could carry, especially in the rocks. The larger bull we judged to weigh five hundred and fifty pounds live weight and the other five hundred pounds.

We all went to camp and Norman and Louis cut the meat into large pieces and hung it over a rack. Norman then gathered up many rotten logs and made a fire under the rack after the meat had cooled. Our four tarpaulins were placed over the racks to hold in the warmth and to keep out the rain. The result was really a miniature smoke-house, since we had more smoke than fire.

At six o'clock dinner was ready and believe you me I was hungry. Cool air and exercise gave me a tremendous appetite. Just as we were going to eat I went outside to get the wash pan and noticed six bull caribou coming toward the tent about two hundred and fifty yards away. Norman and Louis both wanted hides for parkas, and Louis wanted more meat for winter. They forgot all about dinner and went after the bulls. Three were shot and Louis said that was enough. They came back, quickly ate, and went to dress the bulls before it got too dark. I did the dishes while they worked on them. I then went

to help the boys and the three of us carried the meat to camp. I suggested a horse but they couldn't see that it was necessary. Two hundred yards? — and only twelve hundred pounds? — why it was foolish to bother with a horse! I envied their wonderful strength and stamina.

Monday, September 1. It rained all night. We were having more rain than I imagined there would be in the summer time. We had a new tent but two nights previously it had leaked badly. Last night, Louis put a support under the ridgepole, thus tightening the tent to the last degree, and it did not leak a drop. When it was so wet outside our enthusiasm was at a minimum so we were lazy and did not get up until eight o'clock. I always require very little sleep, however, when I am in good physical condition. Norman got breakfast and said it was a good day to catch a wolf walking around on the gravel flats. I suggested he go to look for one and he did. Louis started fleshing the caribou capes and I did the dishes. I had done so little work on this trip that I welcomed doing something.

After watching Louis for a while I decided to go look for a wolf, or wolves, and to study the caribou some more. I was thoroughly disgusted with the weather for pictures. Probably never again would I have shots like eighteen caribou bulls in one bunch, or like the many grizzlies feeding around, unafraid and unsuspecting. I had gone only a mile when I saw four caribou bulls come walking along, carrying their racks of huge horns with their accustomed grace, and I stood there and admired them. I began to realize what a wonderful opportunity I was having to study the game as it is in its natural state and environment without ever having been disturbed by the inroads of civilization.

I watched the four bulls until they walked out of sight on the far side of the flat. Little did they know they had been watched by a man, man himself, the being that had driven

the millions of buffalo from the rich pastures, slaughtered and annihilated them; the being that had logged-off and laid waste millions of acres of land that once supported great herds of game animals, the very being that had almost written the closing chapters on the untouched out-of-doors.

But the man that watched the four magnificent bulls as they paraded before the reviewing stand that day had no thought of seeing them destroyed without due regard for the future. I continued on, walking very slowly. I had no definite plans. Foremost on my mind was the conservation of game and I began to think about what the future of this wonderful game section would or could be. A few hunters would do no harm, no matter what the limit on the game animals might be, for they would not even kill off the natural surplus; but what would a hundred hunters do in an area like this? What would a thousand hunters do?

Who knows what the airplane will do to bring these, hitherto unknown, sections into the reach of every hunter who wants to go to new places? Plans must be made for the future, and I began to realize the importance of the report I had to make to Mr. J. E. Gibben, the new Yukon Controller, at the end of my trip. Gratifying indeed, was my knowledge that in this new man, Mr. Gibben, the Yukon Territory, the last frontier, had a man of great vision who would make every effort to prevent the mistakes from being made here that had been made in so many other sections.

This is "The Wilderness of the Wind," I thought, as I stood on a little point that was elevated enough to make it possible for me to see much of this country in one fleeting glance. Yes, this was the Wilderness of the Wind that is untouched by man, the wilderness that is as God created it! Soon, with the improvement of the automobiles, the railroads, and the airplane this section will be only hours and days away from the great centers

of population such as New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Montreal. The world is so pent-up with emotion that great wilderness areas such as this are just about the only places where it can regain its equilibrium.

From out of these mountains can come many things! The untouched rivers, forests, mountains, the great game animals, such as the grizzly, the moose, the caribou, and the mountain sheep — the countless miles of everchanging scenery, the vastness of it all — the wilderness — the one place where even the tired business man, the great surgeon, the soldier, or the politician can weigh and consider and arrive at a just and honest conclusion.

The greatest good that comes from the wilderness is perspective. We may think we go to hunt or fish, but actually what we are going for is "to get away from it all." As the strain of living in the cities grows, the need for more and extensive wilderness areas grows. Most people have long recognized this fact but few, a pitiful few, have done anything about it.

The wilderness is a means of regaining that which has been lost through living in ways and manners that over-taxes the physical and mental capacities. Present day civilization calls for long tedious hours spent at a desk, on the assembly line, in the noisy office, or in the crowded department store. It calls for meeting schedules, for mingling with people under many trying conditions and circumstances, and in a regularity of employment that gives the mind but little time to breathe and relax. The result over an extended length of time is a tired, weary body, a body that cannot find itself except by change, from the hurry and hustle of the cities to the vastness of the wilderness where one can breathe and think and relax.

We ourselves are not removed from the wilderness by more than one or two generations. In that short time, however, we have learned that the thoughts of people living

under such artificial conditions as the cities impose, have been changed fundamentally. Many people are no longer the kind, honest, cooperative, thoughtful citizens with the definite goal in life that they used to have. Crime has increased to an appalling degree. Sickness has increased in spite of our greater knowledge of combating disease, and juvenile delinquency is steadily becoming a greater and greater problem.

When people live among the mountains, even when they just make an extended visit to the mountains, they tend to think clearly and to have wholesome thoughts. People who would steal in the crowded cities have no such inclinations while in the remote mountainous sections of the backwoods. Young boys who swear while playing with other boys in the cities rarely do that in the mountains. In the mountains they feel close to nature.

The natural way of life is the clean and wholesome side of us. The unnatural way, the way of crime and immorality, comes from living an artificial life under unhappy surroundings. The wilderness is a spiritual necessity.

I crossed through a small section of spruce that grew in the gravel flats and came to the other side. Upon looking over some bars and willow patches, I saw two grizzlies digging in the peavine. I watched them for five minutes and, not wanting to go closer, I retraced my steps through the trees and slowly walked to camp. I saw several small bunches of caribou lying down in the middle of a large opening. All had their backs to the wind and were resting.

Norman saw many caribou and shot one wolf. With the increasing amount of caribou coming there seemed to be more and more wolves showing up. With the rain covering up and destroying our scent, we did not alarm them very much. I must admit this, that had the weather been warm and clear, we would not have seen nearly so much game, es-

pecially grizzlies, for in warm weather they do not move about in the daytime.

Late in the afternoon it cleared up, and when nightfall came we could see a million stars. As we prepared to go to bed Louis said, "It will be cold tonight — it can get mighty cold here in a hurry."

Tuesday, September 2. The night was filled with the sound of wolves howling, first on the ridge north of our camp, then on the ridge south of us. A minute later a howl came down the Wind; then they were howling all around us. I got up, went to the front of the tent, looked out and listened. Before I knew it the noise had stopped and the woods and mountains were as quiet as one ever finds them.

We got up about seven. In the shadows the frost still remained to show that the night had been cold. I asked Louis how much snow he had here in the winter. He replied that the snow most years was only two feet deep but he had seen as much as three feet. A half mile from our tent was a large drift of snow that would remain all summer. I asked him about this, and he said the wind always drifts the snow in this section and in places during the winter the wind has blown off all the snow. The snow is dry here and Louis said he had seen drifts thirty feet deep.

After breakfast Louis started working on the hides. It is hard to believe how much work there was to fleshing the hides and cleaning the skulls of these bulls to get them ready for the taxidermist. Taking care of the meat of the six animals was a big job in itself. Norman and I carried rotten logs for a distance of a quarter of a mile, since it was necessary to keep two fires going. About noon we watched some caribou cows and calves come to within three hundred yards of the camp, throw up their heads, then change their line of travel and go into the trees on the far side of the Wind.

After lunch I held the horns of the caribou while Norman

sawed them apart at the base. All the horns from the left side of the bulls were placed together and made a compact bundle. Those from the right side were placed together likewise. In this manner one horse could carry all the horns, the hides and capes, as well as a lot of other things. Had they not been sawed in two parts and fitted together they would have been so unwieldy we could not have managed them when going through the trees and brush.

Louis and Norman took the half-dried meat to Louis' cabin and returned at dark, tired and hungry, but satisfied that a big job had been well done.

Chapter XI.—GREAT RAM ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

WEDNESDAY, September 3. When I awoke in the morning Louis had the fire going and was putting on his shoes. I poked Norman as I did almost every morning and told him to get up. It was five o'clock and cloudy. Just as we finished breakfast it started to snow. We concluded we might just as well go on for it might rain or snow for two or three days. Louis went after the horses while Norman and I did the dishes and packed up the miscellaneous food we had in the tent. We then rolled up the sleeping bags and got everything ready.

At eight-fifteen we had the horses packed and as we looked around to see if anything had been left we saw five caribou bulls come walking toward camp. When they were about one hundred and seventy-five yards away they saw us, but they still continued on indifferently toward the old campsite until they were only one hundred yards away. They then scented us and one snorted so loudly we had to laugh. They started to run and when last seen they were five hundred yards away and were still going in a fast trot. No doubt they had seen our horses and taken them for other caribou, or possibly moose.

We did not stop for lunch until three and I do not need to tell you I was mighty hungry. There had been little horse feed so we had kept travelling, thinking we would stop just around the next bend. We removed the top packs from the horses and let them feed while we had lunch. We had all been walking and the exercise had given us an empty stomach. Before Louis had filled us up, himself

included, we had fried three skillets of delicious fat caribou steaks.

In an hour we resumed travel and soon left the Wind River watershed and entered the Braine Creek drainage area. As we entered the pass that separates the two areas I looked back at the mountains to the north and wondered if I would ever again have the privilege of visiting the wilderness of the Wind River. If I ever do I hope it will not have changed.

Braine Creek flows into the Beaver River and the Beaver flows into the Stewart River, which in turn flows into the Great Yukon River, the fifth largest river in the world. It is thirty miles wide at the mouth where it flows into the Arctic Ocean.

We followed down Braine Creek for about four miles. We had found it necessary to ford the creek, only a small creek here, but the bank was high and as one of the horses jumped out of the creek onto the bank the cinch broke and the load went back over the horse. The horse was gentle and remained motionless while the boys fixed the pack. As the boys replaced it I looked over the nearby mountains. With my binoculars I saw many likely places for sheep but could not see one. I noticed four caribou bulls come onto a distant horizon and even so far away they were beautiful to watch as are all animals when silhouetted against the sky. Then to the right of the caribou I saw two grizzlies come running over the mountain top. One ran faster than the other and soon was far down the mountain. The bigger one stopped and began digging in the ground, perhaps for a marmot. The smaller one soon climbed back to where the larger one was playing. It was a grizzly mother and her cub. They were not running for any reason other than for the fun of it.

We travelled on and I noticed the country around timber-line was a wonderful looking moose section. We had cut

a shoulder blade out of a caribou and it looked like the real thing for calling up a bull moose. During the mating season big bulls will come to fight when a dry shoulder blade is rubbed against a dry, small tree. This is one of the best methods to use to attract large bulls. They come fighting mad. As a rule only the large bulls, those looking for a fight, will answer the "blade" call. Generally it will be a bull, with one or two cows, who is interested in adding to his harem.

We went on until seven and found good horse feed. We decided that if the weather was at all favorable we would remain and hunt sheep in some of the basins back of our camp. This looked like a good sheep section. I was very anxious to hunt sheep and was worried about the small amount of time left for that purpose.

In the morning the fog was quite low around us but we could see new snow a little way from camp. I imagined that right here, in this high altitude as far north as we were, the weather could do most anything on this fourth day of September.

Norman was getting breakfast and I asked him, "Are you going to trap this winter?" He said, "Yes, I am going up Lansing Creek with Lonny Johnny. Lansing Creek is one hundred and twenty miles up the Stewart from Mayo. It is badly trapped out in that section but we still get quite a few lynx, some fox, a few marten, and, of course, wolves."

Louis, hearing the conversation, said to Norman, "Why don't you trap with me over on the Wind? Great country there. We would have lots of fun and do pretty well, too. Between us we could get forty or fifty fox, as many mink, and at least one hundred wolves, maybe more. There are no marten." Then Louis added, "With the bounty twenty dollars on wolves we could do first rate. One winter I caught eighty myself." But Norman said he had always trapped

with Lonny and that Lonny was expecting him to go as soon as he arrived back from this trip.

Louis was especially glad to have the supply of meat already in the cache as it was much better when secured before the mating season started; also it was a big job off his chest. Too, he would be quite late getting back into the "country beyond," for it would be the first of October before he would be ready to start for the Wind River. It occurred to me that it would be a wonderful idea to go with Louis, maybe next winter, back to the Wind River and study the game and wolves during the long winter months. I believe it would be great fun, and an education, too, following them around with my movie. The meat! Yes, Louis was glad to have it. He seldom eats fried meat when alone in the mountains and the half dried meat, when soaked for a few hours, is good for boiling, for stews, and for rich, tasty, meaty soup.

At eleven the fog started to raise and I said I wanted to eat because I intended to go and find a big ram. I could see that Louis was busy and I said I would go alone. I always like to hunt sheep alone. Wandering through the high mountains, watching and waiting for a chance to see a band of rams before they see me, and just sitting alone among the crags watching everything around me is something that is very pleasing.

I climbed steadily for two hours, hardly stopping to rest, for the day was cool. The fog had blown away and it was apparent that near the top the wind would be blowing something fierce. I was climbing in a northerly direction, since I knew the wind was cold and icy in the higher altitudes and the rams would no doubt seek the shelter of a basin protected from the wind. Should I see any rams they, therefore, would be on the south side of the mountains. I thought that by climbing up the mountain directly ahead of me I would go over the top in a good

place to look over the basins ahead. That day as I climbed up the precipitous mountainside I could see only a few yards ahead in the direction I was travelling and I found myself looking mostly at the ground and rocks directly in front of me. I was in such superb physical condition that the strain of the climb meant nothing to me. I had been so long removed from the worries of the outside world, the troubled city life, the problems of production, of labor union fights, the thoughts of impending war, the continual hurry, hurry of twentieth century life, that none of these things were on my mind. I had gotten away from all that trouble.

That day I was alone with the rocks and the wind and the mountains. All around me it was peaceful, undisturbed, serene, the same as it had been for thousands of years. I was enjoying it fully. If a tiny rabbit had stood on a rock and bleated, its little call being so sweet and harmless, I would have liked it as much as though the giant King of the North, the moose, had called for a mate from out of the quiet of the northern forest. I was alone in the mountains and at peace with the world. Anyone who has had that feeling has experienced a grand one.

Climbing along at a steady pace, stepping here to avoid a rocky place, there to avoid a slick, snowy, glassy spot, I suddenly had the feeling that I was free. *Free*. Yes, free. I had a feeling of freedom such as I had never before experienced in my life. I did not have a worry in the world and it appeared there never would be a problem I couldn't solve, a job I couldn't do. I felt that suddenly the troubles I had in my life were all behind me and there never would be any more. It seemed that from now on I would always be able to do anything I wanted. Something took hold of me, made everything look beautiful and wholesome. The wet, dull colored rocks at my feet were bright and full of life. The wet snowy bushes were not just an impediment to my

progress; they were something put there for me to go around and enjoy as I did so.

I came to a canyon running to the west, at right angles to the course I had been following. Inasmuch as I had climbed four or five hundred yards up the steep mountain above the mouth of the canyon, I did not want to drop down in order to get around its steep walls. It was very steep but shelves ran from one rock wall to another, showing that when the rocky mountains were pushed up a small part had been pushed out as well as up, thus creating a fault line in the structure. The shelf, the result of the fractured strata, was from two to six feet wide and I thought, rather than go to the bottom and around the canyon, I would follow through the benches and shelves until I had wound my way around the rocky face of the mountain. Then I would come out on to comparatively smooth open shale mountain-side, beyond which climbing would be easy.

I started. The first shelf was not so bad; the second one was not bad either. I was going all right, I thought, and by going slowly soon would get across the canyon. At the beginning of the third shelf I considered it a good idea to strap my rifle on my back so I could have the use of both hands. There were places where I would have to hang on to get around overhanging cliffs. But I felt secure enough and continued on. I was in no hurry.

As I walked and crawled along the ledges I reflected on the narrow escape I had had upon the icy mountain one evening just before dark several weeks previously. It seemed to me I should be nervous. Why wasn't I? Hadn't I had a harrowing enough experience to teach me a lesson? Was I too dumb to learn? I never had been reckless or unwilling to profit by experience. I was naturally careful. I had always been. Why not now? That day I felt especially close to God and as I walked along the narrow shelves I hummed to myself, "He Walks With Me and He Talks With Me,

And He Tells Me I Am His Own" over and over. Never having been a particularly religious man, I must confess that the above words were the only part of the song that I knew. But I hummed, or really I just thought them over, time and again. The rocky mountainside was actually a very dangerous place and had I not been so high up before I discovered the canyon I would have most certainly gone around it. But I had no fear. Everything seemed to be so safe and so easy. But I did go through places where there was little footing and fifty foot vertical rock walls below and above.

I finally reached the last shelf and jumped eight feet to the loose rock and dirt of the creek bottom. With the security of mind that I had, I hardly looked back to the treacherous rocks I had negotiated. In the water of the creek, which was virtually a miniature torrent, a succession of waterfalls, I saw some "Greenstone," a formation of lava and crystal that is very beautiful when wet, and stooped to investigate it. I found many pieces ranging from an ounce to several tons in weight. Two pieces seemed to be just what I wanted to fit in my pocket, so I carried them with me.

I followed the creek a hundred yards until I came to a small gorge through which the current rushed. I could not go through the gorge but I ultimately found a route out of the canyon that I could follow. Once out on the open mountainside I had no trouble except that the new snow made the surface slick. But soon I climbed out of that and entered a section of loose shale which was really terrible. It seemed that for every step I took forward I slid back two. After sixty minutes of this exasperating exercise I reached a point only twenty yards from the summit and stopped. I bundled myself up in order to better face the cold arctic wind that was threatening to blow off the top of the mountain.

Holding my rifle under my arm, with the sling over my shoulder, and hugging my arm close to my body I

went forward sideways to make travelling a little easier against the strong wind. It was only fifty yards across the crest of the high ridge and I then dropped down another fifty, and stood looking over the basin directly below me as well as the great high peaks to the north. In less than five minutes my underwear, wet with perspiration, was beginning to give me icy chills up and down my back. I continued down into the basin for about three hundred yards until I came to a rocky spot that overlooked all the sides of the basin. It was a great viewpoint. I sat down and gave minute inspection to every rock, crevice, piece of snowy shale, and to each section of the basin as I came to it in the glasses. I sat down because it gave me an opportunity to hold the glasses steady. I didn't want to miss a single thing. The snow began a thousand feet above timberline. Seldom are rams, the larger rams, found low down on the mountains at this time of the year. The best ram hunting I concluded would be about two thousand feet above timberline and I gave great attention to that area along the mountains in front of me.

White sheep are very hard to see in the snow unless they are moving. Even then they are difficult to discern. I looked closely for sheep trails in the snow and after many minutes of hopeful examination I found several. In one place I followed the trail under a high rocky bluff and out onto the smooth, snowy mountainside beyond. Here the tracks scattered and I knew sheep had been here in the last few hours for the snow was not much older. In another place much closer to me I saw tracks which were scattered all over the area. But where were the rams? It was too cold to sit on the rocks and watch further and I had to go on. I went over to the snowy mountainside where I had last seen the tracks and observed that they were of several sizes and that the smaller ones were quite pointed. These could be nothing but ewes and lambs. In a shale country

such as this, ram hoofs, those of old rams especially, would be worn round at the toe-end.

I climbed back to the summit and was almost blown off my feet. Quickly I dropped down the other side until the wind was not so strong and again I looked the mountains over. Looking only east and south I could see no less than thirty high, now snow capped peaks. The sky above had turned to a black mist, especially in the south. With the sky a blackish mist, the mountains white with snow, and the valleys deep in the shadows, I could see nothing in prospect but stormy weather and I started down the mountain. In the loose shale I went at great speed and in ten minutes had covered the ground I had taken an hour to cover when ascending the mountain.

When I was near the bottom of the shale I stopped to rest. I was now warm and I stood there looking around. To my right was a grassy ridge. Below me it was green in appearance, while above it was covered with snow. I was at the snow line on the mountainside and I looked across to the chain of mountains on the other side and noticed, by looking at the snow line on those mountains, that I was still a long way up on the mountain. During the day I had climbed all of four thousand feet and covered much rough mountainside in so doing. As I stood there watching the grassy hillside below, a big grizzly and her cub came walking up to the crest of the grassy slope. I was anxious to see just what they would do when they scented me, as I knew they would, almost any instant, because the wind was coming from the north and would eddy around to them. They were about seventy yards below me. They had not been on the ridge-crest more than twenty seconds when suddenly the old mother jumped about five feet in the air and she was running when she came down squarely on all fours. Then she stopped as suddenly as she started and the cub was so quick getting to her side it was a fine example of

the success of her training. Her hours spent with him trying to teach him to be aware of the many dangers in the mountains, proved worth while. She gave a series of snorts. The first was the loudest and the others diminished in sound until the last I could not hear at all. With the cub in the lead they ran over the ridge at top speed. Both were brown and wet as if they had just climbed out of the river. The scent of man, surely a new scent to the old she grizzly, was terrifying and her only thought was the protection of her cub. Such is nature in an area like this.

When I got back to camp I found that both Norman and Louis had been out looking for sheep, trying to locate some big rams. Neither had seen any and we concluded we should go on to the lake in the morning. Louis had seen a large bull moose and Norman had seen a large grizzly high up on the mountain, far away and on the move. They do a great deal of roaming at this time of the year.

The ridge pole was again heavily loaded with wet clothes. A stove in a tent on a night like this is surely welcome. No one minds getting wet if he can change to dry clothes as soon as he gets to camp, and then be in a warm tent. The willows between timberline and camp had been so wet I could not help but get soaked.

At eight dinner was ready. Here's what we ate: twelve caribou steaks, lots of mashed potatoes, and a quart and a half of apple sauce, with tea for the beverage. Also to go with this Norman had made a fresh batch of bannock. Our appetites weren't exactly bad!

I might mention that we used the last of our eggs for breakfast. They kept well and it was fortunate we had them to use so long. Our lard was getting low but rendered moose fat is as sweet as any commercial lard I ever used. In fact I like it better than any.

The next morning there was a wet slushy snow when we got up at five o'clock. The effect was the same as if



IN A PLACE LIKE THIS YOU COULD LOOK UP AND DOWN THE VALLEY
AND SEE ANYTHING THAT MOVED

DRY VELVET ON CARIBOU HORNS COMES OFF EASILY AND QUICKLY





TWO LARGE GRIZZLY AND SEVERAL CARIBOU HIDES

THE CARIBOU HIDE IS "STAKED OUT" TO DRY, HAIR SIDE DOWN





A PURE WHITE MOUNTAIN SHEEP RAM (OVIS DALLI)
Note "annual rings" on horn

TWO FINE RAMS KILLED IN THEIR NATURAL HABITAT, HIGH
ABOVE TIMBERLINE





NORMAN CARRIES MY RAM DOWN TO THE HORSES

THE TWO RAMS WERE LOADED ONTO THE HORSES WHICH STOOD
SHIVERING IN THE COLD



it had been raining. Moving in wet brush in either rain or wet snow was bad but we were convinced the best sheep country was around the lake at the head of Carpenter Creek. We stayed in this camp such a short time our packs did not get mixed up badly and by seven-forty we were ready to go, the earliest we had gotten away on the entire trip. A long day was ahead and little did I know at the time what a very, very long day it would be.

We steadily moved down Braine Creek until we came to the big gravel flats, the place where we had seen the big yellow grizzly late one evening while we were on our way to the Wind River. We stopped and I looked the mountains over with the glasses. I said, still looking at the side of a big open mountain: "Ursus Horribilis, Norman, Ursus Horribilis." He said, "You gone bushed or something?" Then he thought for a second, a smile came over his face as I turned to look at him, and said, "Oh, Ur-r-H--or--or-- what you call that grizzly again? Where is he?" I hadn't mentioned the scientific name for the grizzly for some time and Norman had forgotten it. We looked at the grizzly for a few seconds and started on.

A short way down the creek I saw four sheep high up on a mountain. They turned out to be two large ones and two smaller ones, which meant they couldn't have been anything but ewes and lambs.

As we continued on down the Braine I noticed an abundance of caribou moss. It was rich looking and healthy, and grew everywhere. No doubt this is a caribou range during the late fall and winter. At noon we arrived at the branch of the creek that went toward the lake on which we intended to camp. We then left the main Braine Creek and travelled west until three o'clock. We found good horse feed and water, and wood was also close by so we had lunch.

While the boys were preparing lunch I looked over

all the big open-faced mountains for sheep. In this section there were many sheep trails. Just as Louis announced lunch, I saw a sheep appear on the very top of a mountain and stand there, silhouetted against the sky. At the great distance it seemed no larger than a pin point, and I felt lucky to have seen it. Since it was so far away I was afraid I would lose track of it should it move down to the lower slopes, or turn and go back of the mountain on which it was standing.

As I watched the sheep I told Louis to get my spotting scope out of my duffle bag and to put it up and focus it on the top of the mountain. He did this and handed it to me. I changed from the binoculars to the spotting scope in less than ten seconds and immediately found the sheep in the higher powered lenses. It was so far away I still could not determine its sex. Once in a while it would move its head and even then I was doubtful as to whether it was a ram or a ewe. But it just had to be a ram. Everything pointed to the fact it should be a ram — alone, so high up, and I thought it was too large for a ewe. A lone ram on a mountain top would surely be a very old one with a big curl. The more I thought about it the more excited I became. But man, oh man, what a long way to go. A prize trophy meant everything to me. Nothing else mattered, not even the distance or time of day. Surely this was a great big ram; too old to keep up with the more active younger ones, and destined to live the rest of his life alone. I had made up my mind that this was the ram of my dreams and I just couldn't get going quickly enough. I had hunted rams many years and knew a lot about them. The setting here was perfect and this should be a real prize.

My eyes got so tired from watching the sheep I could not see plainly. I asked Norman to watch it while Louis and I ate a quick lunch. Louis was anxious for me to get the ram also. He has a wonderful competitive spirit and

cooperative mind. He could see in this chase a real hike, a hard stalk at the finish, because the big mountain on which the ram stood was open. To get close would be a difficult feat. Both Louis and Norman, after watching the ram for some minutes, were convinced it was a big one.

We quickly placed the top packs back on the horses and Norman took them on to the lake. A very long hard climb was ahead of us. It was four o'clock, and darkness came at around seven-thirty now. We judged our elevation to be three thousand, that of the ram eight thousand feet. We had not only to climb up to the ram and stalk it before darkness came; but after that we had to come back to this spot and then hike to camp, a distance of at least six miles. The sky was overcast and there would be no moonlight.

We went on without stopping until five o'clock. At this time we came to the crest of a small ridge that ran parallel to the long mountainous chain. Here we rested. I looked for three or four minutes and finally spotted the ram. It had moved a hundred yards west and was standing motionless looking down over the big valley below and probably beyond. With the spotting scope I could tell it was a ram but it was surely a long distance away. How big it was I could not determine, since the ram had moved from the top of the mountain and was now in the shadows of the mountain peak. While the sky was mostly overcast in the west there was some evidence that the sun was shining, because light rays came showing over the mountain top. We, of course, were going southwest.

Ahead was a draw which could be followed for about three quarters of a mile. After that we would have to pick a course. The route up the draw was steep and we found it very disagreeable travelling through the rocks and wash-outs. There was no water in the draw now but in the spring when the snow was melting there must have been a large volume. While we were going up the draw we could at no

time see over two hundred yards directly ahead of us.

At a quarter to six we came to the head of the draw and in front of us, six hundred yards away, we saw a ram. He was slowly moving west, away from the place where we had seen the one on the mountain top. He was large, a handsome trophy, but certainly not in the record class as I had hoped. Was this the same ram? We could not see any of the rest of the mountain. There was no way to tell if this were the only ram without taking time to survey the mountainside. Time we didn't have. It was late. Also I was in no mood to pass up a good ram when my time was short. What to do? I really did not know but my better judgment told me to shoot the ram. It was a fine ram and I was in no position to be too choosy. Indeed I was in an agonizing position. But having made up my mind to shoot him I planned a final stalk that would, I hoped, bring me close enough to get a good shot before he started to run.

The side hill was steep. Whenever the ram stopped to feed he would naturally face up hill, which meant he was facing in the direction away from us. Crouching low we advanced. If the ram raised his head to look around we stopped. This we did often, since a lone ram is cautious. When we were four hundred yards away a whistler, the large silver-gray whistling marmot, gave a long shrill warning, a warning to which the sheep pay much attention. The ram quickly raised his head and looked in our direction. We crouched low and froze in that position. Minutes passed and I became so tired of my cramped position I almost had to straighten up, but I didn't. Presently the ram went on feeding and we started on. Then he raised his head and for thirty seconds looked in our direction again. The whistler that should have been asleep for a half an hour, almost caused us to lose the ram. This time when the ram looked in our direction we were moving forward. Had it not been so dark I am sure we would have been detected. Finally the

ram faced uphill again and we proceeded. We soon reached a small hole in the ground and were out of sight. I gave the noble animal with the big curl a last look. He was still feeding and I lay down on my back to rest my nerves. The high altitude, the long stalk in the crouching position, plus the long days hike had given me reason to rest.

We were still two hundred yards away. Louis said, "Are you going to shoot from here?" I said I could get closer and would try to get as close as I could. He told me to go ahead, that he would wait until I had shot. One person can stalk a ram easier than two. When I was satisfied that I was steady I continued on in the same crouching way. Soon I found myself crawling on my knees and right hand, carrying my rifle in my left hand. Going along slowly I made my way to the one hundred and twenty yard mark. I was sure the ram was mine no matter what happened, for I had my Ackley rifle that had a four power scope with coated lens which made the white ram look even whiter than he was. The coated lens picked up light in the late evening when the light was poor. I sat down and pulled my legs into position to shoot. Then I rested, watching the ram's every movement as I did so. I looked at the ram through the scope and it was still very plain. When I was breathing normally, I raised the rifle and, as the crosshairs of the scope came to rest on the shoulder, I fired and the ram was thrown two or three feet forward and to the ground. Then he rolled over four or five times until his horns caught in some rocks that projected out of the ground.

I waited for Louis to come and then we walked up to the ram. I measured the horns and found them to have a thirty-nine inch curl, the curl being wide. The points were broomed off somewhat. Rams broom off the tips of the horns as long horns impair their vision. Too, a broomed off horn is a better fighting weapon and during the mating season rams do a great deal of fighting. This ram was eight years old, judg-

ing from the eight annual rings on his curl. There is an annual ring for each years growth. They are plainly visible except on the portion which is broomed off. Close to the base of the horns the annual rings are closer together. The ram was pure white, the *Ovis Dalli* species of mountain sheep.

We dressed the ram and I looked at my watch. It was six forty-five. I said to Louis, "Suppose we go to see if this is the same ram I first saw on the mountain top." Louis was agreeable to this suggestion and we started toward the peak on which the lone patriarch had so proudly stood. As we walked along at a fast clip Louis noticed the sparse feed, at least it seemed so to us. He mentioned that it was a remarkable thing that sheep live in the high altitude where there is apparently no feed, yet whenever one is killed it is invariably fat. The one I had just killed was very fat. They thrive on short alpine grass, lichens, moss and sedges.

We hurriedly covered five hundred yards. It was getting dark fast, especially in the shadows of the high mountain peak. The peak itself was still plainly lighted, in sharp contrast to the darkened basin beneath. We walked right into the basin below the point on which the ram had stood. I immediately saw a ram and pointed it out to Louis. It was a big one, probably as large as the one I had just shot. Then Louis saw another, and another, until we had, between us, seen seven rams. They were all large and there was not much difference in their size. They were about one hundred fifty yards away and, upon being alarmed, had bunched together ready to move hurriedly. Louis shot the one closest to us. The first shot was a miss but the second shot brought him down. The bullet had entered the stomach far back and penetrated forward to the shoulder, breaking it. The other rams ran away from us to the east and were soon not only out of sight but out of hearing distance.

We began to dress the ram. Meanwhile I heard rocks rolling from above but could see nothing. We continued to

work on the ram and again I heard rocks being displaced. The shadows were so dark behind the rocky peak that I could not see anything even with the aid of my binoculars which had a coated lens. We had finished dressing the ram, a job that didn't take over four or five minutes, when I again heard the noise of rocks being gently displaced; gently as by an animal feeling its way along slowly.

As Louis rubbed the blood from his hands on the dirt and small rocks I looked in the direction of the noise. Suddenly I saw a ram, the greatest ram I had ever seen, walk out on the well lighted horizon to the west of us and stop. I saw it turn its big head toward us and watch for a moment. I excitedly handed the glasses to Louis and he took a quick look remarking, "Biggest ram I ever saw," as he handed the glasses back to me. I looked again as the ram turned his head and slowly walked out of sight, waving his record fifty inch horns as he did so.

I didn't say a word to Louis for fully two minutes. My loss had left me almost speechless. I was as stunned as I was surprised. I could hardly realize that the biggest ram I had ever seen had slipped by me so gracefully, so easy, so nonchalantly that I hardly knew what had happened before it was gone. Yes, it was gone. I had killed my ram and couldn't even shoot at the lordly creature. I had thought all the time that these limestone mountains would produce a great ram and now I knew that at least one such record animal was here.

I hardly knew what to say as we walked to camp but always in my mind was the knowledge that I should not have shot that first ram without first looking the mountain over. But I had only myself to blame. Finally my growing sense of weariness began to dim my feeling of loss as I went toward camp. When we had descended the mountain and arrived at the first brush it started to rain. We were compelled to travel more than a mile through willows four feet

high and we became thoroughly soaked. At eleven we came into camp.

Norman had not arrived there himself until seven o'clock, but he had unpacked the horses, unsaddled them, put up the tent and prepared dinner by the time we showed up. If it had not rained we would have slept out that night but thoughts of the comfort of a warm sleeping bag, dry clothes, and a hot meal kept our spirits up on the way to camp. We soon changed our clothes and by the time we started to eat I really felt quite refreshed.

Again I have to remark about the ease and pleasure of walking hours and hours in the mountains when one is in excellent physical condition. Louis was not very tired either. I wrote in my notes that night, "I cannot believe that I am so little tired."

SATURDAY, September 6. Although I was a tired man, I slept poorly, for all during the night I kept stalking rams and never getting them. Always I would see them far, far off and hurry to get to them only to have them disappear from sight just as I was about to shoot. I never saw any small rams in my dreams, only great big ones.

We got up at seven as we were all awake and there was work to be done. Louis wanted to look for some moose and Norman and I were going to take some horses and get the two rams. Fortunately we could ride most of the way to the mountain but, of course, the last half mile would have to be negotiated on foot. Just as we were leaving camp we saw a very beautiful furred "cross" fox about one hundred yards away. It had been around our camp while we had been over on the Wind and had not discovered we were back. It hastily ran into the willows when it saw us.

When we reached the summit of the low pass separating Carpenter Creek from Braine Creek we saw seven sheep, four ewes and three lambs. Three ewes and three lambs were close together while the ewe without a lamb was standing by herself some sixty yards away. When we first came upon them they were feeding upon a mountainside. After seeing us all of them stopped feeding and the three lambs walked toward their mothers. Then they turned to go higher up on the mountain. The ewe without a lamb followed but always remained fifty or sixty yards behind. I wondered what tragedy had come into her life. I wondered if the lowly

wolverine had taken away her greatest, her only possession in the world.

It was one o'clock when we reached the last trees on the mountain where the dead sheep were. I said to Norman, "What did you bring for lunch? I think we had better eat." He replied that he had brought some bannock, butter, tea, and a skillet. That meant we had to go get the rams before we could eat. I naturally wanted to take some pictures and take special care in skinning out the capes. That task would consume most of the afternoon. I was already hungry as was Norman. He hadn't realized it would take so long to reach the sheep.

By doing a great deal of switch-backing we managed to get the horses up to the first ram, the first one killed. We tied them and went over to the second ram, a distance of six or seven hundred yards. Just as we got to the rams we saw two wolverine running through the rocks. They had been investigating the ram, their tracks were all around it, and I am sure that had we been an hour later a good part, if not all of the meat, would have been ruined. A snowstorm was beginning and we were so blinded by it that our shots went wild. At a distance of one hundred yards they were hidden by the storm. Surely these wolverine kill many mountain sheep lambs. We went to see if either of us had hit one and were gone only half an hour. The snow fell heavily, and the wind blew in a fury such as I have seldom witnessed. Our tracks in the snow were completely covered, and our visibility was not over twenty feet when we returned. We just couldn't find the ram although we knew we couldn't be far from it. We continued to circle around, expecting to find it at any time. We were in one of those basins where everything looks the same and we finally decided the only thing to do was to wait for the storm to blow over.

We waited an hour and the storm quit as quickly as it had come. You will remember it was practically dark the

night before when Louis killed the ram. It was only because I remembered exactly where the splendid ram with the fifty inch curl had gone over the top of the mountain that I was able to locate the snow covered animal.

With this ram, a fine trophy with a thirty-six inch curl, we returned to the first one and after taking a few pictures loaded the horses and started for camp. When we reached the first wood near a creek we stopped for lunch—at six o'clock. We did not reach camp until nine-thirty. What days!

After we had changed our clothes and were sitting down to eat dinner Louis said, "What do you think I saw today?" We had been so concerned with ourselves we had not even asked him what he had seen. He then told us he had sat on a point overlooking a very large basin, and had spent two hours watching ten big moose all with great spreading antlers. He declared all were sixty inches or better, some seventy. "Unbelievable," I thought, but I knew Louis and that meant he had seen them.

Naturally I was anxious to know if he had disturbed them. He grinned, "No sir, I did not. I saved that for you to do. I knew you wanted pictures so I just watched them for two hours and backtracked out of there. They will be right there tomorrow. They are congregated for the start of the mating season." I was curious, naturally, about what they were doing all the time he watched them. In reply to my questions Louis added, "Most of the time they were either feeding or lying down. Once two old bulls came up to each other and sparred gently, just as much as to say, 'This is all in fun now but just wait until I get mad.'"

We all know bull moose during the mating season are just about the fiercest fighters on the face of the earth.

After going to bed I continued to think about the bull moose and my chances of getting pictures of them. At no time in my twenty-five years of hunting had I been given the

privilege of seeing in one day ten bull moose with great spreading horns of those dimensions. In fact, a live bull moose with seventy inch horns was something I had never seen until this trip. Yes, my anticipations were so great I forgot all about the two hard days I had just finished.

We got up at five intending to spend the day with the moose, but it was raining. My spirits sank to a low level. On this trip at least half of the opportunities I had to photograph game were ruined by rain, snow, or heavy clouds. No less than six chances to photograph grizzly, digging in the peavine or digging out marmots, had gone by without producing a single picture. The same situation happened in the case of caribou. Now the moose were located and congregated as at no other time of the year.

At seven we decided to go look at them anyway and, if nothing else, make a study of their actions and habits. This might be the last time I would ever get such an opportunity. It took us two hours to go the five miles and at nine we arrived at the bottom of a long sloping ridge. There wasn't a tree in sight, only willows, and higher up on the slopes some scattering buck brush. Some buck brush also grew down in the basin but only in the drier sections, for the willows did better in the wetter soil. Louis stopped and said this was where he had left his horse the day before. All around us was red top grass three feet high and still quite green. The horses would hardly wait until we got the saddles off their backs before they dove into the luscious grass. Moose do not eat grass and it had been untouched save for that knocked down by the moose as they walked about from one part of the big basin to the other.

With my glasses I looked for moose but did not see any. I could see over an area that covered six or eight square miles. I said to Louis, "Where are all those moose?" His answer was that we should climb to the top of the long ridge ahead of us and look to the north where there were six or

eight small lakes and considerable marshy country. We took our lunch and climbed to the summit, a distance of five or six hundred yards. When we were near the top Louis cautioned that we should crawl over the top, one behind the other, and down the other side until we would blend into the brush and grass when we stood up. In other words, it would never do to allow ourselves to be silhouetted on the skyline. We crawled down far enough to have the top of the ridge as a background and sat up.

We looked for five minutes. Louis and I had binoculars but Norman had none. I spotted a bull as it got up from its bed to feed. Then Louis saw one. Then Norman saw one and closer inspection with the glasses showed there were two cows and a calf with the bulls. Their great horns showed up especially well when waved about as the bulls stripped willows of their leaves. Far away one of us saw another. To fully appreciate what we were seeing one must first get a good picture of the country.

Before us as we looked north was a basin about five miles wide and ten miles long with not a tree visible in the whole of it. The elevation was approximately four thousand feet. The basin was covered with willows mostly but here and there buck brush also grew. In the bottom of the basin near the middle were the small lakes and ponds. Around these were the greener willows and marsh grass. The willows and buck brush on the sides of the basin had been nipped by the frost and many of the buck brush leaves had already fallen to the ground while the willows held on to their leaves for dear life. The autumn colors were so many shades of red, yellow, and tan that any description I might give even in an inspired moment would not do justice to them. They even looked beautiful on this dull fall day when rain had almost caused us to stay in camp.

We sat there looking for more moose. Louis said we should find all the moose in the broad basin before we

started to stalk any of them as we might accidentally stumble onto a moose and it would run, thus giving warning to the other moose and causing them to be alert.

We then located another bull and a cow was with him. The mating season was not far off. Then Norman located another. At eleven we ate lunch and by the time we were through we had located fourteen bulls, all with great spreading horns, and six cows. What a country! What a treat for one who loves the game.

We had a twofold purpose in mind. One was to get two moose for Louis' winter meat supply. One of his cabins was close and he wanted the moose before the mating season began as they were fat at that time. Second, and, of course, most important to me, was the opportunity to get moving pictures of some really large bull moose. I had my eye on two that were together and I watched them for some time. I looked at others but these two seemed to be about the best for pictures. I could readily see that it was impossible to get more than one or two bulls in a picture at one time. I said to Louis, "Never mind the others. I'll be satisfied with a picture of those two bulls." The larger one had horns that ought to go seventy inches, I thought, while the other one was just a little smaller.

Looking up and down the basin I inspected each of the fourteen bulls. Some were too far away to accurately tell how large they were. Their horns were so large, all of them, that I concluded the limestone and other related minerals were responsible. To grow animals like these there has to be more than just a sufficiency of food. There must be much food plus abundant body building minerals. We spent another half hour looking at the moose. Most of them were three quarters of a mile away, or more.

The wind was from the south. We found it necessary to go behind the big ridge and drop down to a level with the moose, then come around the ridge and approach them up-

wind. There was ample cover to afford a good stalk. There was a knob here and a knoll there and plenty of willows and buck brush. We started for the two big bulls. Louis was in the lead, I was next, Norman was in the rear.

We proceeded slowly to the next mound of dirt. The willows here were high, and as we looked around the end of a particularly dense growth we saw a big bull, a little to his left was a cow, both standing half asleep. We were so well concealed and the moose so unsuspecting of trouble that Louis said, "I'm going to try this shoulder blade on this old boy," He rubbed the blade up and down on some willows, the driest he could find. This he did slowly three times. The bull heard the sound and must have immediately thought another bull was coming to take away his one and only cow. With my binoculars I saw the hair raise up on his shoulders. He looked at the cow and then he looked in our direction. The cow became nervous and ran off to the north, but the bull didn't run. He got mad and started to grunt.

Louis rubbed the blade on the willows again. Then the bull could stand it no longer. He issued several grunts and then a loud bellowing grunt and started for us. We were ready for anything that might happen. I had my movie on him and it was getting the whole show. The movie ran and the bull got closer and closer. I didn't know what to do, but I kept taking pictures and the bull kept coming. Louis and Norman had their rifles to their shoulders, but had no intention of shooting the bull if such could be avoided, as we had seen larger bulls. The bull's antlers were about sixty inches in width.

When the bull was no more than fifteen yards away both Louis and Norman yelled and the bull immediately came to a stop, but only a willow bush separated us. Then we all yelled and the bull, knowing this was something he had never run up against, started to run off to our right, grunt-

ing as he trotted along. After running a few yards he stopped and started to grunt again. It looked like he was going to turn around and come at us a second time, but we yelled and whistled and he went on, on to a mountain and around it.

He looked as big as a house. When he swung those big horns around, with the hair standing up on his back and shoulders, I think no grizzly in the world could have looked any tougher, and certainly not half as big.

He had gotten a little way off when we all looked at each other and laughed. Why? I don't know. Probably our relief registered that way. Then Norman said, "These moose sure are big, bigger'n two of our horses." I commented, "They must be as large as Alaska's biggest moose," and Louis said, "Believe me they are just as big. Two years ago I killed one with a seventy-four inch spread of horns, and if it weighed an ounce it weighed two thousand pounds." I asked Louis what he did with the horns and he said he kept them for awhile but the mice chewed on them and he finally tossed them out. He added that he always wanted to keep them and meant to take them to town, but there was never room on the dog sled.

We went on to a mound of dirt nearer the two bulls I had picked as the largest ones. As we crouched low we searched the brush for the moose. We could not see them at first, but later located them when one shook his head and moved the brush. It was then easy to see where he lay for his horns came to the top of the four foot willows. The wind was quartering from the bulls to us. By going more to our right we could have the wind directly from them to us. We did this and found that by slowly creeping through the brush we could get within one hundred yards. I had told the boys it would be necessary to get within one hundred yards if I were to get a good picture on such a dark day.

I again set up the camera. I always use a tripod. With the camera all set to shoot, including the setting of the lens opening and the distance, I was ready. Louis carried my rifle while I carried only the camera. We had just reached the one hundred yard mark when one bull either got up to feed or sensed something was wrong. I quickly stood the camera on the tripod and turned the "go" button. He heard the motor running and slowly turned his massive head around to face us. When he saw us he started to trot away, at the same time issuing a small grunt as a warning to the other bull. The second, the larger of the two, followed the first and I got both bulls in the picture as they lumbered away, too fat to run, and too unaccustomed to danger to be very alarmed.

While I took pictures Norman and Louis shot the two bulls. I heard a smack, smack, smack, smack. Both bulls stopped but neither went down. Louis and Norman were using the newer large caliber rifles. Smack, smack, smack, smack. Four shots each. Louis was shooting at the bull on the left. It went down but got up. Smack, smack, smack. Louis' bull went down to stay on his fifth shot but Norman's did not go down until the sixth shot. Every shot was a hit. The vitality of those big giants is unbelievable. They simply would not give up. When we got up close both bulls were kicking and one almost got up. Each required a finishing shot.

As we looked them over and discussed the thrills of the afternoon, Norman said, "'Kings of the North.' You can say that again." After photographing them, both boys started to skin the moose and I went to get the horses. They were full of grass. I found them all standing half asleep and not over a hundred yards from the spot where we had left them. I got on the old black and led one horse. The others followed. When I was about half way to the boys and riding along a side hill I saw a bull coming toward the horses. I thought he would run but instead he came closer. When he

was sixty yards away I yelled, "Get out of here." He stopped, looked quizzically at us, then ran back a few yards, and turned to face us. He was grunting in a low determined voice. I urged the horses on and he started for us again and I yelled, this time much louder, "Get out of here." He stood his ground, gave a few more low grunts such as a moose gives when mad, and I yelled again. I had my rifle with me but I had no desire to shoot him if it could be avoided. He then trotted about two hundred yards back along the sidehill and I started to come along with the horses. Seeing us advancing in his direction he again started for us, this time coming faster and grunting louder. I was about three hundred yards from the boys and they both yelled at the bull. He looked in their direction, stood motionless for a full minute, then turned and slowly trotted away, grunting as he did so. When I got down to the boys I learned why the bull was so anxious to fight the horses. Norman had heard him grunting at some distance and kept answering him. He had called the bull up close to where they were skinning the moose and then the bull saw the horses and started for them.

I tied the horses and built a fire out of dead willows and buck brush. This was no easy job. I found it was hard to keep going. Norman had brought a skillet and we ate moose steaks, real fresh ones. I was so tough now that nothing could upset me. On the back of the moose was four inches of fat, flaky white fat. Those moose probably each weighed seventeen hundred pounds. The larger one had a sixty-seven inch spread. Twenty-nine points, seventeen inch width-of-palm, and forty inch length-of-palm. The smaller one had a sixty-three and one half inch spread, thirty-one points, fifteen inch width-of-palm, and thirty-nine and one half inch length-of-palm. Magnificent animals, both. They were truly "Kings of the North."

As I fried the steaks I watched two big bulls far down a

slope, all of a thousand yards away, and I grunted like a bull. One immediately started to come. The other remained where he had been feeding, looking and watching. I then got busy frying meat, too busy to pay any attention to the one that had started and in about fifteen minutes Louis said, "I hear your bull coming." About three hundred yards down the slope he had stopped and was looking our way. As I finished turning the last of the steaks I picked up the binoculars and again looked at the bull.

As I watched I saw him turn and go to the west to get round us so that he could get our scent. But the surprise of a lifetime was due the old patron of the basin for all he could smell was the smoke from our fire and that did not frighten him at all. As soon as he smelled the smoke he came directly into it. Norman saw him coming and was watching him, since Louis and I were busy. When the bull was only eighty yards away Norman called to us and we quit our work to see what he would do. At seventy yards he walked to the left of the smoke and when he did this he saw us. He stopped, threw up his massive head, and looked so intently at us. As he stood there Louis said, knowing Norman was likely to grunt again. "Don't call him any more. He might get mad. We don't want to have to kill him." The moose then lowered his head and slowly trotted toward the buddy he had left standing in the willows. Norman has moose-calling perfected. He can call much better than anyone I have ever listened to. He begins in low grunts, soft and low. The first part of the call is an extended "O." By this I mean he calls by saying O and holds the tone a long time, ending with an "Uh." On paper it's something like this—OoooooooooUh. Then as the calling becomes louder he adds an "R" to the call, something like this,—Oooooooooorrrrrrr. The grunting becomes quite loud and then gradually dies down until it can hardly be

heard at all. When the call is completed it is not repeated for ten minutes.

After lunch the boys loaded some of the meat on the horses and went to Louis' cabin. They said they would be gone only two hours but they were gone four. While they were gone I watched for bulls but did not call. I did not want to take a chance on having trouble with any of them. I watched two bulls for two hours and in that time I do not think they moved forty feet. They fed awhile and rested some. Then one lay down and soon the other did likewise. I forgot about them until the boys came back and then looking once more in that direction, noticed they were again feeding. Where the two bulls which we killed had been lying, there were five or six beds nearby which shows that they feed for short times only, then lie down to rest. They probably do this seven or eight times each day when they are not disturbed and the feed is good. The boys packed up the second load and I went with them, as the cabin was not much off our homeward route.

It was dark when we got to the cabin, and it was an hour after dark before we were able to leave. The meat had to be hung in the cache so air would circulate around it. I told Louis as we left, "It is going to be a cold night, because the sky has cleared. It may get down to zero before morning." Louis' cache was in the shade and no doubt the meat would get cold during the night and remain cold. And what beautiful meat. It was the best looking meat I ever saw. Many people do not know it but even an old bull moose has very tender meat when killed just before the mating season, when he is fat.

At an hour after dark we set out for camp, still five miles away. We all started out riding but soon we discovered the horses would not follow their trail back for the tracks led through rocks in many places and they practically refused to go through them. Then Louis got off and led the way,

leading his horse behind him. In a short while we came to a dry creek wash and all the horses but mine went through it all right. I was in the rear and mine stumbled and fell. I landed in the willows but was unhurt except for a scratch or two. Then we all walked.

It was quite dark in the bottomland, the land between the high mountains of the region, and I held onto the horse's tail and attempted to put my feet in his tracks. Back of us the moon was about to come up over some high mountains and I witnessed one of the most unusual sights I have ever seen. The moon cast light to either side of the high mountains and upon them too. Limestone has a property of illumination. The moonlight hit the white limestone and the result was a white, cool glow, the contour of the mountains standing out as though lighted by a soft neon light. Then, later a big moon came shining down into the bottomland and we could see to travel. We arrived at camp at ten-fifteen. Did I mention long days?

Chapter XIII.— “THE SPIRIT OF THE YUKON”

MONDAY, September 8. The thermometer went down to zero during the night. We were slow to get up in the morning. I almost couldn't get up. The past three days had been mighty long tough ones. We spent the day getting ready to go towards home, namely Mayo. Louis knew we had too much for the horses to carry through the wet muskeg. The going had been bad when we came into this country, but with the recent rains there was no doubt it would be worse now. We either had to cache half our things or provide some other means of getting them out of the country. Therefore, we decided Norman should build a moose-hide boat and take most of the things down the Beaver River, thence to the mouth of the Beaver where it empties into the Stewart, on down the Stewart past his birthplace, Lansing, and on to Mayo. The distance of the boat trip was about two hundred and forty miles, since the river swung many miles to the east and covered a greater country than the route overland.

Then the sizzling steak jumped out of the skillet. I said I wanted to go down river with Norman. Louis couldn't see that at all. He said little was known about taking a boat down the Beaver. The water was sure to be treacherous due to the fall rains and the canyons. We discussed it back and forth for some time and finally he said Norman should take the horses overland and he, Louis, would take me downstream in the boat. Norman said he didn't know enough about horses to do that, and besides, he had never been over

most of the trail except the one time, meaning when we came into this country.

Norman added, "I know the Stewart like a book. I was raised on the Stewart. I don't know the Beaver but you don't either," speaking to Louis. Norman was a river man and had no doubt that he could negotiate the river if anyone could. I realized from the conversation that he positively wasn't going to take the horses overland alone. Louis knew of the many things that could happen to a helpless little ten foot river boat in the fast water, and he hardly knew what to say. Had I known how hazardous and tough the trip was going to be I think there would have been no need for the discussion. I would have gone back with the horses. Finally Louis said I could go with Norman but I would have to write out a statement to the effect that he was not responsible for anything that happened on the trip down river. I gave Louis the following statement:

September 8, 1947
Head of Carpenter Creek
Yukon Territory, Canada.

Written statement for:

Mr. Louis Brown
Mayo, Yukon Territory, Canada

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, James H. Bond, in my right mind, do hereby relieve Mr. Louis Brown, my outfitter, of any and all responsibility for any accident or mishap that may occur on the trip down the Beaver and Stewart Rivers with Mr. Norman Mervyn.

Signed:

JAMES H. BOND

Louis and Norman worked most of the day. The two moose hides had to have all the hair removed so they would glide through the rippling waters with the greatest of ease. At that time I thought all I had to do was sit in the bow of the boat and take a good eight or ten day rest. I cannot

express the surprise I felt when I discovered a ten foot moose hide boat, heavily loaded, hasn't much glide.

During the day I had a chance to ask Louis what he knew about others taking a small boat down the Beaver River. He knew nothing actually of earlier trips but he surmised that the miners in 1922 and 1923, when they failed in their mining efforts along the Beaver, must have built a few boats and gone down river. He had never heard of any drownings so the river must be passable. He did know there was a seven mile canyon somewhere down the river but did not know just where. Whether we would have to portage around the canyon or rope the boat through the rapids was something we would find out when we arrived at the canyon.

Both of these men had been up and down the Stewart River from Mayo to the mouth of the Beaver. In contrast to the Beaver, the Stewart was a big and rapidly flowing river, but Louis felt that Norman was familiar with river signs and would avoid the bad places. Louis neither tried to discourage my going down the river in the boat nor did he encourage it. He took the attitude I knew what I was doing and left it more or less up to me.

The trip down river, according to the scanty information the map gave, should be about two hundred and forty miles, and Norman thought we should make it in eight or nine days. He figured we should travel ten or eleven hours per day and average three miles per hour. I was further interested in the unusual journey downstream when both Norman and Louis began talking about the game we would see. Coasting along quietly we would see grizzlies, wolves, and moose on the bars along the river. "Well," I thought, "we may have a little trouble and some cold, tiresome days but I surely want to go."

It rained all during the night and we shuddered at the thought of wading through wet grass and bushes all day but at ten we concluded it would not let up so we packed up. By

twelve we were ready to go and Louis took his accustomed place at the head of the four horse pack-train, each horse carrying the burden of two horses. The two moose hides weighed around two hundred and eighty pounds so they were placed on our best packhorse, old Bonner. All the remaining things had to be placed on the three other horses. Some loads!

When five o'clock came we had covered only eight miles. One horse was stuck in the mud and the boys unpacked her. There was suitable horse feed nearby so we camped for the night. Since we were in the creek bottom there was ample wood. It was raining so hard that before we got the tent up we were wet. The tent was already wet and heavy. We put a support under the ridge-pole and by keeping a hot fire for some hours managed to dry it out enough to keep it from leaking during the night.

Around this camp spot was the healthiest looking caribou moss I have ever seen. Now that the bushes had lost most of their leaves the gray hillsides along the creek looked like they were ready for winter. We didn't see any game down Patterson Creek except a grizzly which was on the mountain side searching for a marmot that he could dig from its winter nap.

We had a good nights rest and in the morning we were awakened by the grunting of a bull moose. The mating season was drawing near and the bigger bulls were starting to travel in search of cows. It was five o'clock and Norman got up, started a fire, and then went outside. He "grunted." The moose, after waiting a full thirty seconds "grunted" back. Norman has perfected the moose call until it is nearly impossible to determine which is Norman and which is the moose. (I can't refrain from commenting on his ability.)

After the old bull answered two times all was quiet for about five minutes. Then he grunted again and Norman waited about thirty seconds, grunted and waited. The moose

was coming and he was now close enough so that we might see him at any moment. Norman grunted three times and ended his third grunt in a mad determined manner. As he finished the third grunt he rubbed the shoulder blade of the caribou down the rough bark of a spruce (the sound created was the same as an old bull rubbing his horns on a tree to show his power and great strength). We waited to see what the effect would be on the bull. A hundred yards from our tent we heard the bull rub his big horns in a spruce and issue a bellowing-grunting fight call. Then he came into our view and as he did so he lowered his horns and swept aside a four inch tree as if it were a match stick. Then he charged through a clump of thick willows, and stopped and looked toward us.

Louis had been in bed up to this time, and as he started to get up he said, "Don't call him any more Norman, he'll get mean." We both laughed and Norman said the very words that were in my mind, "Get mean heck, he's mean already." I reached for my rifle because I did not know just what we might be in for. The horses had come to within twenty yards of our tent and the bull no doubt thought they were cow moose.

He swung his big powerful head about and his great spread of horns waved in the air. He was a giant. His nose was testing the air. The wind was blowing at right angles from the moose to camp. Louis shouted, "Get out of here," in a no uncertain tone. Again the bull swung his big head around and every muscle seemed to show. He lowered his head and with a rush went through a clump of willows mowing them down as he did so. Every movement spelled power and destruction. Next he began a circle to get our scent. I shouted then and he stopped. In the crisp morning air his breath steamed as his giant lungs pumped air. He had no doubt come a considerable distance for steam swirled over his entire body.

When he got our scent the fight seemed to leave him in a hurry. He turned and never let out another sound. In customary long rhythmic strides he headed down Patterson Creek and we did not see him again.

All my life I have heard about the grizzly, the big bad grizzly, the terrible, ferocious grizzly, but to me a seventeen or eighteen hundred pound mad bull moose represents just about the meanest looking fighting equipment ever put on four legs. After seeing the bull push the spruce around with such ease and push his head through the entangled willows I shuddered to think how close we were to the big bull the other day when we were after pictures.

At breakfast Norman told us about an experience he had with a bull while hunting on the Stewart River near Lansing. He needed meat so badly that if he didn't get a moose or some other animal his dogs were going to die from starvation. For a trapper to lose his dogs back in a wilderness would be nothing short of a catastrophe. Norman had “grunted” a number of times in what he said was the most perfect imitation of a bull he had ever made. He received an answer finally from a point far away and back of him. At the time he was facing a big open basin. He replied after waiting a short time. No answer came. He grunted again. Still no answer. He took the dry shoulder blade of a cow moose that he had carried in his pack sack on many a hunt and slowly rubbed it up a dry small spruce. Then in the same slow motion he firmly rubbed it down the tree, then up, and down again. No answer came and Norman turned to watch the basin in front of him. Fifteen minutes passed and Norman said that as he sat there he had the “feeling of death” in him even though he had not been alarmed in any way. He turned slowly and fifteen feet behind him and slightly above was a giant of a moose. His nose bore a five inch gash and his hair was standing on end from the middle of his back to the base of his horns. On his chest was a mass

of blood that would have turned the stomach of any man.

The moose lowered his head to charge as Norman raised his rifle to fire. The bullet entered the head near the eye and the moose crumpled to the ground and slid almost to Norman, stone dead. Norman told us he was sick with fear. Knowing Norman as I do, I knew it would take a mighty ferocious animal to even frighten him at all. He said that for two hours he walked along the mountainside and could not bring himself back to the moose although all the time he knew it was dead. One cannot help but marvel at the ability of large four hooved animals to go noiselessly through the brush and trees when we small two legged people cannot go anywhere without making some noise that the animals can hear.

In spite of the fact we got up so early we did not arrive at our boat building destination until two o'clock. We travelled only eight or nine miles, but the recent rains had caused the muskeg to get really bad. We stopped on Carpenter Creek where the spruce were small and straight and Norman said they would be just right for the frames of the boat. This was approximately four miles from the mouth of Carpenter Creek, or four miles from the Beaver.

We prepared a quick lunch but a very good one — ram steaks, canned peas, hot bread, and everything, and just had the tent up when it started to rain. The boys were anxious to get to work on the boat, so they worked the remainder of the afternoon, getting soaking wet but accomplishing a great deal. When they knocked off for the day Norman said the boat could be finished the following day.

We got up early and as the sun came beaming over the mountains we had finished breakfast and the boys were ready to go to work on the boat. The trophy capes were scarcely dry and I scattered them around, placing one on this bush and one on that with the greener or softer

spots of the hide to the sun. There was not a cloud in the sky and we surely welcomed a nice day. I then did the dishes and went out to photograph the different phases of the boat-building. It was a pleasure to watch two wonderful axe-men like Norman and Louis. Holding the pole, or tree, in one strong hand they were able to shape it into the exact dimension required. I said to Norman, who was going to take over the supervision of the construction of the boat, “Now make the blue prints of the boat showing each step.” He looked at me, then thoughtfully replied, “This Indian boat, no blue prints.” In a minute he added, “I’d like to see one of your city boat builders make a moose-hide boat from a blue print.”

The construction could be divided into four parts:

1. The keel and ribs.
2. Bottom and sides.
3. Moose hide cover.
4. Power.

Step One, the keel and ribs, was the one that had me puzzled. We didn’t have very many nails and I couldn’t see how we were going to get the curved ~~end~~ of the ~~end~~ and the ribs, but when Norman and Louis went to work I watched and I saw how simple it was when you know how. I’m not saying it wasn’t a lot of ~~wbrk~~, for it surely was. Well, how do you think they created the wonderful angle on the keel and the ribs? It’s a fine bit of knowledge to know how to get what you want ~~out~~ of the forest. In the beginning let me tell you that three feet under the surface of the ground is permanent ice. First, there is in most places a layer of moss, an insulating layer, so to speak, for that is just about what it is. Below that there is from one to two feet of rocks and soil that is not frozen in the late summer. With permanent ice, “perm^e frost” they call it, only

three feet below the surface of the ground one can easily understand why any trees that grow have a lateral root system; roots that do not go deep, but grow out laterally.

Three or four inches beneath the surface you will therefore find the large roots of a spruce growing along at right angles to the body of the tree. Simple isn't it? Just dig around until you find all the roots, cut them off about two feet from the body of the tree, and push the tree over. Next you cut the tree off about eight feet from the base. Then select the two biggest, best shaped roots, and quarter the tree so that each of the selected big roots has a portion of the tree as big and strong as itself. Then square up the root and section of the tree and you have the keel for one end of the boat. Indians build their moose hide boats so that each end, the bow and the stern, is the same and the boat when finished can go forward with either end. When Norman had two identical curved pieces made he placed the curved ends opposite each other and nailed the two pieces together solidly. Then he bound them with moose hide.

The ribs are made in the same manner, although the roots are smaller, of course. It took Norman only four hours to ~~could do that as~~ and the keel. I feel sure very few men could do that as quickly as Norman. Norman later told me that when he was ten he built a boat they used for several years.

Step Two, the bottom either. For this, green spruce was selected. The trees used were about three inches in diameter. They had to be long enough to be nailed or tied with moose hide, on one end of the keel and to extend around the curved ribs and be fastened to the other end of the keel. The boat was ten feet long and the length around the top of the outside curve, the curve and Louis held these great ribs, was fourteen feet. Norman and his men poles in their hands and com-

pletely cut off one side until the pole looked as if it had been sawed in the middle of its entire length. The resulting board was about one and one-half inches thick, would bend easily and would not crack or split. Twelve such boards were needed. With the keel made, the ribs nailed onto the keel, and the bottom and sides now on, the result began to look like a boat, and a good one. The real purpose of the strong green home-made boards on the bottom and sides was to hold the keel and ribs in place and make the boat strong. This it really did.

Step Three, the moose hide cover, was simply a matter of sewing the two hides together and fitting the larger hide over the boat. Louis sewed the two hides with some waxed thread he had been using in repairing the saddles. He also sewed up the bullet holes. The hide covering was then draped over the boat as it lay upside down on the ground. Having fitted it to the boat the unnecessary parts were cut off. The hide covering was then stretched out on the ground, the boat turned upright and the hide pulled up into place around the body of the boat. Next, the covering was nailed or tied to the top of the boat. Where the ribs extended above the boat the hide was slit and the hole pulled up and over the end of the rib. With this job completed the boat was ready for the water. All that was needed then was the power.

Step Four, the power, was provided by a set of paddles, one for Norman and one for me. Little did I know at the time what effort would be put behind those paddles before the journey was ended. The construction was simple but it was quite a job to make two good paddles. Norman's hands must have become very tired before he had them whittled to the proper shape.

Into the boat went nothing but green spruce, but the paddles were made from dry, standing spruce, spruce that was sound and tough with many very small knots. Small,

sound knots add to the toughness. While the first part of the shaping of the paddles had been done with an axe the last part was all knife work.

Into the seam, the seam made by sewing the two hides together, we pushed much cold moose fat. Also the bullet holes were filled with moose fat. Since the water in the Beaver and Stewart rivers flows virtually on top of ice, it is very cold and kept the fat chilled. The boat, I might add, did not leak a drop of water on the entire trip.

It was with great difficulty that we carried the boat the two hundred yards to Carpenter Creek. Should we come to a place where the boat would have to be portaged around a waterfall, we would be up against it. It took three of us to carry it on smooth, flat ground. Certainly two of us couldn't carry the heavy boat around a rough sidehill to get it below a waterfall. But to this factor we gave little consideration.

When the boat was put into the water we decided it should have a name. After many suggestions we decided on the "Spirit of the Yukon." It was strong, sturdy, dependable, a product of the North in every detail. It was five-thirty when we put the boat in the water and I could see the boys were both tired. I had done little work on the boat. I did, however, do the cooking that day. As we walked from the river to camp, Louis said, "Well, you can get started tomorrow morning. I'm anxious to get to Mayo myself. With the light loads that I will have on the horses, I should make it in five days from here."

The shortness of the days now was in considerable contrast to their length when I first started on my journey. Then it was light the whole night through but now the sun was disappearing about seven-thirty and darkness of a sort settled in soon after. Of course, the overcast and rain caused this to some extent so I earnestly hoped for clear weather for the boat trip down river. I could imagine nothing more miser-



TWO GREAT MOOSE FELLED IN THE VASTNESS OF THE ARCTIC

A GREAT MOOSE KILLED IN THE HEART OF A BIG LIMESTONE
COUNTRY





BIG MOOSE

A great "King Of The North," as we called those moose. It seems that the farther north you go the bigger they get. In this section it is eighty below at times, but moose do not mind dry cold weather such as you find in the mountainous sections of the Yukon. The hide on their back is almost an inch thick and in this particular moose which weighed about seventeen hundred pounds we found one hundred and fifty pounds of fat. The wolves do not bother these big moose very much. One day I heard the wolves howling all around me and as soon as they stopped a big bull moose started grunting, a familiar noise they make during the mating season.



THE ROOT AND BOLE OF THE TREE PROVIDED THE NATURAL CURVE
FOR THE RIBS AND KEEL OF THE BOAT

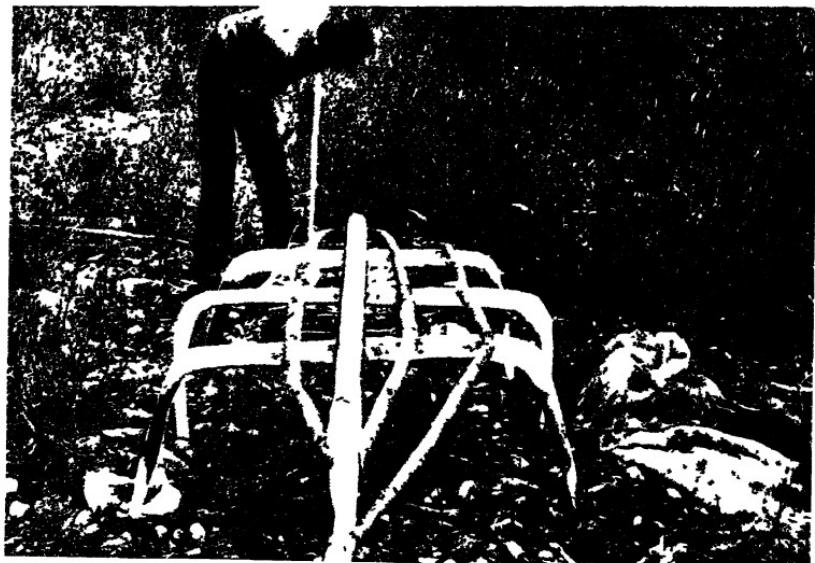
NORMAN PLACES THE RIBS ALONG THE KEEL OF THE BOAT

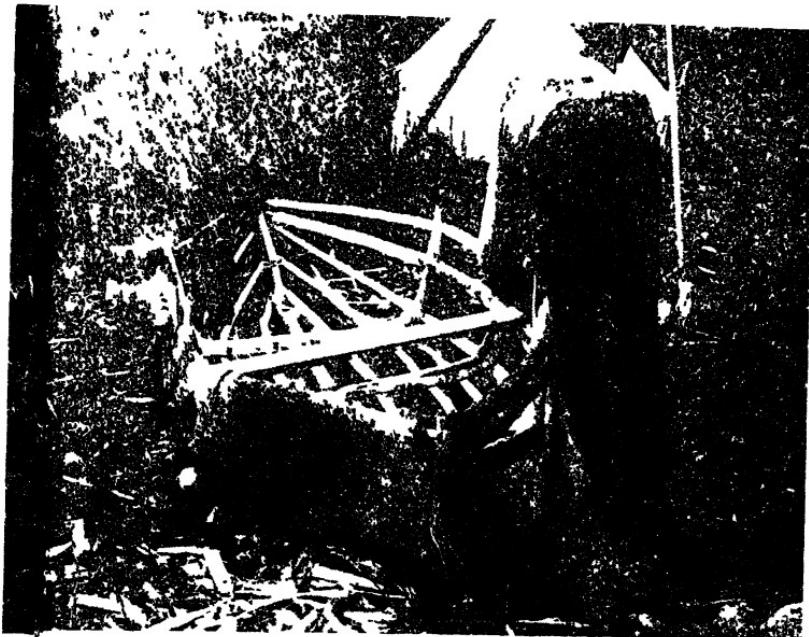




LOUIS, (left) AND NORMAN SEE IF THE TWO MOOSE HIDES WILL
FIT THE FRAME

GREEN SPRUCE, THREE INCHES THICK, WAS SELECTED FOR THE
BOTTOM AND SIDES





THE MOOSE-HIDE BOAT NEARS COMPLETION — A TRIBUTE TO
NORTHERN RESOURCEFULNESS

MAKING THE PADDLE WAS A BIG JOB — BUT GETTING THAT BOAT
DOWN TWO HUNDRED FIFTY MILES OF RIVER WAS THE
TOUGHEST JOB I EVER HAD

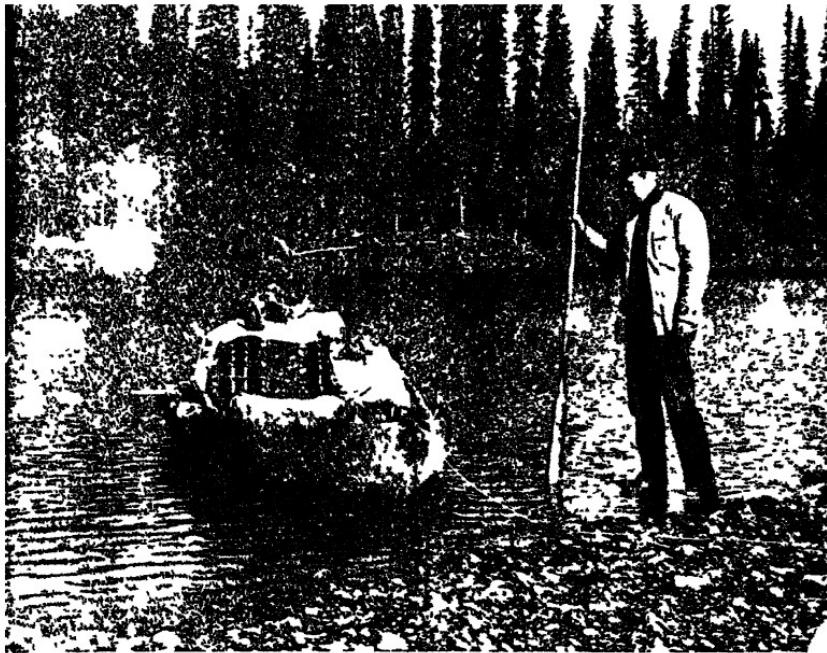




MOOSE TRACKS ALONG THE RIVER

THE LEADER OF THE PACK WAS EIGHT FEET LONG AND WEIGHED
ALMOST TWO HUNDRED POUNDS





THE HEAVILY LOADED BOAT ON THE BEAVER RIVER

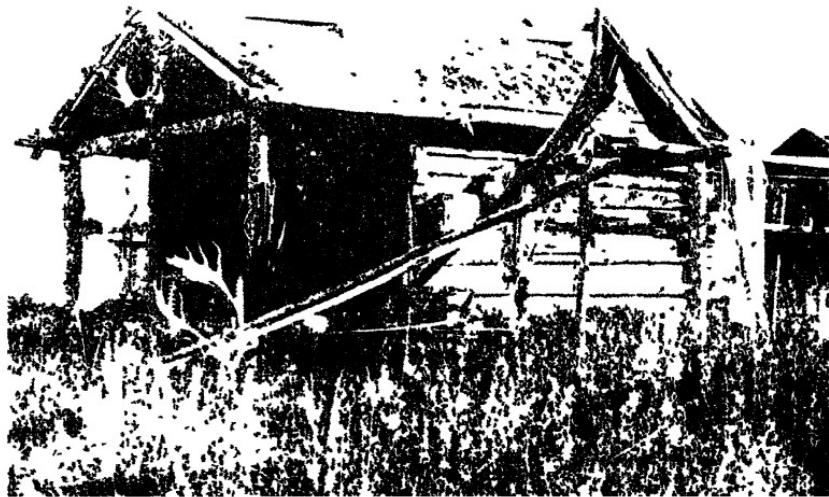
IN PLACES LIKE THIS WE HAD LOTS OF TROUBLE





AFTER THE BEAVER RIVER RAN INTO THE STEWART THE RIVER
WAS A HALF MILE WIDE

NORMAN'S TRAP CABIN AT LANSING NORMAN WAS BORN A
FEW FEET FROM THIS CABIN



able than being cramped in a small boat during a steady all-day rain. Louis thought we would have good weather, since September is usually one of the finest months of the year.

My trophy hunt was at an end but I had had to miss many good pictures because of the rain. Hence I was doubly anxious to put my camera to full use on the river trip. I felt we should have some unusual opportunities to photograph game and the scenery should be superb. Each morning the mountain tops were a bit whiter from new snow and frost. There was little autumn color in this section but I looked forward to catching wonderful color farther down stream where the poplars, cottonwoods, and birch grew abundantly.

All about us was evidence of winter's encroachment. The robins were bunched ready for departure to the sunny South; the geese had already gone; the squirrels were so busy gathering in foodstuff they had little time for anything else; ice covered puddles were in evidence every morning and in the shade they lasted all day.

FRIDAY, September 12. The boys added a few finishing touches to the boat and pronounced it ready. Two seats had been added, one in the front for me and the other in the rear for Norman. We broke camp at an early hour and began carrying the things to the boat. I personally made six trips. Before we knew it we had more things down by the boat than it would carry. After we found out how much the boat could transport down the river there was about a hundred pounds left on the bank. This Louis said to leave as he would bring a packhorse and get it. At eleven-fifteen we were ready for departure and I said to Louis, "See you in Mayo," and we shoved off.

We had gone only a hundred yards when we came to a riffle and the bottom of the boat went bumpty, bumpty, bump on the rocky bottom. I expected to see water coming in at any time. However, Norman jumped into the icy water which was about ten inches deep, thus reducing the weight in the boat by one hundred and seventy-five pounds. I felt like an explorer who wasn't going to get very far. As we watched the boat drift to the still water below the rapids he remarked that even yet we had too much of a load. We motioned Louis to come to us and we unloaded another hundred pounds. The boat then floated along much better but we dragged bottom many times afterwards. When going down through rapids we often dipped water in the bow also.

We found the distance down Carpenter Creek to the Beaver was a good five miles. The water was too fast in places while in other spots we had to pile out in the

cold water and push. At times we paddled and poled, poled and paddled! Frequently the high water had inundated the trees along the bank and they had fallen directly out into the stream, lodging themselves among the rocks, shallow places, and roots. Still other trees had fallen into the stream, and the current had forced them down along the bank to a resting position beside the swift water. Invariably these trees lay in the swifter, deeper water on the outside curve of the stream and the current naturally carried us into these log jams. Continually it was paddle, paddle, paddle; paddle to get as far as these places, then paddle to get out of them; paddle until my arms seemed torn from their sockets. Always it was the same; once we started through the rapids there was no stopping until we came to the quieter water below.

We were very glad to come to the Beaver, because it was a larger stream and would have a great deal more water. The bottom of our boat had dragged on sharp rocks so many times I expected water to come gushing into the boat at every shallow place. Norman remarked, "We still have too much load. If the Beaver isn't a lot deeper we will have to cache (he might as well have said throw away) some things.

Practically everything in the boat, except the stove and tent, belonged to me — personal things, trophies and capes, cameras, and rifles. I surely didn't want to throw any of them away. We could not come back for them.

As soon as we started to travel down the Beaver we found the channel to be narrower and deeper in most places but there were still many sections where it spread out over rocky bars and the bottom of the boat often dragged. When we came to one of the shallower spots we immediately jumped in the icy water to reduce the weight in the boat. Icy waters! Yes, they were so cold you could not swim twenty feet.

On either side of the Beaver was good moose country. In many places there were flats, marshes, and numerous willows. In some sections the open ridges extended up to timberline. The river meanders through flat country in other places, and large sand bars run into the river. About five-thirty we were rounding a bend and paddling along with a slow, quiet rhythm when I saw a cow moose and her calf standing in the willows on the edge of the river. I raised my arm and Norman knew I had seen something and stopped paddling. We drifted along and when we were only twenty yards from them the cow saw us. She was so surprised she hardly knew what to do. She might have thought we were another moose for she just froze in her tracks. Then she discovered we were not and I think she thought we were so close it was too late to run, for the calf was between her and the boat. But just then the calf bounded into the thick willows and she followed it. We surely must have looked strange to her.

All I had done up to this time was work myself to a point where I couldn't do any more. It is hard for the reader to appreciate how dog-tired you can get paddling a boat. It requires your last ounce of strength every time you come to a bad spot, of which there are many. But seeing the moose cow and calf gave me something else to think about and it rested me considerably.

Then we continued on and Norman began to "grunt," calling like the very bull himself. In fifteen minutes we got a response. We paddled to shore and Norman answered back. The bull was coming. We had pulled ashore on the opposite side of the river and lay quietly in a clump of willows. On he came and it was evident he was a big one. We heard him ripping up the brush as he progressed. Norman had the dry shoulder blade and he rubbed it up and down in the willows. This infuriated the bull, and he presently walked out on the bar across the river, his nostrils

giving out a column that looked like steam in the cold evening air. He could neither see us nor smell us. He was puzzled, and threw his giant head up and down in the air, trying to scent us. All the time he was grunting in lower tones and then I saw his sides swell and he grunted in a very determined manner. He scented the air again, looked first in this direction and then that, then put his big head to the ground in search of tracks of the bull that had run away and left him.

He began to grunt again. Once more his lungs filled and his sides swelled up, and he started to grunt, first in low tones, then a little louder, then louder still, then in a voice that said, "Come out and fight, you low down coward." We were too close to answer. The bull walked to the water's edge and we thought he might swim the river. But he turned and walked back about ten steps and then looked right at us.

Norman had grunted as the bull walked from the water and the bull had located us so quickly we were caught by surprise. He raised his head and looked at us so inquisitively it was funny. The steam was still gushing from his nostrils. I wonder what he thought to himself. There was little chance that he had ever seen a man, and if so it had probably been at a distance. We then walked out in the open and stood by the boat. He turned, satisfied that we meant bad business, swung his large spread of antlers from right to left, watching us out of the corner of his eye as he trotted away into the willows.

We concluded it was time to stop if we were going to get a camp set up by dark. It was now after six and as we paddled along we saw a sand bar with lots of wood handy and we pulled ashore. We unloaded what things we needed and covered the balance with a tarp. We put up the tent in case it rained during the night. There were many drift logs nearby and I carried a great number to

the center of the sand bar for I was inspired to build a large camp fire. What inspired me I cannot say exactly but I wanted to see the towering flames shoot into the air with only the wilderness as a background. I was reminded of the joke, "Indian build little fire, sit up close, keep warm. White man build big fire, get way back, freeze." After dinner I felt much rested as we sat around the fire that had burned down to reasonable proportions.

Norman was happy and contented. He began to sing and it gave him much joy. Later he said, "When I'm on the river I'm happy." I thought for a few seconds and then said, "You may be happy on the river, but what really makes you happy right now is the fact you are in love and you are on your way home to see your girl friend." I knew this was true from the songs he sang and the way he sang them. I learned much about Norman in the next seven days as we drifted along in the little "Spirit of the Yukon." I really knew him well but I learned about the inner feelings of a man born to the wilderness with the soul of a poet and a love of beauty in his heart. When the fire died down we went to bed.

It rained during the night but in the morning it was clear. We got up at a quarter to five. While Norman prepared breakfast I rolled up the sleeping bags, took down the tent, and carried all the miscellaneous things down to the boat. By six we were ready to go. At seven-thirty we passed what we thought, after looking the map over, was the mouth of Braine Creek, but we really had no way of being sure as there are several creeks coming into the Beaver which are not on the map.

We travelled on enjoying the morning sun. After the rain the trees glistened in the sun. We drifted by several bunches of poplars and cottonwoods and their yellow leaves fluttered in the sunlight so beautifully that I took time out

from our journey to take some colored movies of their brilliance.

At eleven we heard a wolf howl from a long distance up on the ridge. It was the cry of the pursuer announcing he had found something to kill. I said to Norman, "Howl like the wolves. Call them up." He laid his paddle on the tarp that covered the things in the boat and raised his hands to his mouth. Beginning in a low tone and increasing the volume until it sounded throughout the valley, Norman gave a call answering the lone wolf up on the mountainside. The one on the distant ridge answered and close by we heard another. Then to our very great surprise we were near the whole pack with the exception of the one we had first heard. It was a wolf family.

As it turned out, one parent was hunting with the pups, the other was hunting alone. The pack near us was howling with such excitement we were afraid they would come out on the bar before we could paddle to the opposite shore. But we reached the far shore and had just gotten seated on the rocks when they let out a second excited yell. Norman said, "Those are the pups." Then the howling began to quiet down and Norman, with his head to the ground, again yelled like a wolf calling for help. The answer came, louder than ever, and we could tell they were slowly coming toward us. The brush was thick on the side they were on and they would show up awfully close to us for the river was not wide here.

The howling was going on as excitedly as ever when the leader, a huge gray, trotted to the edge of the brush and raised his head to howl. The others were yipping right behind him. Fearing he would see us, for we were in plain sight, I shot him in his tracks. He was knocked over but he jumped around in the brush until I couldn't see him any longer, but I knew where he was because the willows were now and then shaken in his death struggle. The

howling, of course, had died down instantly. Norman got two running shots at the pups as they went over a slight ridge a hundred yards distant, but did nothing more than wound one.

What excitement! These wolves had no conception of man. Perhaps they had never seen one. As close as we were to them, if they had been the least bit suspicious, they would have detected the difference between Norman's call and the real wolf howl. I don't mean to belittle Norman's ability to imitate wild game. He has spent his life imitating them and is certainly good, but there is bound to be a difference between the real wolf howl and the imitation one.

I went to the one I had shot and as I approached, he turned his head and opened his mouth wide, snapping at the air as he did so. He was gasping for life, not snapping at me. He did not see me. He was opening and shutting his mouth in his effort to stave off the inevitable. I saw in his wide open mouth a set of fangs I shall not soon forget. I saw them and I realized what power they had in ripping down a moose. I raised the rifle and when he stopped moving for a second I finished him.

This was about the largest wolf I had ever seen. It was almost eight feet from tip of nose to tip of tail. It was a load for two men. Norman skinned out the shoulders and the head. I wanted a shoulder mount. We saved the jaws and teeth as I planned to have it mounted with an open mouth, the mounted animal to hang on the wall. Jonas Brothers fixed a wolf head for a friend of mine in this manner. It was a beautiful mount, so lifelike you thought it was going to "take after you at any moment!" To me the art of re-creating natural life is an important one. I never intend that my hunt shall end with the last shot fired from my rifle. I want to have a splendid trophy room and as I look at each trophy I want to re-live many

times the excitement of the hunt. Looking at trophies in the den does more than that — it gives you a fleeting glimpse of the wilderness and refreshes your mind. It renews your acquaintance with nature and for an instant you forget about your troubles at hand.

I was really amazed to find the numerous and tremendous muscles in the head and neck of this great wolf. They could only have developed through usage — ripping and tearing at our game animals, hanging onto an animal in its fight for life, hanging on to the end, and then ripping and tearing at the warm juicy meat. It pleased me greatly to see this leader of destruction lying dead on the ground before me.

At twelve-twenty we came to the entrance of a canyon and concluded this was Beaver Canyon. We saw considerable white water ahead and heard the water roaring farther on. We pulled ashore and prepared lunch. I was so anxious to see what was ahead I walked down the canyon a few hundred yards. It did not look good. However, I thought we could rope the boat through without unloading it. Of course, the canyon was supposed to be seven miles long and I could only see a quarter of a mile. We could only hope that what was ahead was no worse than this. A large creek came into the Beaver at this place and after studying the map I said to Norman, "This is Williams Creek." He looked at the map and said, "We surely aren't getting anywhere. Looks like we haven't started yet."

At one-forty we were ready to go and entered the canyon with a rope tied to the side of the boat. Norman used a long pole to push the boat far enough to miss the boulders near the shore, while my job was to keep it from getting out in the swift current. There were so many bad places I will only say what Norman said to me as we went from one bad place to another, "This is no place for a ten-foot boat."

Then we came to some swift water and the bluffs closed in on both sides. On our side of the river the current came pounding into the rock wall which made it impossible for us to continue walking on down stream. We back-tracked a hundred yards upstream and got in the boat. Our only alternative was to shoot across the swift current and get to the other side. By paddling with all our strength we made it across the current without it turning the boat around, which it very nearly did.

It was not until six o'clock that we left the lower end of the canyon and with a tremendous sigh of relief I climbed in the boat feeling that all the hazards were behind us. As tired as I was, and I could see that Norman had spent a bad afternoon, I felt relieved to think we could go along in safety. One's mind has a lot to do with one's body. With the present ease of mind I knew that I felt rested and I could see by Norman's actions that he was also.

We continued on a quarter of a mile only when we came to a big bend in the river. There the current was exceptionally strong and it had inundated the bank to the extent that no less than twenty green spruces had fallen into the river. They were held only by a few of their roots that refused to give up. The river then made an abrupt "S" turn and the bank on the other side contained the same shambles of green logs as well as an accumulation of drift logs. There was no way to get through this except ride it out. Norman insisted I take the cameras, rifles and the like downstream and he would bring the boat through the rapids. I hated to do this but I could see no other way. I reflected that only last year his brother was drowned on the Stewart and I said to Norman, "Now, let's think this over and see if there is any other possible way." But there wasn't. With a rush he started for the crest of the current knowing that he had to reach

the eddy side of it to make the bend. Just as he reached the top of the current it threw the boat back and caught it in such a way that the boat was turned around heading directly for the drift logs. I saw that in an instant the boat would be carried under them.

I visioned Norman going to the watery grave that had claimed his brother the year before. But in the boat was not just a man with a paddle in his two hands. Not that day, for in the boat was one Norman Mervyn, a great river man who was possessed with the greatest common sense and savvy that could be put in one brain. He was standing up and instead of trying to turn around in the boat and losing a precious instant, he watched for the one and only chance that came to save himself. At the exact moment Norman placed the end of the paddle on the largest spruce dangling in the water and, with his big hands firmly grasped around the handle, he practically lifted the boat out of the water and pushed it across the current into the safety of the eddy on the far side. At the same time he turned the boat around, so that standing in the boat as he was, he faced down stream.

Still standing in the boat he paddled along until he could come to my side of the river and anchor the boat. I was some time getting down to Norman and when I did finally he was sitting on the bank looking out into the stream.

I said, "Norman we just can't take these chances. Life is too dear. I don't want to die yet and I know you don't either. If we come to any more of these places we will go around them or go back." He still said nothing, for he was now just beginning to realize how fortunate he had been in getting through the water. After a few minutes we got in the boat and started on.

We had gone only a hundred yards when Norman spotted a grizzly feeding on the bar among some willows. Norman said, "Get your rifle ready. We will glide right up to

it, shoot it and drift right by. We can get close." I could see we would be very close. We would not be over ten yards from the grizzly, but the current was fast and I knew we would go right on by.

When we were fifteen yards from the grizzly he smelled us and jumped four or five feet in the air and to one side. I shot and missed. The boat was jumping around so much in the current I would have been a magician if I had hit him. It was fun trying. Before we could anchor the boat the grizzly had run away. A little distance on down the stream we found a good place to camp; and, as it was getting dark, we hurriedly made preparations for the night.

After dinner I said to Norman, "Did you know this was the 13th, the 13th of September?" He said, "What about it?" Further conversation brought out the fact that the 13th was not any different to him from the 14th or the 15th.

The hard days of paddling were very tiring but we got up at 4:30, just as it was beginning to get daylight. There was a clear sky. Our camp had been made in a large stand of cottonwoods and close by were many poplars. I looked along the side hills down river and noticed that we would soon come to many poplars, cottonwoods, and birch. These trees were brilliant in their autumn colors and I hoped the sun would shine all day so there would be good chances to get some wonderful color pictures of these northern scenes.

As we pushed out into the stream Norman asked what time it was and I replied that it was six o'clock, right on the dot. We paddled along for an hour and then we hit some very sluggish water. The river made what seemed to me to be a hundred "S" turns. Sometimes we paddled west four hundred yards, made a sharp turn and travelled east four hundred yards only to end up a hundred yards from

where we started. We paddled steadily until twelve o'clock. Then coming to some scenes along the river that were nothing short of sensational in color, I told Norman we would stop for lunch and I would take pictures while he got the food ready.

There were some white clouds drifting along in the blue sky while the immediate foreground was a mass of yellow that glittered as the breeze tossed the leaves to and fro. Near the top of some of the poplars on a small island the breeze kept the leaves in a constant quiver and I took several pictures of these with the movie camera with only the azure blue of the northern sky as a background. What a scene! How quiet and how beautiful. I thought, "We may have numerous difficulties and many days of hard work on this trip down river, but this one scene will repay me for all my efforts and trouble."

People may visit such places as Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, Banff or Jasper, and feel that they have seen all the color that nature can possibly assemble; but as one who has seen them all, I can say that while they are richly endowed with spectacular beauty they do not compare with the grandeur of the North at this time of the year. One who has not seen the Yukon in September has not yet looked at the grandest sight on the continent. One day spent in the Yukon's beautiful hills when they are in full autumn bloom will convince anyone that life is worth while.

After lunch we paddled more and more because the water was slow and deep. Along the river during the afternoon we saw thousands of ducks. They were fascinating to watch. The small ones could flap their wings just enough to cover a few feet in the water only to drop back on its surface. In another week they would be able to fly and would no doubt start south. Many times during

the day we paddled to one side of the river or to the other to bypass some excited family of ducks.

Toward evening we approached seven or eight beaver busily engaged in securing a winter's supply of willow branches. Along the river during the day we counted nineteen large beaver lodges in present use and eight that were abandoned. Why they had been abandoned we could not figure out. Drifting along in the slow water we found that we could get almost up to the beaver before we were observed. Then flap would go the large paddle-like tail on the water with such force that it must have shaken the poor beaver out of a year's growth.

Monday, September 15. During the night it was very cold and the wolves howled from all directions. At breakfast Norman remarked, "Winter is coming. It won't be long now. In four or five days with these very frosty nights there won't be a leaf left on the trees." The ice on the water pail was a third of an inch thick. The sloughs and slack water along the Beaver were covered with ice.

The river here was approximately two hundred feet wide and very deep. It flowed with such slow quietness that in the still of the night I could hear the noise of the rapids below. As we pushed out from shore a small red squirrel scolded us severely. Of course, he was correct in his criticism, "We had no business in that country and we should get right out of there, and it was a good thing we had decided to go." The sun again shone brightly and we took our coats off and enjoyed the warmth. The colors along the shore were as beautiful as those we had seen the day before.

Momentarily I wished Nature would halt her progress so that the beauty of fall might remain for always, but then, I remembered the quiet mystery of winter, and in my minds eye visioned the coming of spring when each branch

and twig would be touched with new life. I knew then I didn't want to wish away any of the seasons for each in its own fashion makes this, our world, an ever-changing masterpiece.

As we paddled along more squirrels scolded us and talked us over with their mates and partners. From their tone there was no doubt they considered us the lowest order of intruders. At seven-ten we passed the mouth of the Rackla River and after a few big bends the Beaver straightened out and flowed south-east, becoming much swifter. Then we made good progress. We were in good spirits, perhaps because we were accustomed to our job and were taking it more lightly, or because we were inspired by the grandeur on all sides of us, for it was beautiful and warm and pleasant. Perhaps it was because we thought all the bad water was behind us and from here on we would just glide with the drifting current. At any rate, we had only one worry. Our food was getting short. We started out with a large cut of ram meat but it soured, and we were left with only a small amount of flour, rice, butter, tea, and sugar, nothing else. However, we planned to replenish our supplies from Norman's trap cabin at the mouth of the Beaver, where it enters the Stewart River. We estimated we would be there by nightfall.

I changed positions many times that morning as we drifted along. The current was too good to be true. At times I believe we made six or seven miles an hour. We paddled much of the time as it was always necessary to keep the boat in the right part of the stream where the current would carry us along. Too, the rocks and shallow places had to be avoided.

Norman sang most of the morning. I always accompanied him in my thoughts. Music raises your spirits and adds to the beauty of your surroundings. Norman sang many songs. I was amazed he knew so many. I realized

that with his love not only of music but of all things beautiful, he had sat by the radio and the phonograph until he had learned all these songs. He sang many of our own national favorites, such as "Old Black Joe," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Red River Valley," "Don't Fence Me In," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Old Man River," and his favorite, "The Hills of Home." All are wonderful songs, all are American, and all have been sung by young and old alike.

"The Hills of Home" is a song filled with so much meaning, so much spirit, so much love. I said to Norman, "How did you happen to select that song and learn it so well? It is difficult to sing." After some time he told me that he was born in these mountains and he loved them because they were his home, and that the song seemed to bring them closer. I knew from this that he had no idea of ever leaving his home and it meant very much to him; he wanted to glorify it in his mind. I looked at the mountains, the poplars, cottonwoods, and birch as we went along and finally said, "'The Hills of Home,' if I could write a song like that, a song that said so much, a song that revealed so much of a man's thoughts and life and soul, I would feel like I had accomplished my life's goal." Norman then told me that if he could do the things he most desired in life he would be a song writer. I did not have to ask him what he would write about, I knew it would be the hills of home.

I went on to consider the future of the Yukon. One should not forget that the population of the entire Yukon Territory numbers only six thousand people, yet it is an area of 207,000 square miles. It is the last frontier. There are numerous opportunities in the Yukon. There are opportunities here that exist nowhere else. Young men with health and vision could not help but succeed.

Toward evening at every turn of the river we expected

to come to the mouth of the Beaver. Finally Norman said, "I recognize those mountains. We'll soon be there." An hour later we saw the Stewart flowing from a big basin to our left. It was a large river and the current was swift. The Beaver flowed in a straight line at this point and on the right bank was a hundred foot high rock wall. As the Stewart and the Beaver met, the Stewart flowed directly into the rock wall and the large volume of water was directed to the left in the direction the Beaver had been flowing. A hundred yards above the confluence of the two large rivers we paddled to the shore and surveyed the water to see how we were going to get through. We walked up to the edge of the Stewart and I could see this was another one of those places where small boats did not belong. Norman said, "We will come along here near the shore. Just as we get to the Stewart we will paddle as fast as we can, go right into the current and over it. Then we will be on the eddy side of the current and will be O. K."

It was certainly a big order but I held the paddle in my hands firmly and paddled along with steady strokes waiting for Norman to give the order "Paddle." In and out the paddle dipped as I waited anxiously for the command that was to carry us into the swift current of the Stewart. A hundred feet from the crest Norman barked "Paddle." We paddled hard. "Harder. Paddle. Paddle." We hit the swift current going fast but it started to carry us downward. "*Paddle, Paddle, Harder, Paddle Harder or we won't make it.*" The current was carrying us into the treacherous water created where the Stewart joined the Beaver in a white, boiling mass. Somehow we had to force the boat across that current. I looked up into the sky and paddled with my last ounce of reserve strength.

We rode the top of the current crosswise until it almost reached the current of the Beaver, then dropped over to the

right side, gliding into an eddy and turned clear around. Norman yelled again "*Paddle, Paddle, Paddle.*" I paddled a few times and we were out of the bad water and soon on shore. I had no strength left. I was too exhausted to carry my five pound eiderdown to Norman's cabin. I drank some water and in about thirty minutes got up, but my arms trembled and I shook. Norman also was weary and we hardly ate before going to bed.

Mt. Ortell is near here. It is a group of high snow-capped peaks each of which stand out with a singular dominance. They are the only mountains in this section that are perpetually snow-capped. As you look at them you cannot help wondering about them and something urged me to ask Norman what he knew about this group. He began by saying, "I knew old man Ortell, the man after whom they were named. He was a fine old man and it makes me feel sick everytime I think of him. My dad knew him too, knew him for many, many years." Then Norman thought a while and went on to tell me about the mountain and Mr. Ortell.

Mr. Ortell, Mr. George Ortell, was a guide for a survey party into this section many years ago. The area along the Stewart River was to be surveyed and George Ortell was the only man who knew the country. He did such an excellent job of guiding them that the head of the survey party recommended the mountain group be called "Ortell Mountain." Sometime later word came from Ottawa that the rugged mountainous group would henceforth be known as "The Ortell Group."

Mr. Ortell lived in and around the north country for many years after that, trapping most of every winter. When he reached the age of seventy many of his friends advised him to give up trapping and come to Mayo to live. He determined to carry on, however, and rugged Yukoner that he was, and always had been, he did not know when

to quit. One winter, only a few years ago, Mr. Ortell froze his feet. He knew he was badly off but with a "never say die" spirit, he went to another trapper's cabin a few miles distant. This was in the Lake McQuesten district. This trapper friend saw that the old man was in bad shape and told him to stay in his cabin while he went to Mayo for help. He left plenty of wood and provisions for Ortell to use while he snowshoed to town. But the old man had never accepted help from anyone in his whole life and his constitution would not permit him to sit idle while someone helped him. He couldn't be brought to realize that age creeps up on everyone and that old men do not have the "git up and go" that young ones have.

The young friend had no sooner left for Mayo than Ortell with his badly frozen feet started out on the trail with the intention of overtaking him and going on to Mayo. Naturally he could not get far and soon he realized he was not going to catch up with his young friend. Mr. Ortell tried to turn back but he had strength neither to return nor to go on. He knew the temperature was at least sixty below zero and he would soon freeze to death if he sat down. Fear hit him and no doubt hit him hard. He tried but could not get a fire started. In attempting to build a fire he froze both hands. With both hands and both feet frozen he started going around in circles to keep his circulation up as best he could.

Many hours later the young trapper friend returned and found Mr. Ortell still circling, his mind completely gone. It was pitiful. Little could be done for him, but the young trapper hurriedly took him to Mayo where both arms and legs were amputated. He soon died.

The old timers of the North are impelled by the will to "Provide for yourself and depend on no one. Ask no help from thy neighbor but always help him even to the extent of going without yourself." Surely the souls of all these

fine old men will go to the Happy Hunting Grounds, because they think not of their own plight but always of the welfare of their neighbors.

Norman's dad, now eighty-two, has been in this country over fifty years. I had a talk with him before I left Mayo and I told him I was going over to the Wind River country on this trip. He said, "By gosh, I'm going with you," and he meant it. He had always wanted to go into that country and he made up his mind he was going with us. The fact that he was eighty-two and it would be a very hard trip never entered his mind. He was determined. I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, but at the same time I knew he couldn't possibly go on the trip.

About this time Norman came along (I had not met Norman at that time), and when he heard about the old man's intentions he said, "No. You aren't going on any such trip as that." I felt a great deal better. These old timers don't know what the word quit means. They are great men, all of them.

Well, Norman had no food here and he was as much surprised as I was. He finally decided he and Lonny had left no food, but he had taken it all down to Lansing, the place where Norman was born, some forty miles down the Stewart River.

We had been travelling three and a half days and had been in the boat thirty-six and one-half hours. We had covered approximately seventy miles. Our per-hour average was poor but Norman said we would make much better time now as the current was faster and there was little slack water. The Stewart River has been surveyed and we were one hundred and sixty-two miles from Mayo.

Chapter XV.— JOURNEY DOWN THE STEWART

TUESDAY, September 16. At home flour and water doesn't make much, but on the trail when you are hungry, the combination produces acceptable hotcakes. Norman cooked up a batch of these on which we sprinkled a lot of sugar, and ate heartily. We soon climbed into the "Spirit of the Yukon" and headed down the Stewart. Whereas the last two days had been clear and warm it was now cloudy and cold. I put my down jacket on and wrapped a tarp around my legs. Often I paddled just to keep a little warmer. The current was good and we travelled five or six miles an hour at times.

The autumn colors were certainly beautiful and it was not too cloudy to keep them from showing up well. The color was predominantly yellow and often there were miles and miles of hillsides that captured our attention. The trees here were poplars and cottonwoods mainly but there were also many birch. The spruce were the finest I have seen anywhere in the territory. Many of them were seventy or eighty feet tall, straight, and of good commercial value.

About ten o'clock I said to Norman, "I see a wolf. Maybe it isn't a wolf but it is something." I inspected it with the glasses and as we drifted closer I saw that it was a large lynx. It was trotting toward us along the shore of the river. We drifted as close as we could and I prepared to take a picture. The boat was in fast water and was dancing up and down, so I never found an opportunity to "shoot" him. That was the first lynx I had ever seen in the North and I was greatly interested in the creature.

Norman catches quite a few every winter. Northern lynx fur brings a good price.

We had gone only a couple of miles when I again saw a movement and it turned out to be a young bull moose. He had come from the interior of the brush and trees to the shore and we slowly paddled in his direction. He did not look up or down shore and did not appear suspicious. I got my movie camera all set and at fifty yards I started it going. The current made so much noise the little bull, about a two-year-old, did not hear us. We drifted by, coming as close as twenty yards. The bull then saw the boat and jumped back a few yards. Then seeing the boat go on by him he ran after it. He trotted after us for fifty yards and then stopped. He was still looking at us when we rounded a bend three hundred yards down the river.

Norman grunted like a moose. Beginning in soft low grunts the volume steadily increased until he could be heard a long distance. He finished and we paddled along. After a minute we heard a bull grunt so far away that the answer was barely audible. The river was about to make a big bend and we thought we would be carried close to the spot where the bull was. Norman did not answer and we paddled along down the river.

In about five minutes the bull grunted again, in a series of low grunts. When we were well around the bend in the river Norman called in low soft grunts. It was wonderful to listen to this boy calling to Nature in tones indistinguishable to me from nature itself. He had learned to call a bull moose by studying from the bull himself just as many a boy or girl in the city studies voice from a music teacher. The student often becomes better than the teacher and now here was Norman calling the bull with such perfect tone quality and inflection that I could not have said which was which. Soon the bull answered and I judged him to be only three hundred yards away. We were in the very

middle of the large Stewart River and I wanted pictures of the bull with the movie if possible, therefore we paddled as hard as we could to get to shore to approximately where we thought the bull would come out. Neither of us had any pep. Those tough days in the boat had been hard on us and our food was anything but adequate.

When we finally got to shore we were a hundred yards too far down. Norman sat on the side of the boat and began in low tones to call the bull. Soon, not a hundred yards from us, we heard him coming noisily through the brush. When bulls approach making so much noise it generally means that they are big and powerful and really welcome a fight. They are after cows and often will battle to the very death to get them. Moose bulls are vicious fighters. Unfortunately for us the brush came to within fifteen yards of the shoreline at this particular spot and the bull was going to come out right at our boat. He was moving so fast and making so much noise that we took alarm and jumped into the boat. The current was rather fast and we were soon too far away for a picture. Evidently the bull scented us for he came only to the edge of the cottonwoods and turned back, his wide horns waving in the trees and brush as he did so. I don't want anything to do with a mad bull moose and I was glad he was going his way and we were going ours, but it had been fun calling him up and studying his actions in the brush.

I noticed listed on the map "Seven Mile Rapids," located just above Lansing, our destination for the day. I asked Norman about the rapids and he said he knew his way through them and we would have to get out only two or three times to rope the boat through the swifter parts. Since coming onto the Stewart I had noticed that the noise of the rapids could be heard far off. Several times I was unduly alarmed by the noise made by a small rapids in the river. It was actually magnified many times and a small cataract

sounded like a mighty falls. As we neared Seven Mile Rapids I heard the noise and it sounded dreadful. I think what worried me more than anything else was the fact that I had no energy to paddle when called upon. We entered the canyon and went from side to side missing the bad parts. Norman knew the water and knew it well. He hummed a dozen songs as we went along. One song seemed to satisfy his desire for music and the northerner that had all the heart, the desire, the natural make-up to become somebody great, sang "The Road to Mandalay" for an hour. I don't know what old Mervyn's other children are like, but it was my observation that Norman would have gone far in the world if he had had the same opportunity many other children have to study and learn. Although he had gone to school only two years he had learned to read and write. Since that time he has read many books and added so much to his knowledge he carries on an intelligent conversation about many subjects.

Drifting along in our little nest above the water, I asked Norman how far he had gotten away from Mayo in his life. He replied that he and Lonny Johnny had guided an American lieutenant from Mayo to Fort Norman during the winter of 1942. They left with two dog teams and spent thirty days attempting to find a low pass through the un-surveyed wilderness to the east. Much of the time it was sixty below, but they went on regardless.

Norman froze one of his lungs and spent most of a year in the hospital in Dawson. He personally paid out sixteen hundred dollars for hospital bills. Two weeks after they arrived in Fort Norman (Norman Wells), they were taken in a transport plane to Edmonton, thence to Whitehorse and back to Mayo. I asked Norman what the first thing was he would like to do if he were to go outside, that is to the United States or Canada.

He thought awhile and began to relate what he would

most like to do. First, he had seen Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in two shows and would like to meet them personally, his admiration of them being so great. I said to him, "That's a pretty big assignment. I have never met them either and always wanted to also. But I will see what I can do." He then said he would like to see the Red River Valley, the Green Hills of Wyoming (he had read the book) and then after a pause of a minute he added, "I'd like to meet Bing Crosby. I'd just like to see him and talk to him to see if he is as wonderful as I think he is. To me he is more than just a crooner and an actor. He's hum-an-to. A humana-t-t. I mean he's a human being." I said, "It's humanitarian you are thinking of, isn't it?" He replied with a grin, "Yes."

Norman knew the river so well we had no trouble. I had firmly impressed upon him the fact that he should not rely upon me to paddle for I just didn't have what it takes. I told him when we came to bad places in the river to just go to shore and we would rope the boat around them. Two days of hot cakes had left me weak, too weak for the strenuous work of paddling. Paddling a thousand pound boat through the current when speed must be obtained is my idea of the hardest work there is. We roped the boat around four bad places and were almost through the canyon when Norman looked up on the rocky bluffs to our right and saw a large grizzly and a cub observing us. We watched them until we could see them no longer and then turned to scan the river ahead.

At five-thirty we arrived at Lansing, one hundred and twenty miles from Mayo. It is a sorry looking place. Once three hundred Indians lived here and now — no one. The buildings had fallen and most of them had rotted into piles of debris. Where people once walked and carried on a happy community life grass now grew four feet tall. Willows and grass also flourished where the squaws and

maidens had grown potatoes and vegetables. Only two buildings are in good shape, the two that Norman and Lonny Johnny use in their trapping venture.

Norman's dad, Mr. J. H. Mervyn, used to run the trading post at Lansing. He brought supplies in by river boats from Mayo. These same supplies came to Mayo by river boats from Whitehorse. Months of hard work and much expense was involved with every boat load. The nearest road to Lansing today is three hundred miles away. The old Mr. Mervyn traded supplies to the natives for furs. He had worked up a fine post when the flu epidemic hit the country and over half of the natives died. Those that did not die thought the country was cursed and moved back to Fort Norman from whence they had come many years before. With no one to sell his merchandise to the old man finally gave up the post and moved down to Mayo.

As I looked around at the scenery, and the mountains looked back at me, I said to Norman, "If you ever went outside you surely would not like it. You would be so anxious to return you couldn't get back quickly enough." The more I looked at the beautiful country at Lansing the more I felt like making this my future home.

At Lansing I was a guest of honor. Norman called this his real home and he wouldn't let me do a single thing. He had food here too. In the course of an hour and a half he prepared a good meal and we ate so much I dared not go to bed for two hours.

We left Lansing at seven the next morning. The high mountains here, the Mt. Joy Group, were rosy pink in the morning light as the sun hit the snow peaks. Below were the hillsides of yellow, the yellow leaves of the poplars, cottonwoods, and the birch. Close by was the tanned meadow grass. On Mt. Joy, as well as on Mt. Ortell, which could be seen in the distance, you will find pure white Dall Mountain Sheep. On the higher slopes are

the northern caribou, in the valleys nearby are giant moose and grizzlies, and, of course, ever present are the wolves. This is a hunting country second only to the Wind River country.

As we left Lansing I scanned the landscape, the mountains and the fallen-down buildings that were once a prosperous trading post, and I kept wondering just how soon I would be back. As we drifted down the river Norman sang happily. This was the home of his childhood, the only real home he knew. Buildings mean nothing to Norman. He is a product of the woods, the mountains, and the rivers. He knows as much about them as any twenty-four year old man could.

He looked at the trees and the mountains as we drifted along and he had a gleam in his eye that was the look of a lover. I knew without asking that his hope in life was to marry his girl and bring her here to live in peace. What fun they would have and how much they would get out of life. I thought to myself, "Oh, if I were only young like Norman and knew as much about the mountains as he, I would do just what he has in his mind. I would come here and live so happily I'd never leave."

"Drifting Along With the Tumbling, Tumble - Weeds," was the song I listened to for at least an hour. Every time Norman came to the part, "Deep in my heart is a song," he momentarily stopped and I sensed it was love that was bothering him. "Well," I thought, "we will soon be back in Mayo and he can see his girl."

At Lansing we picked up Norman's trap line companion, namely, one harmonica. I was very surprised to learn that he owned one, yet I shouldn't have been since he is so musically inclined. He played so well I asked him if he had taken lessons and he replied that he had picked it all up from listening to phonograph records and the radio. There is little wonder that he wants to go see the Red

River Valley and the great plains and to meet some of the people he has heard and liked so well.

The only way you can get to Lansing is by a small local power boat in the summer and by dog team in the winter. It takes four days with a high powered river boat to go upstream from Mayo to Lansing, while it takes only three days with a good dog team in the winter. In the summer the boatman hears the voice of the rippling water, the call of the geese, for thousands nest along the Stewart, and the plaintive call of the many other birds. In the winter the dog teams trot along and you can hear the call of the murderous timber wolves as they strike down another victim or circle around to threat and taunt the dog team and the driver. The closest highway is several hundred miles distant and the closest airfield is at Mayo, one hundred and twenty miles downstream.

Romance? Yes, should a man choose a girl of similar tastes and one who knew the mountains as he did, a peaceful and wonderful life could be lived back in these mountains where nature is unspoiled. Here nature instills in you a kind of cooperation and peace of mind that is healthy. The peace and joy of living in such surroundings knows no bounds.

The finest vegetation I have seen anywhere in the Yukon grows at Lansing. In the Yukon there are over five hundred varieties of wild flowers officially recognized and classified. Norman told me about gathering five different kinds of wild berries close to his old home here on the river. I ate some of the wild raspberries and they were large and tasty and without noticeable seeds. Also I saw, as I mentioned before, thousands of acres of blueberries all through the North. Wild strawberries grow plentifully and have a delicious flavor. Wild currants and gooseberries also grow here and are picked for jams and jellies. Almost anywhere along the rivers of the Yukon can be grown as

fine vegetables as one would ever care to see. Cabbages that weigh twenty to thirty pounds are not unusual. Root vegetables do especially well, although beans and corn do not mature as the growing season is too short. The future of the territory does not lie in its agricultural possibilities. I only mention what can be grown, and is grown, to give the reader a fuller picture of the territory.

Six months — May, June, July, August, September and October have good weather as a rule. You don't know what to expect in October but available weather reports and statistics show both May and October to have mostly good weather. The winter months are bad but you know they are going to be and great preparations are made to keep out the cold. It is surprising, however, that almost everyone that lives in the Yukon will tell you the winter is the nicest time of the year.

After hearing that eighty below zero has been recorded at several points in the territory you get the impression that the entire winter is bitterly cold. As a matter of fact, the very severe cold lasts for perhaps two or three weeks while the rest of the winter is milder than that of Montana and Colorado. Horses graze out all winter in the southern part of the territory without being fed hay or grain, relying solely upon the food they get from grazing. Only two or three feet of snow falls over most of the area and in the spring it rapidly melts with the eighteen to twenty-four hours of daylight in May, June and July.

After seeing much of the Yukon over a period of time you can only conclude that the territory is the last frontier and will develop rapidly now that transportation is bringing all points on the face of the globe closer and closer together. The largest business in the near future will be the tourist business because almost everyone wants to see "The Land of the Midnight Sun," as the Yukon is called. People want to see such historic and well

known places as the Klondike, Bonanza Creek, and the Yukon River. For their size, Whitehorse and Dawson are probably the best known towns in the world.

The part hunting and fishing will play in future business is yet to be seen, but if I may quote a few paragraphs from "Hunting and Fishing is Big Business" an article by Arthur H. Carhart, in *Sports Afield** magazine you may readily see that the Great Yukon with all its game and fish, has now an infant business which may grow to be her greatest source of revenue. It could easily surpass mining, which is the greatest source of income today.

The following paragraphs are from "Hunting and Fishing is Big Business," in part: (reference to the United States).

Promoters (those interested in development of our natural resources for private gain) have brushed aside our pleadings by branding sportsmen dreamers and sentimentalists. Sportsmen are that. They know the priceless value secured from going hunting and fishing never can be added up in a column of figures.

Among ourselves we have decreed that commercialization of our sports will not be tolerated.

Hunting and Fishing produce values above money considerations. We know that is true. But our very hesitancy to present a clear picture of the business growing out of hunting and fishing often has thwarted us in stemming the steady, deadly encroachment of exploitation that has been advocated as "good business" while destroying wealth in wildlife.

We need not abandon full recognition of the intangible values secured from our outdoor sports if we *also* recognize the position hunting and fishing holds in the fields of commerce. If we present facts showing a *tremendous* commerce resting on having adequate fish and game supplies, we muster that type of argument for protecting these resources that money-minded individuals can appreciate.

There is a beginning of a somewhat startled awakening in the dollar-in-the-till resting on hunting and fishing. Back in April, 1945, *Nation's Business* published an article I wrote, called "The Haul of the Wild." It pointed out that even in war years, with restrictions in effect, \$2,000,000,000 was spent annually by sportsmen. It forecast

* Courtesy *Sports Afield* magazine.

an increase in hunters and fishermen to 27 million after the war closed, with our annual spending exceeding \$3,000,000,000.

Recent national surveys and estimates from authoritative sources indicate that sportsmen are paying out their money at a rate approximating \$4,000,000,000 per year for hunting and fishing expenses.

Let's see how this stacks up against some other business activities, just for the sake of comparison.

The Department of Commerce reports for 1946 show that total retail sales of filling (gasoline) stations in that year added up to \$2,979,000,000, about a billion dollars less than sportsmen now are spending. Total retail sales of all drug stores in the nation stood at \$2,959,000,000. Retail liquor sales totaled \$1,698,000,000, less than half what the sportsmen spend.

That may flabbergast you. So will the following:

The total outlay of hunting and fishing sportsmen is approximately twice the total value of all hogs on farms January 1, 1947, as reported by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Sportsmen's business is about eight times the total value of all sheep on farms last New Year's day. And the sportsmen spend in twelve months an amount approximating half the capital value of all cattle at the beginning of this year (1947).

End of quote.

These facts from the Department of Commerce show the big business hunting and fishing has become. If the fish and game are handled properly in the Yukon and the slaughter by the trappers, prospectors, *natives*, and wolves is cut out, this business could easily become their greatest source of revenue.

The St. Elias Range in the southwestern part of the territory is truly magnificent. The mountains rise up to 19,800 feet in elevation and there are actually hundreds of glaciers ranging in size from an acre or two up to the larger ones, such as the Donjek Glacier which extends over thousands of acres. High on the slopes above timberline are thousands of white mountain sheep. In fact, there are more white sheep here than in any other known area. One day last summer I sat on a rock far back in the wilderness of Klaune Sanctuary and counted a band of one hundred and thirty-four white mountain sheep. During the day I saw two hundred and forty-seven. Lower down on the moun-

tains and in the valleys are grizzly bears, caribou, moose, and many other wild animals and birds.

At the present time this is a game sanctuary and it is a proposed national park. Such areas belong to the people, all the people, and should be set aside in the form of a national park to preserve the game, forests, flowers, and scenery for all time. While on a picture hunt in the proposed park recently I was surprised to learn how much of it can be made available to the public by roads. Until 1943 it was a vast wilderness. At that time the Alaska highway was completed and for the first time a means of travel was provided to open up this section of the country. The highway does not go into the proposed park but forms the northern boundary, skirting the edge of Klaune Lake, a large and beautiful lake, just north of the high St. Elias Range.

At the present time there is only one complete outfitter on Klaune Lake, namely Gene Jacquot, at Burwash. "Daddy Gene" they call him since he has been located at Burwash for forty-four years. Originally he ran a trading post. Many of the old original buildings still stand and it is a picturesque place indeed. Daddy Gene has a new hotel, boats, cabins, and many fine horses to be used in taking picture parties into the remote sections of the St. Elias Mountains, and for taking hunting parties into the close-by game country north of the park.

Of all the country I have had the pleasure of seeing in North America, which includes sixteen national parks and many monuments, I consider this area the most scenic and the most spectacular of all. It has appeal to the lover of birds and animals, the camera enthusiast, to the alpine hiker and the skier, and to the entire family who just wants to drive along and see something great.

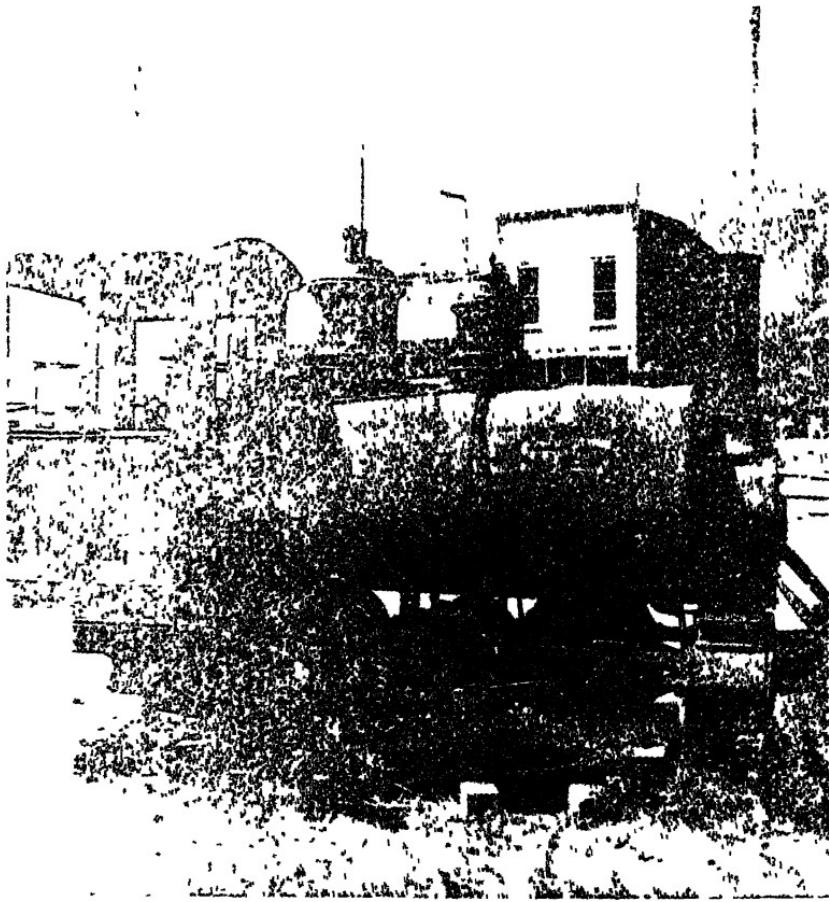
Easily reached from Whitehorse are the Lake Bennett and the Atlin Lake areas. These are said to be the two



THIS OPTIMISTIC PROSPECTOR LOOKS TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS

THE FISHING WAS EXCELLENT
One of the big lakes near Whitehorse





ON THE TRAIL OF 'NINETY-EIGHT

This little old engine is a relic of days gone by — the old Klondike gold rush days of '97 and '98. Today it is on display at Carcross on the shores of Lake Bennett in the southern part of the Yukon. In the old days much gold was found by inexperienced prospectors, but today gold is hard to find and it is the trained geologists and mining engineers that are making worthwhile discoveries. These trained men representing large companies go into the mountains with plenty of equipment and provisions — they do not live off the country.



DISCOVERED GOLD ON KLONDIKE

Patsy Henderson now lives at Carcross. He is one of the four men that discovered gold in the Klondike River in 1897, which news soon got out and resulted in the greatest stampede of all time in the north. A great amount of gold was taken from the region. At one time thirty-eight thousand people lived in or around Dawson. Today about eight hundred people live there. There are still valuable minerals in the north — all that is needed is transportation. It is like 'A ripe plum ready to be plucked'."



HE HELPED MAKE THE NORTH FAMOUS

James Mason died in 1916, as the monument says. He too was one of the four men that discovered gold in the Klondike. This fine monument was put in the graveyard at Carcross by his friends, and he had many. It is doubtful that James Mason had any money when he died. Indians have much trouble hanging onto their valuables. Gold mining in the Klondike today is done by large pontoon dredges and for the most part it is a salvage operation — re-mining what the miners of '97 and '98 skipped over. But even so there are enough known deposits that one big company has ten very large pontoon dredges and

most beautiful lakes in the world. Each lake is in a narrow, long, glaciated basin. On either side of the lakes high snow-capped mountains rise up to greet the newcomer. One summer day I stood on the shore of Lake Bennett and counted twelve varieties of flowers at one time, all within my sight. The most plentiful were the wild roses and they were a gorgeous pink. Both lakes abound in the large northern Arctic trout, that weigh up to sixty pounds and I'll let you in on a secret — they bite. At the present time there are only a few outfitters that can take you on a good hunting or fishing trip in the southeastern section of the territory. Johnny Johns I know personally. He is exceptionally reliable. He has been a big game outfitter for twenty-nine years. He was born in the territory and has an enviable record.

That morning as we drifted down the Stewart River from Lansing, Norman was happy, as I have told you. I had not seen my wife and little five-year-old daughter for about fifty days and I began to miss them greatly. As we went along the day continued to be warm and pleasant, but I sensed a change of weather was about to overtake us. At noon we prepared a good lunch. A warm lunch and a cup of hot tea can make a different man out of you.

Coming down the Stewart I observed the forest was composed chiefly of the following trees, their abundance in the order named as nearly as I could tell, cottonwoods, spruce, poplars, and birch. Some of the spruce are a hundred feet tall and have much fine lumber in them. The geese were all gone but quite a few ducks remained. The colored leaves of the forest trees shone forth in all their glory.

In the afternoon it clouded up and I immediately noticed how cold it became. I again put on my down jacket and pulled the tarp around my legs. About four o'clock I noticed two cow moose on a sand bar far down the river. We

coasted toward them and watched for the bull we suspected would be with them. It did not show up and Norman called several times. It soon answered but by this time the cows had seen us and given an alarm. We heard the bull cracking brush as he moved about but he would not make an appearance.

Then one of the strangest things happened I have ever witnessed in the mountains. It doesn't make sense, but the incident is true. It is one of those things that I myself cannot explain. A mile or so down the river from where we had seen the two cow moose and heard the bull, we heard a coyote howl. I have had much experience calling coyotes and believe I can yap about as naturally and as well as anyone. I learned to do this as a boy in eastern Oregon and in eastern Washington and I have retained the ability over the years. I howled and the coyote howled back. Then another howled and still another until four or five coyotes were howling excitedly. I continued to howl and we had quite a session for several minutes.

All at once a wolf howled and every coyote shut up so quickly it was funny. Still another wolf howled. Then Norman began to howl, long and mournfully. The wolves were half a mile away and after a few long-drawn-out howls they quit. Norman howled but they would not answer. Then the very unusual thing happened. On the far side of the river from us a large bull moose began grunting as if he had never heard a sound. I looked at Norman and he looked at me. We each were so surprised we hardly knew what to make of it. I said to Norman, "Pull over to shore and we'll hide in the brush and see what happens." We carefully hid ourselves and were not, to our knowledge, seen by the animals. Norman grunted and the moose walked out on the sand bar and grunted. After that we remained in silence in the brush. The moose grunted two times more, then slowly walked back into the poplars. Was our answer

that the moose thought he could defeat a pack of wolves and did not care if they knew of his whereabouts? Or was it because the moose was so wrapped up in the business of the mating season that he was willing to fight any and all animals that came his way? I think it was the latter, for I am sure the moose heard the coyotes and the wolves howling. During the mating season the larger bulls have little fear. In fact, some seem completely fearless.

After that experience we drifted on down the river and saw no more game that afternoon.

It was difficult to roll out of our sleeping bags the next morning, for we were both very tired, but by five o'clock we had the fire going and Norman started breakfast. At six we were ready to go. As we climbed into the "Spirit of the Yukon" a regular downpour of rain fell out of the sky. To add insult to injury the wind blew in our faces practically all day. We paddled and paddled but made slow progress. We saw no game nor did we look for any.

This was one of those days when we wanted to pull ashore, put up the tent, get in the sleeping bag and forget about it all. But Norman and I both were anxious to get back and we continued to brave the storm. We knew too, that if it turned much colder ice would soon be running in the river in this North section. We had lunch at twelve and then travelled on until four. By this time a campsite seemed the most desirable thing in the world. Norman said we were then fifteen miles from Fraser Falls and sixty-two from Mayo. As I said before, the Stewart is a big river here and carries a large volume of water. In places it is easily a half mile wide, while in other places it is narrower and swift.

We picked as dry a place as we could find and put up the tent, being careful to stretch it tightly. We then spread a deep layer of spruce boughs on the ground and upon these made our beds. After a big supper we went to bed, too tired to stay up for even an hour.

During the night the weather cleared and it got very cold. There was ice almost everywhere as we made ready to go down the river the next morning. The day was clear, free of clouds but windy and cold, the thermometer at zero. At six we started out and before fifteen minutes had passed I had the down sleeping bag around me in addition to the down jacket. Over this I put the tarp to keep out the wind.

We came to Fraser Falls at eleven o'clock. It consists of three parts, namely, "No Go," "Go Fast," and "Go Around," all coming from Indian phrases. The first two sections we roped the boat through while the last part, the "Go Around" section, we did just that. We carried our things the quarter of a mile around the rapids and came to a trapper's cabin. The folks were home, man and wife, both trappers, and they asked us to stay for a fine salmon dinner. Salmon are often caught below the falls. After dinner the old man, whose name was Norman Nigery, said he would take us to Mayo in his power boat. By so doing we could go to town in about three hours.

After taking the load from the "Spirit of the Yukon" we turned it upside down on the river shore above Fraser Falls. I gave it one last look and felt grateful we had made such a long trip in safety.

At four we started for Mayo in the larger boat. This was a river transport boat and was especially built for the work. It was forty feet long and five feet wide. It showed evidence of having hauled many loads of freight. I covered up with a tarp. The front of the boat, due to the strong wind, threw up a heavy spray. As soon as it hit my tarp it froze. When we arrived in Mayo (about seven-thirty), the tarp was so frozen I found trouble getting out of it. Two days later there was ice running in the river.

Louis had gotten back to Mayo the day before and said he had found the muskeg somewhat bad but not bad enough to give him any serious trouble.

Mayo hadn't changed very much during our absence except that the heavy frosts had turned most of the vegetation dark. The town had taken on an impression of late fall and the people were mostly waiting for the freeze-up. Of course the real freeze-up wasn't expected until the middle of October, but this period gave the people a breathing spell, an interlude of relaxation between summer and winter work. Several small outfits were engaged in bringing in wood, but most of the wood was to be brought in, after the freeze-up, with tractors. A great amount of this section is muskeg and after it freezes trucks and tractors can go many places. It is much easier to haul wood after it freezes than before.

Upon finding that I could not fly to Dawson to see Controller Gibben until the next Tuesday, and this was Friday night, I immediately set to work rewriting my notes and working them into a game survey which I was to present to Mr. Gibben. It was my plan not only to give him a report on the game situation in that wonderful country, but also to recommend plans for its future control and management. I, therefore, gave the report much consideration and made sure it included everything.

On Tuesday, which I might say was a very bright day, I flew to Dawson, which took me about an hour. I arrived there at one o'clock and met Mr. Gibben. During the next several hours we went over my report and talked much about the north country. About three o'clock he took me downtown and introduced me to many of the leading citizens. Inasmuch as I had some movie films forwarded to me at Dawson, a dinner was arranged for the following evening which was attended by about forty-five persons. The dinner was sponsored by the British Columbia-Yukon Chamber of Mines, Dawson branch. After dinner I showed them some movies at the conclusion of which I gave a talk on "The Value of Wilderness Areas and Game Management

and Preservation." Needless to say, the message I gave them was none other than the one contained in these pages I have written.

At the conclusion of the meeting I was presented with an "Honorary Sourdough" certificate and insignia and I believe the honor gave me more satisfaction than anything I have ever received. To become an "Honorary Sourdough" one must have contributed something to the material good of the Territory. The presentation of this honor came to me as a complete surprise and I hardly knew what to say.

The following day Felix Lederer took me up the Yukon River in his boat that I might see the beautiful country around Dawson. Dawson has an elevation of approximately one thousand feet and the leaves in that section were just starting to fall to the ground. The poplars and birch were still beautiful and I can only say, "It's too bad the rest of the world cannot see the North in the autumn." Back in Dawson after the river trip I observed the largest pansies I have ever seen. They were almost all colors and some were five inches across. Dawson, I was told, raises almost everything in the vegetable line, and their strawberries are second to none: big, juicy and luscious. There's cream to go on them, too, for Dawson has a wonderful Holstein Dairy.

The following day Mr. McLeod White, president of the Yukon Consolidated Gold Dredging Company, took me through the Klondike, Bonanza, Dominion, and Sulphur Creek mining operations, and showed me all the old historical landmarks. It was great fun reading about the old Klondike Gold Rush, but to see it after waiting so many years, gave me a thrill I shall never forget.

As Mr. White told me about the way the old miners operated, and then showed me the way they operate now, I could not help thinking how much we owe those strong, determined souls who opened the way for the future, not only

here but in California, Oregon, Colorado, and a hundred other places. The old miner is a forgotten man. He is particularly forgotten unless he struck it rich and made a name for himself. The successful were few, probably not one in a thousand. But the future of mining in the Yukon is great, for large, well financed operators are taking the place of the individual undertakings. I might say that the company Mr. White represents is doing very well, but the wonderful and interesting part of their work is the fact that it is a salvage operation. They are mining over sections left as no good, or not rich enough to be mined by the individuals in the early days. Mr. White told me further that they have "known" mineral grounds that will take them twenty-five years to cover. All their work, construction, buildings, and the like was done with the thought of the company remaining in its present location for at least twenty-five years. The Yukon Consolidated has ten dredges around Dawson and employs about five hundred and eighty men during the summer, and a smaller number during the winter.

The next day was Friday and I spent the morning with Mr. Gibben, during which time he gave me a very important assignment for the coming year, one which I feel will be most interesting: another wilderness trip into a very remote section.

At one o'clock I boarded the plane for Whitehorse. I had plenty of time to think of the trip just completed. Soon after leaving Dawson we were flying along at nine thousand feet elevation. The day was clear with only a few lazy clouds hanging around the country to the north. In the distance I could see the Ogilvies, hundreds of towering peaks that seemed to be saying good-bye to me, and I seemed to be saying to them, "I'll come again." It was a wonderful climax to a wonderful trip.

As I sat in the plane that took me on the last leg of my

journey, the phases of my trip spread over the curtain of my mind in grand panorama. I thought of old Jim living his life out in Mayo, accepting the simple creed of the Golden Rule as his religion. I visioned again the glories of the mountains tinted with the last rays of the setting sun, and felt anew the thrill of God's protection as I made my way down the treacherous, frozen mountainside. I remembered the golden reflection of the trees in the azure blue of the miniature lake now many miles away. I heard the call of the "King of the North," and listened to the mournful howl of the wolf. I saw the stately caribou majestically carrying their great horns as they migrated to the winter feeding grounds. I saw the lordly ram pause on the very top of a lofty mountain, survey his home among the crags, then slowly disappear from view. And Ursus Horribilis, the grizzly, seemed to be everywhere in the vast wilderness of the Wind.

I remembered waking in the deep of the night to witness the demonstration of power as the streaking, hissing, sputtering Aurora Borealis flashed across the velvet sky. I thought of the brilliant autumn scenes that greeted us at every bend in the river as we drifted along in the "Spirit of the Yukon." I recalled walking along the rocky shelf, when a slip would have meant death, and I had no fear. I felt close to God that day and it was the mountains that made me feel that way. I felt great.

I knew a vital spiritual need in me had been satisfied and to me came the conviction that the struggle for material gain reaps but a small reward compared with the peace of mind, the sense of physical well being that I experienced
FROM OUT OF THESE MOUNTAINS.

